Collier's

MARCH 24, 1945 TEN CENTS

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Jon Whitcomb

GO TO SLEEP

An Unusual Short Story

BY EDWIN LANHAM

FLIGHT TO FREEDOM

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PINK CHEEKS IN GLASS: A LIFT TO LIVING

Model 1875! After "teething," this little clotheshorse had to dodge "summer complaint," worms, colic, rickets. And *how* her food was inserted!...techniques from "Dest *one* bite for Aunt Emmy?" to "Daddy spank!" But as to *loving*—pediatricians still listen to Grandma; approve rocking, cuddling, even pacifiers. "Sucking's no sin," they say. "Call that *news?*" grunts Baby.

Prunes
Pears
Carrots
Spinach
Peas
Tomato Farina
Squash

Model 1945! Betty Smith and Candace, her granddaughter (snapped modeling Grandma's spring bonnet), show how modern babies lick it up and like it. "Our doctor said Candy should learn to relish foods before they were necessary to her diet," says the author of "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn." Feeding babies right is *easy* when you can get what the doctor orders, and get it ready-to-serve in clean Duraglas jars. "Candy's doctor tells us not to wheedle or force...Candy's tummy knows best!" Tests show that, given free choice of foods, babies may go on "binges"—but tend to balance their own diets.

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

Vitamins galore in modern, glassed foods picked at the peak of their freshness, packed under scientific, hygienic controls. "Candy doesn't wait long for dinner," Betty Smith says of her little bookworm. "It only takes *seconds* to fix. Just pry up the lid, set the jar in water, heat and it's ready!"

"Atta Grandma! Don't waste any!" "One jar makes two servings," Betty Smith says, "so we save tomorrow's portion in its own glass jar. That saves washing extra dishes." Betty Smith likes the *truthfulness* of glass. "You can *see* just exactly what you're buying," she says.

Economical, truthful glass containers look so attractive we're apt to forget that they are made mostly of ordinary sand—one of nature's most abundant materials. This, plus the uncanny speed and skill of our modern glass-making techniques, makes possible the amazingly low cost to you of these protective, convenient, modern containers.

Give to the Red Cross so the Red Cross can keep giving to *them!* To G.I. Joe and his family here at home...to victims of disaster everywhere. Give now! Give more!

• • •

OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY...TOLEDO, OHIO—makers of containers that give "a lift to living."

Duraglas

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A NAME THAT HELPS
YOU SEE WHAT YOU BUY!

MODEL MOTHER with a STAR-SPANGLED SMILE

Her soldier husband a German prisoner, Clare Van Syckle hides feelings behind her famous smile

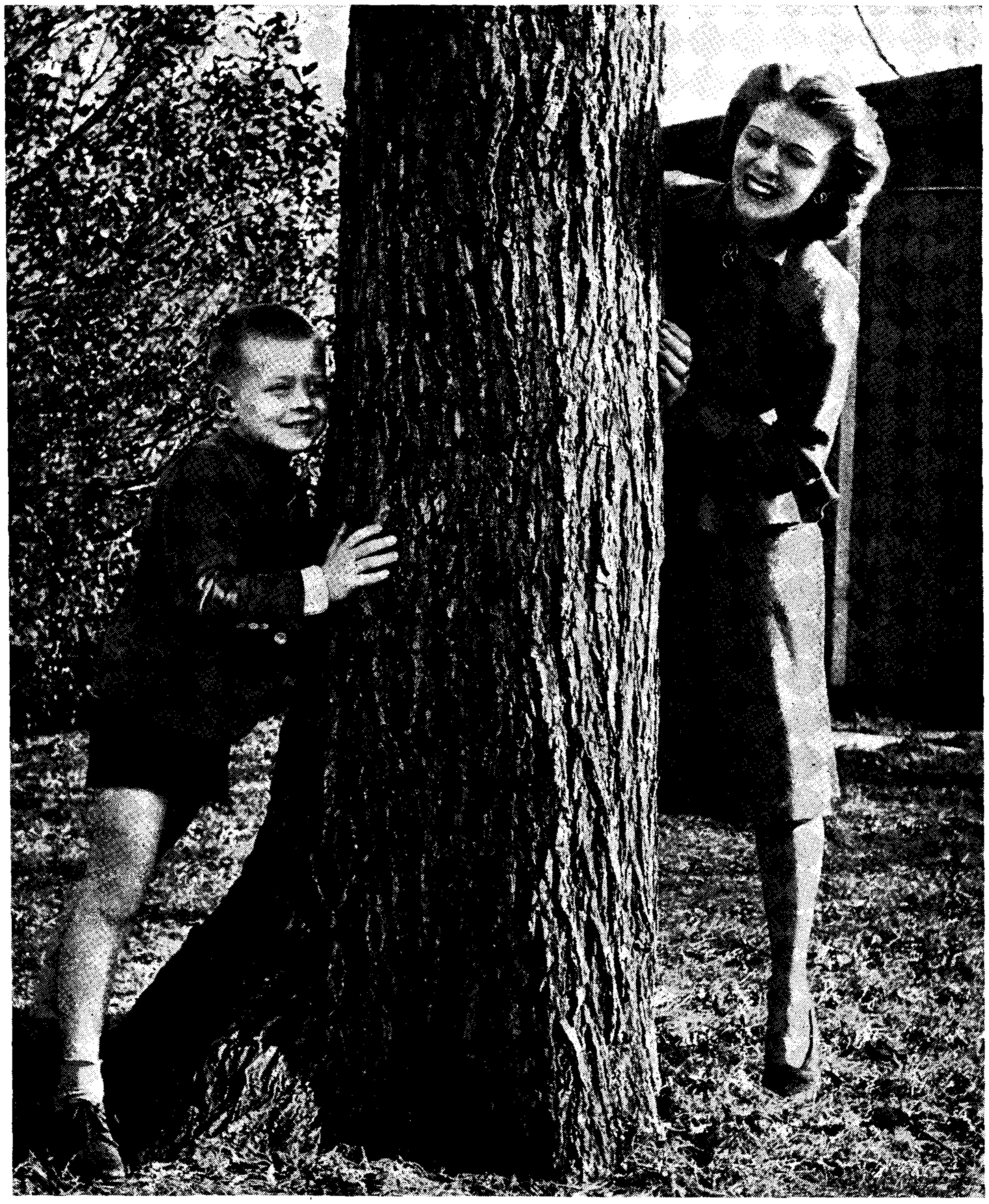
Lovely Clare Van Syckle used to model regularly for famous New York photographers. But not today. With two children to care for, and her husband, Lt. Richard Van Syckle, in a German prison camp, most of her free time is spent in war work.

Yet the strain of wartime living has failed to dim the lustre of her famous smile. Not only does she keep her own smile sparkling, she has started her 6-year-old son on the dental routine she follows. For few women realize the importance of a smile more clearly than a successful model.

Clare Van Syckle's dental "beauty secret" is this: Every time she brushes her teeth, *she massages her gums with extra Ipana.* For she knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth . . . and sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Company for supper. Until Dad comes home again, "Jumbo" enjoys a place at table. Today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need to keep from becoming soft and flabby. So the Van Syckles rely on Ipana, the tooth paste that is especially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Win calls it "fun." He looks forward to each session with tooth brush and Ipana because, like most youngsters, he loves the clean, invigorating taste of this great dentifrice. After brushing, he massages a little extra Ipana on gums to speed up circulation and help keep gums from becoming soft and tender.



Hide and seek on the Palisades. Clare and young Winthrop have fun in the back yard of their Fort Lee, N.J. home. But they are in dead earnest about care of teeth and gums. Yes, gums, too. For neglected gums often signal their warning to "see your dentist" with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. As so many dentists do, yours may merely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with

Ipana and Massage

A mystery to most parents is this typical schoolroom scene. In thousands of classrooms today, children are being taught what their parents still do not know—the importance of gum massage. A nationwide survey shows 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage and prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice . . . *for their own use.*

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IF IT'S RCA IT IS THE BEST!
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
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Collier's
FOR MARCH 24, 1945

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this week

FICTION

PAGE

ELEPHANTS WITH SKIRTS By SARAH LITSEY 15
The Short Short Story.

GO TO SLEEP By EDWIN LANHAM 18
An operation is a great experience, but after all, it's the doctor's show!

HI! SARGE! By GEORGES CAROUSSO 20
If you were 4-F and your girl a sergeant and a hero, to boot, how would you like it.

LOVE HAS NO ALIBI By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN 22
The Serial Story. The second of four parts.

GENTLEMAN'S TOWN By FELIX NOLAND 46
A child's eyes often see beneath the surface gentility of adults to the cruel melodrama of life.

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN By ROBERT CARSON 66
She hated dishonesty, especially in a man, but then she didn't know all the facts.

ARTICLES

FLIGHT TO FREEDOM By JIM BISHOP 11
Two hundred thousand victims of Nazi wrath trek on foot through the arctic winter to find sanctuary in Sweden.

G.I. HAMLET By QUENTIN REYNOLDS 14
Maurice Evans brings Shakespeare to the soldiers undiluted—and they love it.

LIBERATION AT AMIENS By W. B. COURTNEY and BETTY WINKLER 16
The RAF carries through one of the most extraordinary rescues in the history of modern war.

THE FARMERS THEY FLY HIGH By ELIZABETH COULSON 21
In Oklahoma up-to-the-minute farmers have already taken to the air—in their own planes.

ENGLAND AND THE BOYS By ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN 24
Report on a mission of the spirit, by the military vicar to our Armed Forces.

JOBS OUT OF THE AIR By PAUL H. AURANDT 26
Interviewing disabled veterans over the radio, I. J. Wagner of Chicago helps them to find their place in industry.

STAMPS AT WAR By CHARLESS HAHN 36
How the British government once turned forger and created a philatelic mystery!

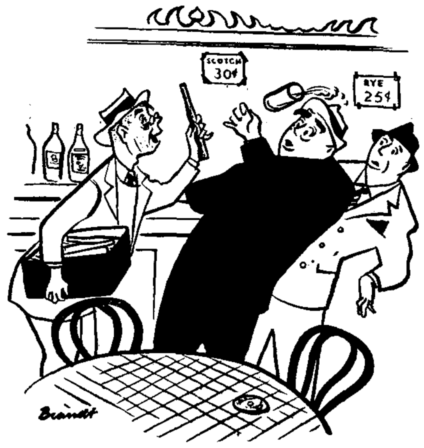
CLOTHES BY CHEMISTS By RUTH CARSON 58
Next—runless hose, goods that shed water and won't wrinkle and trousers that never lose their crease!

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6
WING TALK By PHILIP McKEE 8
THE HEROES, *A Gallery of United Nations Patriots.* By GEORGE CREEL 30
No. 22—L't. Col. N. L. W. van Straten
THE GIRL ON THE COVER 57
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 81
EDITORIALS: *Casablanca—Teheran—Yalta* • *Back to Patent Fundamentals* • *Leave That Lettuce Lay, Lady* 82
COVER By *JON WHITCOMB*

any week

ONE of our associates relates that he and a friend on a recent out-of-town business trip found themselves early one morning in a hotel room, feeling dismal after a particularly rugged night. "I'm not sure I'm going to live. What'll I do?" moaned one, holding his head. "You need a pickup," said the other. So presently they leaned against the bar in a somewhat crummy joint around the corner, and the more forlorn of the two chased down a couple of snifters with a short beer. He was just beginning to emerge from the fog when an old man, carrying a box, entered the bar and approached him. "Bud," said this character, "you want to buy some hammer handles?" Our associate reports that his companion dropped a glass and stared, wild-eyed and unbelieving, but that the box was indeed full of hammer handles. No hammers; just handles. The whole thing left the two men shaky for the rest of the day



THE cartoon on page 75 reminds us that the boys on our warships stand in line for chow and soda and cigarettes, even as you and we—the only difference being that they finally get service and merchandise. As a Navy correspondent, we stood in such a queue recently awaiting our turn to buy a soft drink. Just outside the window of the canteen there was a sign, one of those things with some removable white letters on a black background. Listed on it were the prices of items for sale: Sodas 10¢, Cokes 75¢ gallon, and so forth. Under the prices was this effective line: "Hands off the Sign or We Stay Closed."

WE HAD some laundry done on the ship, too, in—believe it or not—24 hours. And nothing got lost. Descending through hatches and scuttles to the bowels of the ship to pick up the stuff, we were told it would be ready in an hour. We could tell, landlubber though we are, that our

(Continued on page 52)

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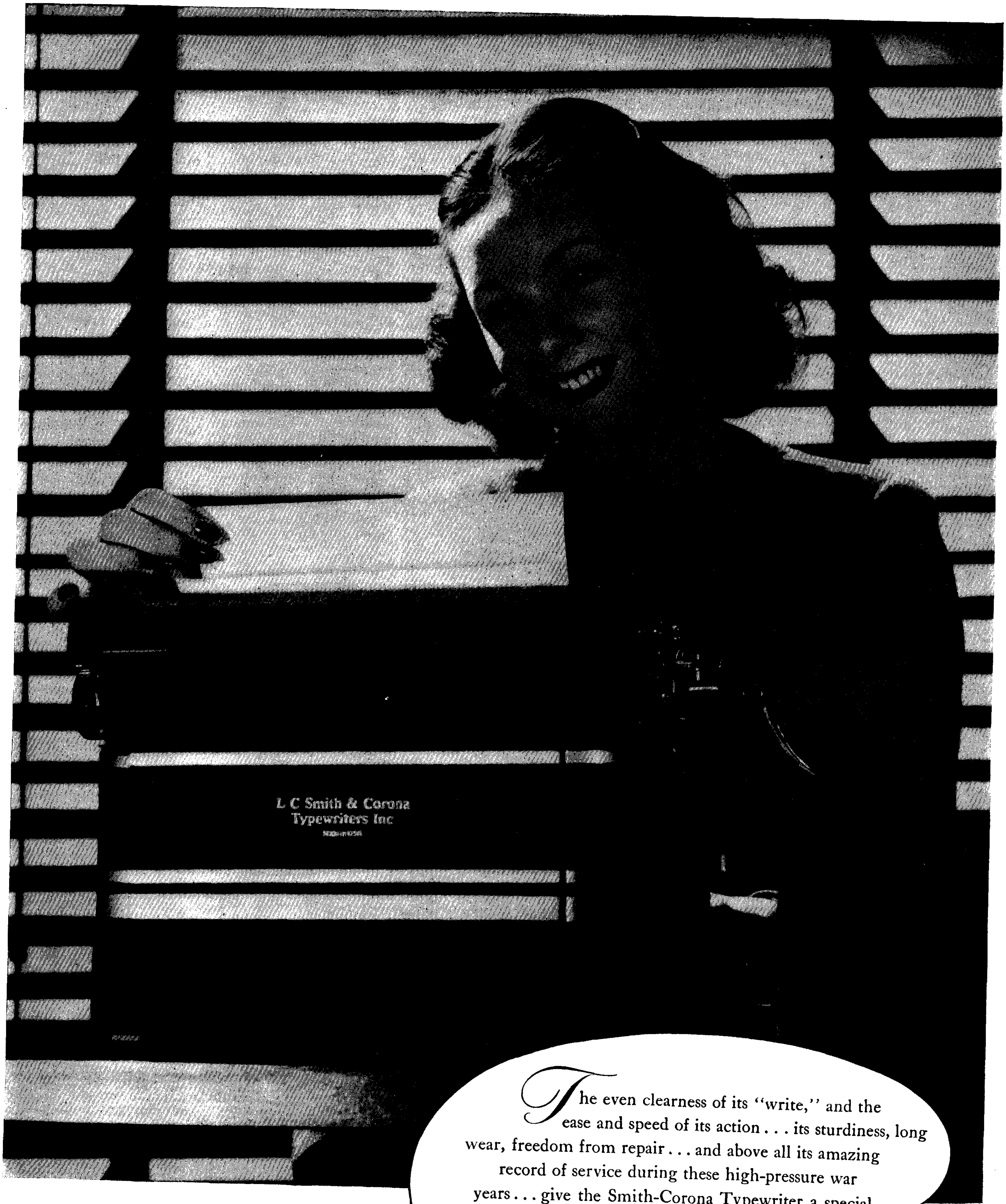


The even clearness of its "write," and the ease and speed of its action . . . its sturdiness, long wear, freedom from repair . . . and above all its amazing record of service during these high-pressure war years . . . give the Smith-Corona Typewriter a special place in the affections of its users.

SMITH-CORONA

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE I N Y

Groton *Plant*

What's HE got
that gets 'em?

"It's better-groomed, handsome looking hair, chum!"

Girls certainly favor men with better-groomed, neat looking hair. So why not try Kreml Hair Tonic—one of the most satisfactory hair dressings of all times.

You see Kreml is *especially* made to make unruly hair lie down and *stay neatly in place* all day long. Yet it never ridiculously plasters hair down—it never leaves hair looking "greasy" or feeling dirty or sticky.

Instead, Kreml leaves scalp *so clean* and *refreshed*. It makes hair look as if it had some "body" to it—so naturally lustrous—so neat and handsome—yet so *masculine* looking.

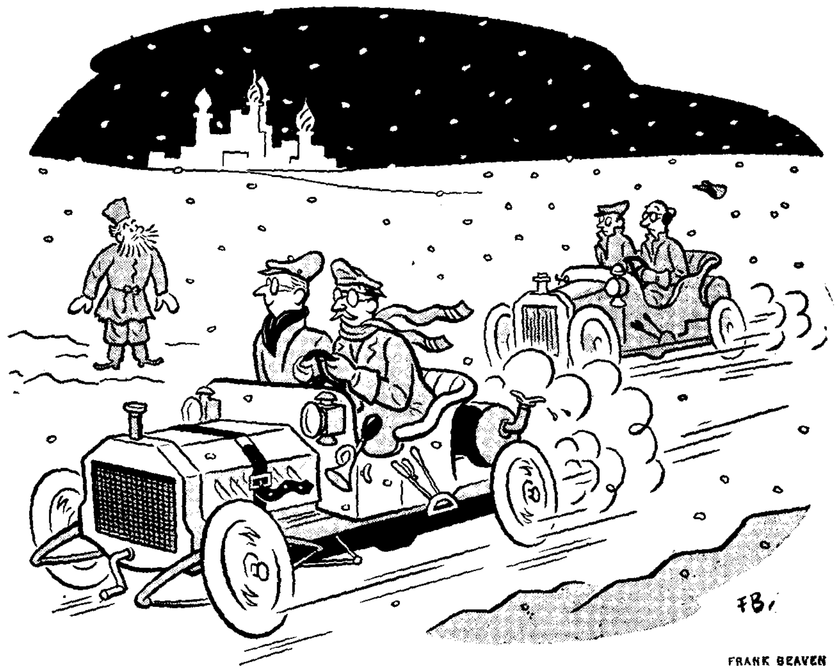
That's why so many of America's best groomed men say Kreml is just the "right-balance" dressing for their hair.

Kreml also effectively relieves itching of dry scalp and removes untidy dandruff flakes. Ask for Kreml at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at your drug counter. Use it daily for *modern, handsome* hair grooming!

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

KREML HAIR TONIC

Keeps Hair Better-Groomed Without Looking Greasy
Relieves Itching of Dry Scalp—Removes Dandruff Flakes



FRANK BEAVEN

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The longest automobile race in history was run from New York to Paris in 1908, its route crossing the United States, Canada, Alaska, Siberia, Russia, Poland, Germany and France. Of the six cars that started, only two completed the trip, with the winner, driven by two Americans, covering the 13,400 miles in 112 days.

As in the first World War, hymns of hate are sung throughout Germany today, including one gem whose first verse is:

> *"America, America,*
> *Oh, Jewish land, America!*
> *You certainly conceited are;*
> *A big fat pig, that's what you are,*
> *Oh, Jewish land, America."*

The White-slave-traffic Act was passed in 1910 for the sole purpose, as indicated by its title, of enabling the federal government to stop the growing interstate transportation of women for commercial prostitution. But unfortunately, a suit brought in 1913 to discredit a political figure was decided on an unnecessary five-word phrase and set the precedent that no commercial motive was required to convict. Under later interpretations, a man may even violate this law when he pays the fare of an unaccompanied female employee across a state line, such as a secretary sent to report a convention or a maid to open a country house.

Because the Treaty of Trianon, signed with the Allies in 1920, deprived Hungary of more than half of its population and two thirds of its land, the Hungarian people adopted a slogan of protest: *"Nem, nem, soha!"* (No, no, never!) And ever since, to keep it alive, many of them have had it engraved on a brass plate on their front doors.

Since 1935, a laboratory in Englewood, New Jersey, has specialized in preparing fruit and vegetable juices scientifically mixed in a variety of combinations to meet specific nutritional needs for vitamins and minerals in a natural and concentrated form. Today, the firm sells 250 of its own standard combinations and also fills annually 150,000 physicians' and dentists' prescriptions, completing each within 48 hours, even when the prescription calls for as many as 16 ingredients, some of which may be out of season or native to a foreign country.

In the printing of a publication in Braille, such as The Weekly News in Boston, both complete sides of each sheet are embossed simultaneously as it passes between two plates, one on the cylinder and the other on the bed of the press. As each plate has its raised dots in register with their corresponding sunken dots of the other, the lower plate prints the top side of the sheet, while the upper plate prints the under side.—*By Ival McPeak, Boston, Massachusetts.*

To master a Norden bomb sight, a bombardier studies its construction and use in a course that lasts 18 weeks, totaling in all 482 hours.

Diabetes produces so much alcohol in the blood of some sufferers that, if they were involved in a traffic accident, almost any standard method of testing blood for alcoholic content would indicate that they were intoxicated.

In Germany, the number of eggs allowed each individual annually decreased from 86 in 1940 to 24 in 1944. This year, the Nazis hope to hold the ration at 12 eggs, or one a month.

Among the few solids that can be seen with the unaided eye, yet cannot be felt between the fingers, is a new plastic only two-millionths of an inch thick. It is poured over polished metal and left to drain and dry into a fine film that, when peeled off and highly magnified by an electron microscope, discloses the infinitesimal imperfections in the surface of the metal.

One of the most unusual music boxes in history, presented to Queen Victoria in 1887, was a "musical bustle" that would play the British national anthem, when the wearer sat down.

Two litters of 23 puppies, the world's largest, have been whelped by American dogs—an Irish setter in 1923 in Waukegan, Illinois, and a foxhound in 1944 in Ambler, Pennsylvania.—*By Joan Shea, New York City.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

In dramatized form Keep Up with the World is now broadcast every Wednesday night (at 9:00 E.W.T., 8:00 C.W.T., 7:00 M.W.T., 6:00 P.W.T.) over 140 stations of the Blue Network

Conventional Radio—lacks color and richness. Something is missing.

***PHIL BAKER**—star of "TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT" every Sunday night over CBS.*

FM Radio by General Electric—you hear the tones in all their "natural color" and beauty, virtually free from static, fading and station interference.

FM radio brings a greater Phil Baker—in vibrant natural color

A BRILLIANT new Phil Baker . . . a glittering shower of melody . . . performance so real and living you almost see him swaying there before you, fingers racing over the keys!

This is General Electric's miraculous new FM—the "natural color" radio! Such amazing realism has been impossible up to now. Even the best conventional sets miss more than half the true tonal range of the music. So far, you have been able to hear radio in "black-and-white" only.

But with the new General Electric FM radio you will hear the fragile and beautiful *overtones* that spring so magically from the notes of *each* instrument, and which give to each, its own rich, "natural color."

And you enjoy it all against a velvety background of silence because static, fading and station interference are reduced to the vanishing point.

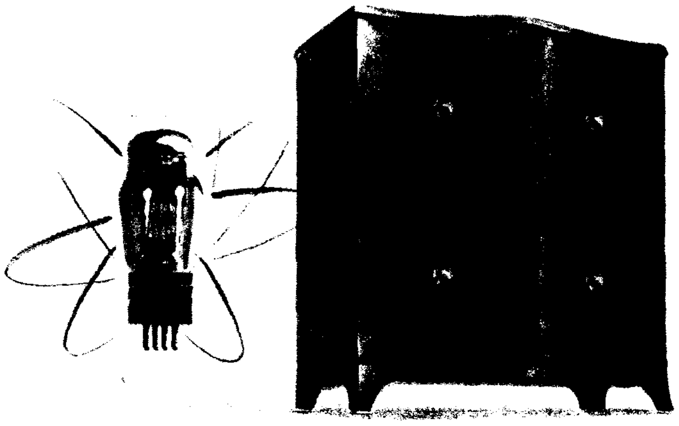
Entirely different, magnificently finer . . . this is the coming General Electric FM "natural color" radio.

Quality Finer Than Ever Before

General Electric built the first FM sets for the public . . . operates its own FM broadcast station . . . and is the only manufacturer to build FM complete, from station equipment to the radio for your home. This unmatched experience in Frequency Modulation is your assurance that the coming General Electric FM will embody the highest quality ever built into a radio.

FREE: A fascinating booklet, "YOUR COMING RADIO." 28 pages profusely illustrated in full color. Previews an entirely new kind of radio that reduces static to the vanishing point . . . Radio-phonographs that reveal music on your records you have never heard before . . . Self-charging portables that eliminate expense of frequent battery replacements . . . Latest advances in television . . . No matter which General Electric model you prefer, its G-E monogram will stand for the highest quality in tone, style, performance . . . all at popular prices. For your free copy of "Your Coming Radio," mail a postcard to Electronics Department, General Electric, Schenectady, New York.

Hear the G-E radio programs: "The World Today" news, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., EWT, CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday 10 p. m., EWT, NBC. "The G-E House Party," Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., EWT, CBS.



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FIRST IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

FM RADIO

AN APPEAL FOR EXPERIENCED SEAMEN

By Admiral Emory S. Land

"**Experienced seamen** are today America's most critical manpower shortage. Ships may be delayed and soldiers' lives lost on the fighting fronts for lack of experienced ship personnel. If you have had sea experience, you're needed now in the job you and you alone can fill. The demand is urgent—vital—and upgrading is now faster than ever before in the history of the Merchant Marine. Write or wire collect, Merchant Marine, Washington, D. C."

E. S. Land

CHAIRMAN, U. S. MARITIME COMMISSION

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BIG BEN*

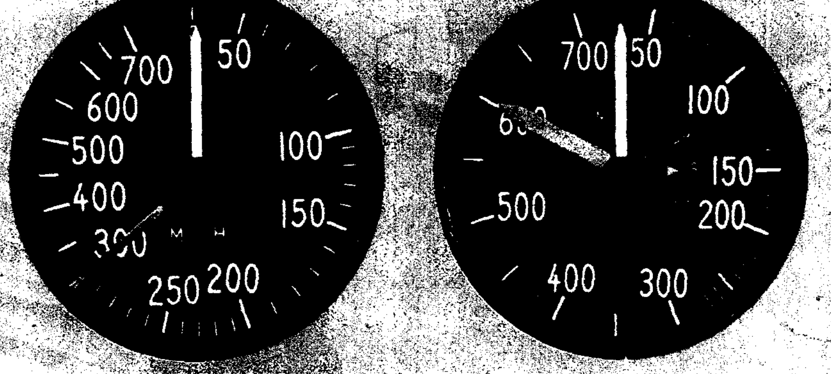
Keeps America On Time

WESTCLOX*

*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY



Old-style air-speed indicator (left) has painted red line. New one (right) has a moving red hand to show safe diving speeds at different altitudes

"WE NEED a movable red line for high-speed dives," said Major Perry J. Ritchie. "The fixed red line, painted on the air-speed indicator dial, was all right when we dived from 30,000 feet at only 300 to 400 miles an hour. But it's useless in dives from above 40,000 feet, and at compressibility speeds of 500, 600 and more."

Ritchie, a Wright Field test pilot, made many compressibility dives. In one, a Republic P-47 Thunderbolt caught fire. Ritchie got out at 32,000 feet and at 500 miles an hour, believed to be the highest bail-out speed ever recorded. His experience was described in Collier's, May 27, 1944.

"The air-speed indicator," said Ritchie, "shows normal air pressure created by the plane's motion in flight. So the fixed red line shows only the safe structural limit for normal air pressure.

"But compressibility, which causes vibration and loss of control, isn't directly related to indicated air speeds and normal air pressure. It's related to true air speed and the speed of sound. And since the speed of sound decreases as altitude increases, there can be no fixed speed limit, no fixed red line, for all altitudes.

"Suppose a pilot is diving from 30,000 feet at an indicated air speed of 340 miles an hour. The plane is red-lined at 500, well above his indicated speed. As far as normal air pressure is concerned, he's perfectly safe.

"Actually he may be in a bad jam. Why? Because while his indicated air speed is only 340, his true air speed is about 550. He's in or near the zone of compressibility. His plane may vibrate from nose to tail. He may be unable to pull it out of the dive. It may come apart.

"WE TRY to get around that by putting a little card on the instrument panel, listing safe indicated speeds at different altitudes. But while the pilot is looking at the air-speed indicator, the altimeter and the card, he may dive right into trouble.

"So we need a movable red line, something that changes as safe diving speeds change with altitude, something to tell the pilot at a glance just how fast he can dive safely at any altitude."

The first problem of developing such a safeguard was a mathematical one. It was solved by the aerodynamics experts of Wright Field's Aircraft Laboratory. Then the practical problem was turned over to Major J. G. Callahan, chief of the Equipment Laboratory's Instrument Branch, and two of his assistants, Lieutenants R. D. Munnikhuysen and R. W. Boesel. They worked out the engineering details with the Kollsman Instrument Division of the Square D Company.

Well, now we have it. A new air-speed indicator has a white hand to show indicated air speeds, as before. But an added red hand moves in accordance with changing compressibility speeds at different altitudes, converting them into indicated air speeds. This hand can be set for the type of plane, such as a P-38, P-47 or P-51, somewhat as you set an alarm clock.

Here's how it works in practice: The pilot takes off. The red hand is automatically stopped at a speed which is structurally safe in ordinary flight at lower altitudes. But as the plane climbs to higher altitudes, the red hand moves backward around the dial, indicating that the safe diving speed is decreasing as altitude increases.

Now the pilot goes into his dive. The white hand, showing indicated air speeds, leaps forward with the acceleration of the dive, racing around the dial toward the red hand. But the red hand now reverses its direction, moving forward again to show that safe diving speed is increasing with the decreasing altitude of the dive.

THE pilot needn't watch the air-speed indicator, altimeter and a printed card. He merely watches the white and red hands. As long as the white hand doesn't catch the red hand (which he can prevent by restraining his speed), he is safely short of the zone of compressibility.

It is somewhat as if the speedometer on your car were equipped with an extra red hand which showed the various legal speed limits—in the center of town, in the suburbs, and on the highways—moving automatically to tell you those changing speed limits as you drive from one zone to another.

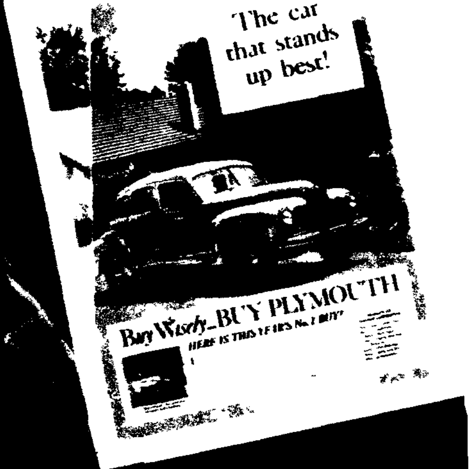
The instrument is valuable in combat training. Actual combat, however, is something else. In a combat dive, say experienced fighter pilots, no one ever looks at his air-speed indicator or any other instrument. Pilots should do it in training, but they'd be crazy to do it in combat diving.

You never dive unless you're trying to nail an enemy plane or get away from one. If you're on his tail, you watch him, not your instruments, so as to give him a squirt when he starts evasive action. You'll have one chance at him, no more. And if he's on your tail, you don't stall around, watching your speed. You pour on the coal and get the hell out of there. If your plane comes apart, you try bailing. That chance is better than getting burned right out of the sky. That is the always apparent contradiction between training precept and combat practice. Actually, the training produces a balance between daring and a skill—itself schooled caution.

The new instrument, now in production, is completely interchangeable with the old-style air-speed indicator, fitting in present instrument panels without additional connections. Within a few months it will be on all high-speed planes at home and in the combat theaters. . . . PHILIP MCKEE

BEFORE PEARL HARBOR WE SAID

"THE CAR THAT STANDS UP BEST!"



The car
that stands
up best!

Buy Wisely—BUY PLYMOUTH

HERE IS THIS YEAR'S No. 1 BUY!

Let Francis E. Hughes, of Natick, Mass., tell you what that has meant to him

"The speedometer on my Plymouth reads 96,196 miles — but that doesn't tell half the story. I'm a mailman and that car has been driven through the worst storms, day and night, that New England could muster. Stop and start, stop and start, thousands of times over. Rain, snow, sleet, torrid heat, yes, even a hurricane. And my Plymouth has never failed once. Why the head has never even been off the motor block!"

Plymouths always were engineered, built and tested to do far more than would be asked of them in ordinary use. Now they're turning in wartime performances that astonish even those who've owned a lot of Plymouths. Piling up mileages of 90,000, 150,000 and more . . . drivers are finding that Plymouth still means *reliable, low-cost transportation* when cars are three, four, five years old — and older. While Plymouth factories are whole-heartedly in war production, this record — backed by Plymouth dealer service — steadily adds to Plymouth's long-time reputation as a great car.

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION

You'll enjoy Major Bowes Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

● *TRUE YESTERDAY* —

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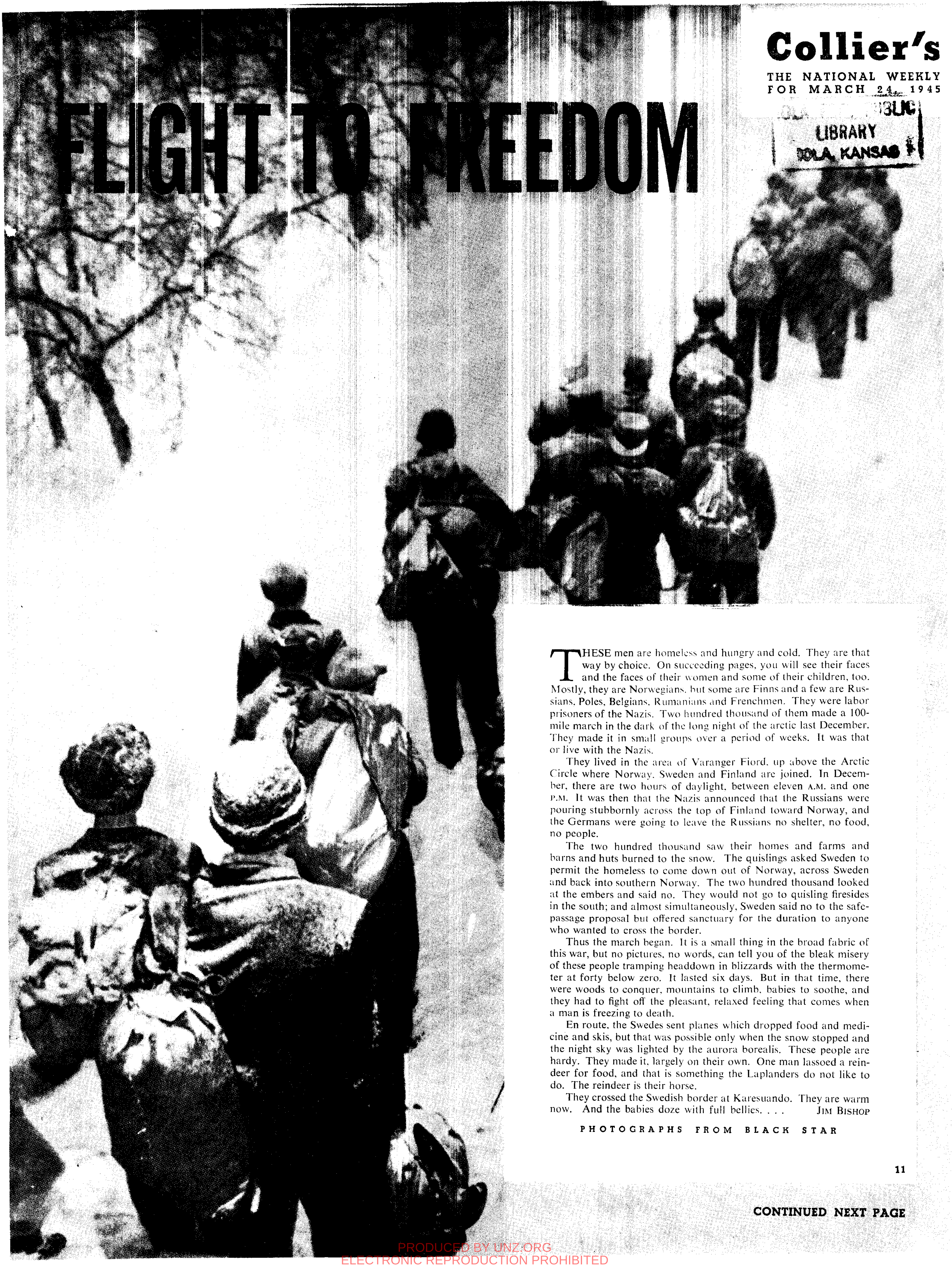
FLIGHT TO FREEDOM



THESE men are homeless and hungry and cold. They are that way by choice. On succeeding pages, you will see their faces and the faces of their women and some of their children, too. Mostly, they are Norwegians, but some are Finns and a few are Russians, Poles, Belgians, Rumanians and Frenchmen. They were labor prisoners of the Nazis. Two hundred thousand of them made a 100-mile march in the dark of the long night of the arctic last December. They made it in small groups over a period of weeks. It was that or live with the Nazis.

They lived in the area of Varanger Fiord, up above the Arctic Circle where Norway, Sweden and Finland are joined. In December, there are two hours of daylight, between eleven A.M. and one P.M. It was then that the Nazis announced that the Russians were pouring stubbornly across the top of Finland toward Norway, and the Germans were going to leave the Russians no shelter, no food, no people.

The two hundred thousand saw their homes and farms and barns and huts burned to the snow. The quislings asked Sweden to permit the homeless to come down out of Norway, across Sweden and back into southern Norway. The two hundred thousand looked at the embers and said no. They would not go to quisling firesides in the south; and almost simultaneously, Sweden said no to the safe-passage proposal but offered sanctuary for the duration to anyone who wanted to cross the border.

Thus the march began. It is a small thing in the broad fabric of this war, but no pictures, no words, can tell you of the bleak misery of these people tramping headdown in blizzards with the thermometer at forty below zero. It lasted six days. But in that time, there were woods to conquer, mountains to climb, babies to soothe, and they had to fight off the pleasant, relaxed feeling that comes when a man is freezing to death.

En route, the Swedes sent planes which dropped food and medicine and skis, but that was possible only when the snow stopped and the night sky was lighted by the aurora borealis. These people are hardy. They made it, largely on their own. One man lassoed a reindeer for food, and that is something the Laplanders do not like to do. The reindeer is their horse.

They crossed the Swedish border at Karesuando. They are warm now. And the babies doze with full bellies. . . . JIM BISHOP

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM BLACK STAR

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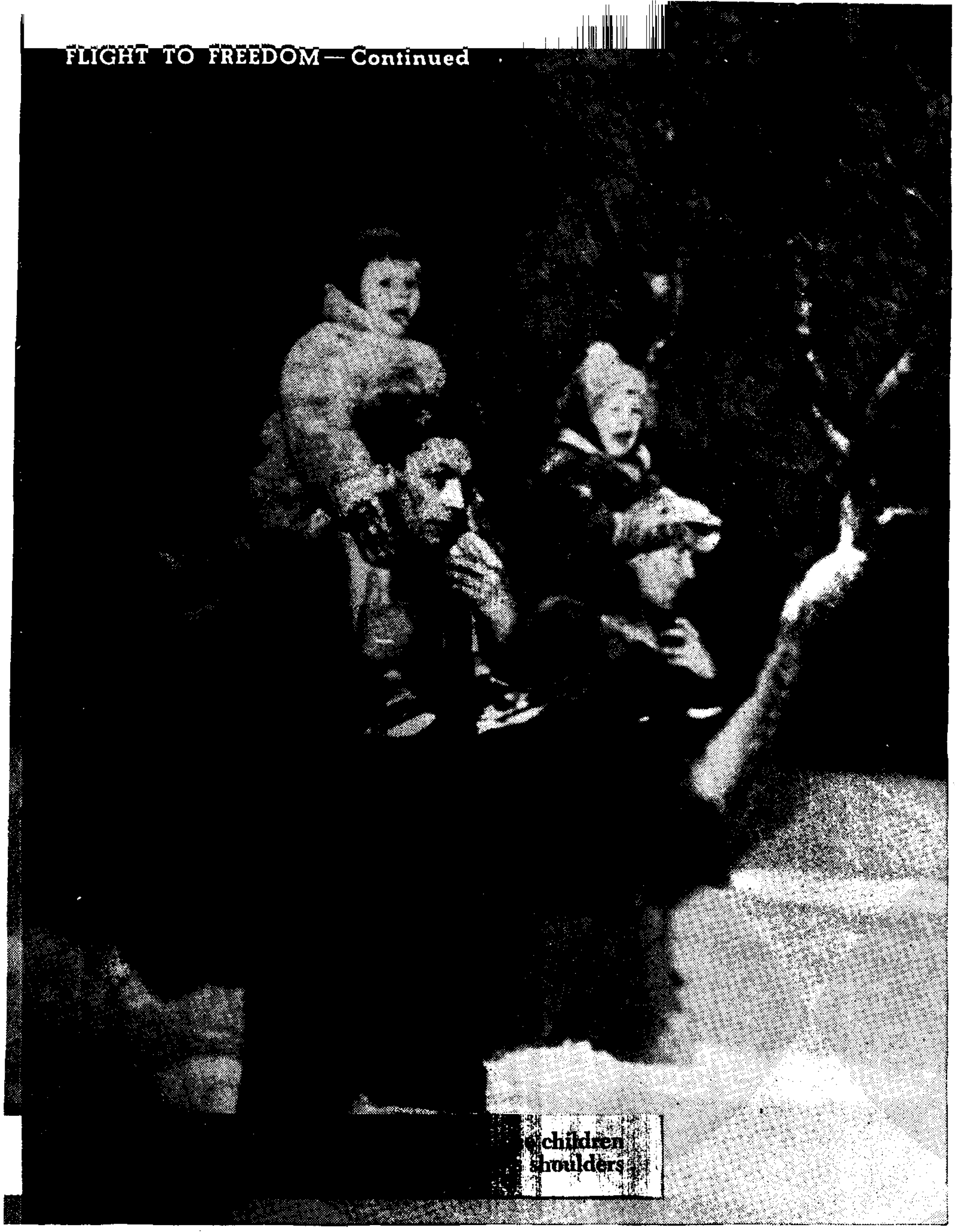

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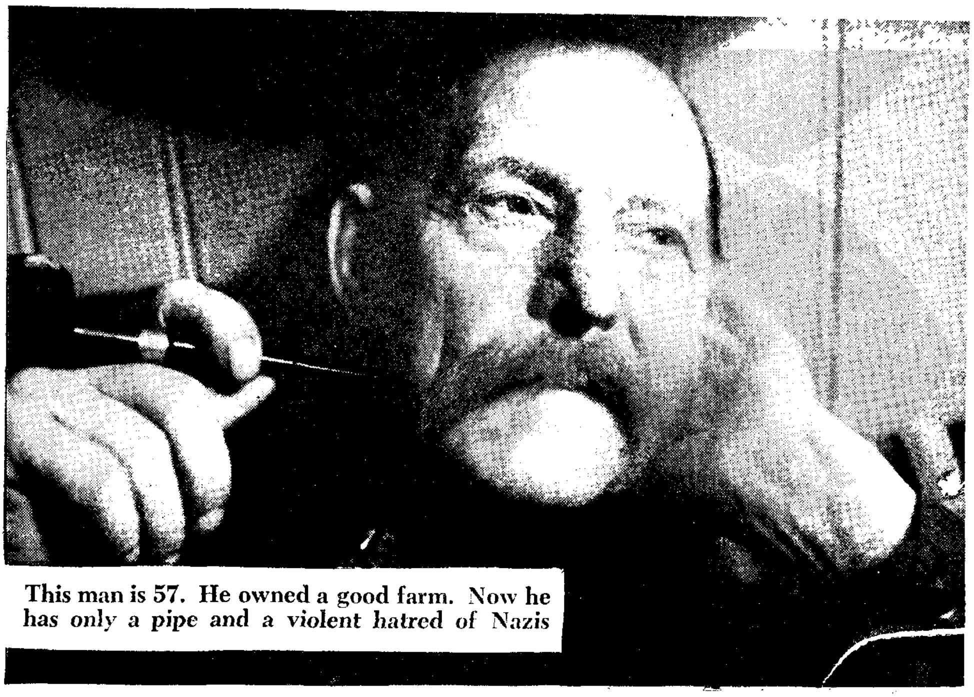
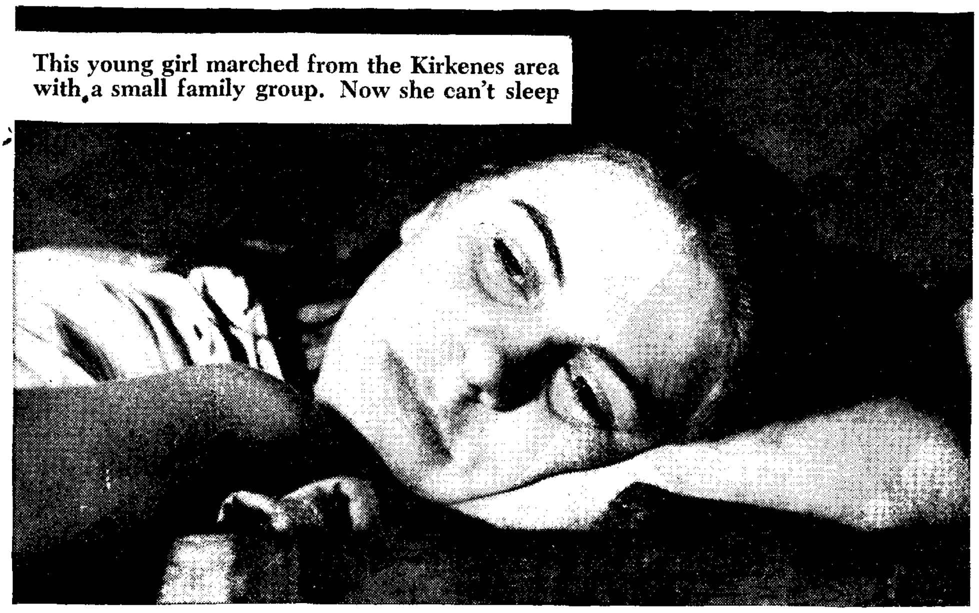


This man is 57. He owned a good farm. Now he has only a pipe and a violent hatred of Nazis



This young girl marched from the Kirkenes area with a small family group. Now she can't sleep

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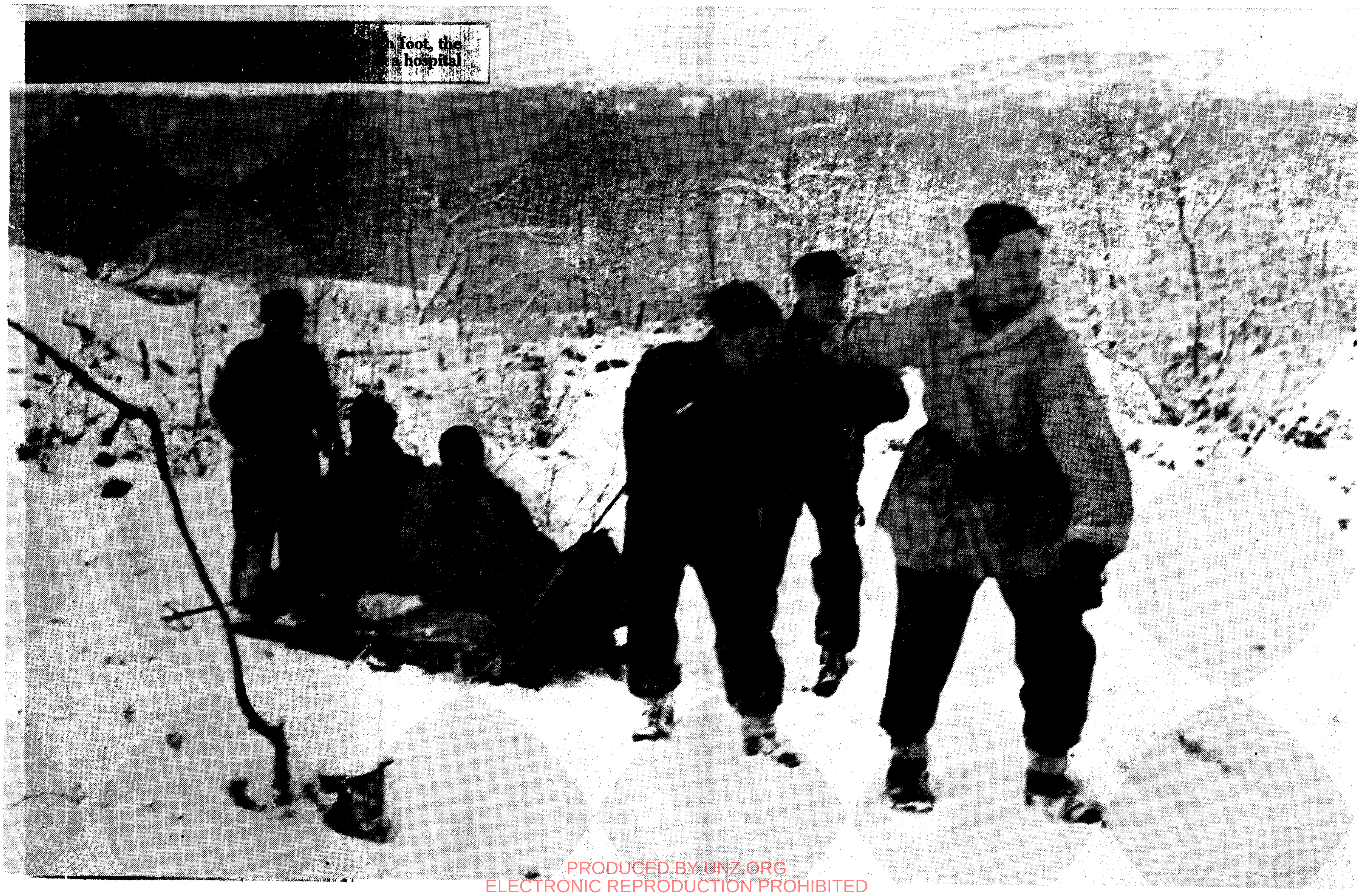
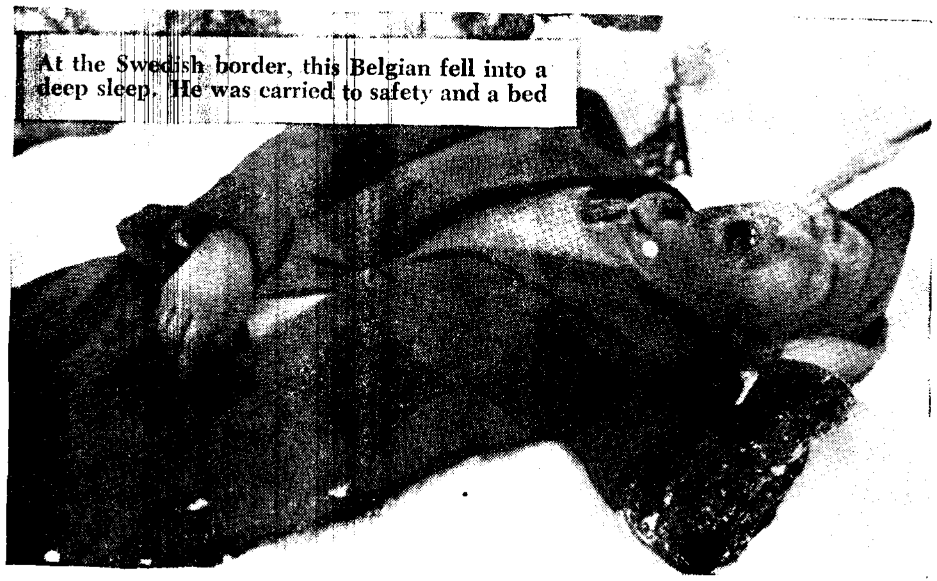


They came in groups, some large, some small. As the Swedish doctors dressed his frost-bitten eye, he said he felt fine

Portrait of a happy man. He lassoed a reindeer on the trek. He keeps the antlers for proof

It's dinnertime for this child. Peasant mothers all believe that breast feeding for two years will prevent infection



At the Swedish border, this Belgian fell into a deep sleep. He was carried to safety and a bed

The doctor examines a frozen foot. The brother worries. Mother lies exhausted in an upper bunk

G.I. HAMLET

By Quentin Reynolds

The greatest living Shakespearean actor is Maurice Evans. Broadway hasn't seen him in two years. He's been out in the Pacific dishing out Hamlet to skeptical boys who never "hoid of the bum." Hang on for a surprise

ALEX SIODMAN

Sergeant Morris attempts to kill Major Maurice Evans. But don't be alarmed. Morris is Laertes and Evans is Hamlet and they're staging a Hamlet rehearsal on a Hawaiian stage

JIM MOONEY

Here's a dress rehearsal of G.I. Hamlet. Regarding the ladies, you can believe your eyes—they're real

Act III, Scene 1. Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet: *To be, or not to be: that is the question*
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles. . . .

Fifteen hundred G.I.s leaned forward enraptured, as the beautiful voice of Maurice Evans filled the Army theater. The air is always filled with planes at Pearl Harbor, even at night. It may have been a squadron practicing dive bombing. You could hear them high above, and the whine of their engines changed to a throaty roar, and then, as they hurled themselves down through the night, the scream of the planes fighting the air filled the theater, but the voice of the greatest living Hamlet went on. The G.I.s never heard the planes; such sounds are so routine to them that they become unheard. They heard only Evans. . . .

To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. . . .

Some G.I. in a near-by barracks turned on his phonograph. He put a Dinah Shore record on, and through the Soliloquy now came the throaty voice of the lady:

It had to be you, it had to be you,
I wandered around, and finally found, somebody who . . .

It was an old needle, and the record was cracked. Evans, the consummate artist, was never greater. The khaki-clad audience followed every word of the Soliloquy, unhearing the song of Dinah, unhearing the ordinary sounds of bugle and commands that are part of Army camp life. And when Evans had finished, the G.I. audience, completely under his spell, broke forth in thunderous applause. Between acts, I listened to the comments made by men who had never read or seen Shakespeare before.

"That's the actingest major I ever did see." A big Negro corporal shook his head admiringly.

"I never would read that stuff at high school," another said. "It didn't add up to me. But the way this guy puts it over, anybody can understand it."

"I wonder if he ends up with the dame?" another asked.

"She's a cute dish," another answered. "I hope Hamlet knocks off that jerk who murdered his father and goes off with the quail."

"I think Hamlet is going nuts," another chimed in. "Or maybe he's just pretending to be nuts, so when he murders the king, they can't do anything to him. He'll say, 'Who—me? I didn't know what I was doing.' "

The play went on, and neither planes, bugles, nor Dinah Shore records could mar the excellence of the best production of Hamlet I have ever seen, or disturb the attention of the completely captivated audience. There was a slight incident at the end which might have thrown a less hardy cast into complete panic.

Hamlet is dying and he cries to Horatio:

I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras. . . .

At that moment, the stage was plunged into darkness. Calmly the voice went on:

He has my dying voice. . . . The rest is silence.

The audience was quiet under the spell of the full, sonorous voice that came from the blackness of the stage.

And then Horatio:

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince.

We could hear but couldn't see the curtain come down, and the play was over. The device of having Hamlet die in darkness was new and startling to me, and a very effective one.

The audience, too, by its applause showed its approval. But then a flashlight appeared on the stage and a voice said, "We regret to say that the main fuse blew out and we had to finish the play in darkness. Will those of you who have flashlights turn them on the aisles, so the audience can see to get out?"

For the first time then I realized that Evans was not trying to do something new; the lights had merely failed.

Major Maurice Evans, once of Broadway, acknowledged greatest Shakespearean actor of the English-speaking stage, now of the Pacific, has learned to brush off little inconveniences like that. Evans, once the toast of the sophisticates, the pampered star of stars, now works fifteen hours a day writing plays, painting scenery, acting, inventing lighting systems that can be used on the jungle stages, designing costumes, directing plays—doing anything he can to improve the brand of entertainment given our troops.

Army Entertainment in the Pacific

Evans is in charge of Army Special Services (entertainment) in the Pacific Theater. His territory stretches from Australia to Saipan and every time we capture another island, it stretches farther. He doesn't have much time to act. He's too busy training G.I.s to act. He also has his occasional troubles with commanding generals and with chaplains who still harbor the quaint notion that men in uniform are "boys" and therefore should not be subjected to adult entertainment.

Evans was commissioned by the Army in 1942 and sent to Pearl Harbor to organize entertainment for the troops. He was a one-man staff and nobody paid much attention to him at first.

"Why the hell do they send a Shakespearean actor out here?" one commanding general grumbled. "Not one per cent of our G.I.s ever read or saw Shakespeare—including me."

But Evans was too busy to listen to criticism. He had to find actors from the ranks of the G.I.s. He found this to be virtually impossible, so he set out to train men. Anyone who had even seen a stage was grist for Evans' mill. He found a few men with slight experience, and then came the difficult part of separating them from their units.

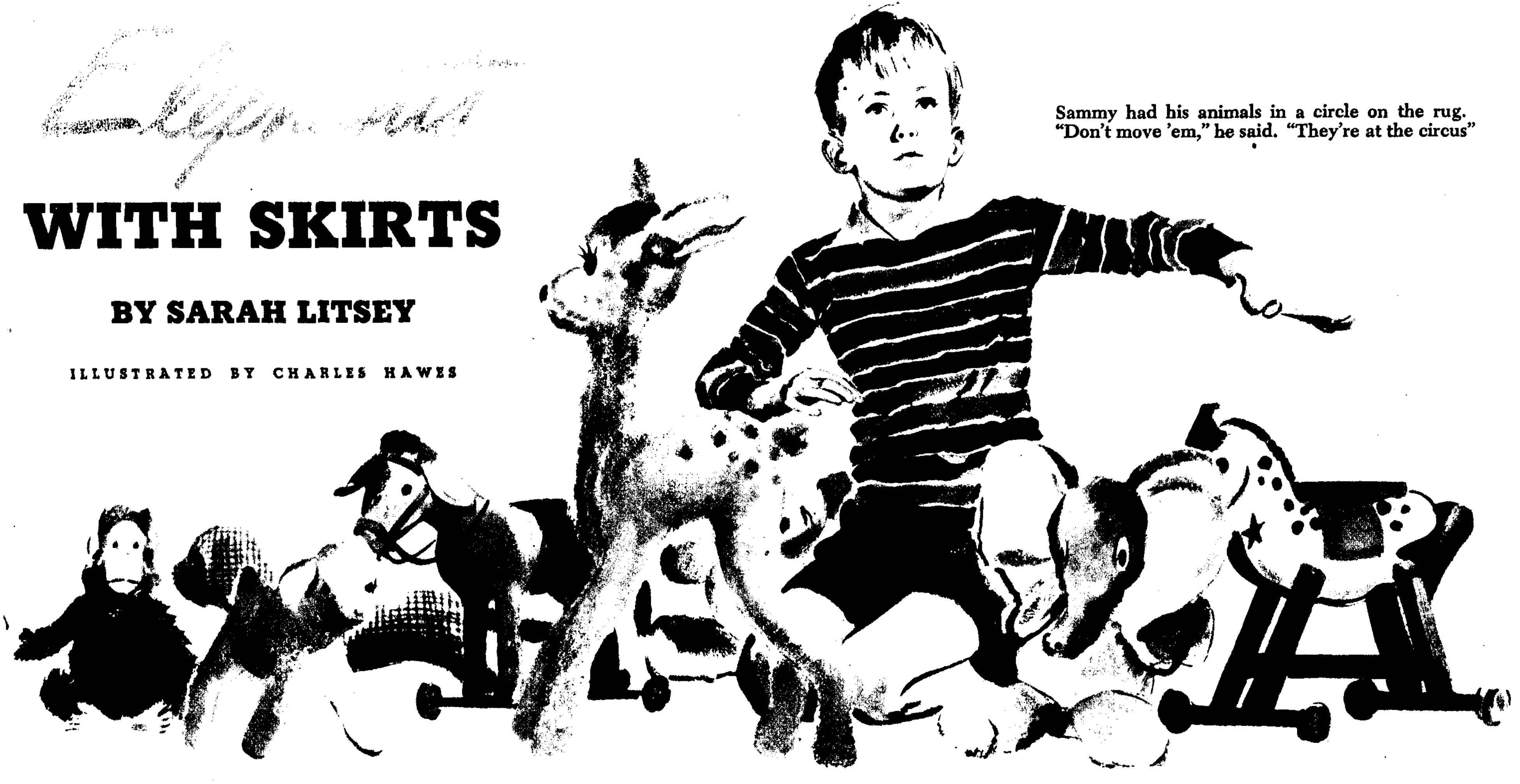
"I needed a handy man to help shift scenery and take care of a truck they'd given me," Evans recalled. "And I found one—a private named Bill Dougherty. My truck broke down at one of the Army posts here, and this chap fixed it in no time. I asked him if he'd like to be transferred to my troupe, and he was agreeable. But when I asked his CO to transfer him, the CO roared, 'Why, he's one of my keymen! You can't have him.' I couldn't figure how a private could be a keyman in a big Army post, so I asked the CO what the man did. 'He's the post ratcatcher,' the general said. 'and the best damn' ratcatcher in the Pacific.' I kept at it and finally got Bill Dougherty."

Gradually Evans began to assemble a staff. He picked up a harmonica player here, a lad who could sing Frankie and Johnny there. He found a tap dancer and a couple of other men who had acted in high-school plays and with them he staged his first production, a profound and moving dish called Five Jerks in a Jeep. He wrote a routine for them and sent them first to every station on Hawaii and then out to forward areas where they played to G.I.s, gooney and booby birds. Even the generals who had thought that an army could get along very nicely without a Shakespearean actor laughed at the hodgepodge of jokes (old, new and borrowed) and the antics of the Five Jerks. The University of Hawaii at Honolulu gave Evans the use of its own splendid little *(Continued on page 57)*

Elephants WITH SKIRTS

BY SARAH LITSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES



Sammy had his animals in a circle on the rug. "Don't move 'em," he said. "They're at the circus"

SHE wakened around six, and the fear was there, a purely womanish thing with no sense to it. This was the day Sammy was going—only to the circus and with his father, but today for the first time, her life could not stand guard on his. In the next bed, Bob's breathing went on at a long, steady lope. She got up, took her robe and went barefoot from the room.

At the hall window she stopped, breathing the morning smells. Back yards were green under the misty light. In one of them someone was out already moving briskly about. It was Mrs. Miley hanging out winter woolens, of all things; Mr. Miley's and Duds' big dark overcoats. She wondered if they had heard from Duds yet. Funny, she had dreamed of him last night. She went on down the hall to Sammy's room.

He was still asleep and she stood there, unsuspected. She was young; and never had thought before that sleep is a little like death. Her heart turned at the splinter size of her son under the blankets. His hair, fresh-cut for the occasion, made the back of his neck look skinny and forlorn. When Duds Miley went off to war, the back of his neck had looked like that. When the train began to move, he was smiling. There had been his freckled face at the window. Then suddenly it was gone, and there was only the back of his neck bowed over. Ten months ago: more than two months since he left San Francisco, and his mother had not yet heard.

The tug of fear started an ache in her to touch her son. Going toward the bed, her foot encountered the plush donkey which she jostled against Little Bear. His animals were all in a circle on the rug. Last night she had laughed when she caught him at this intricate arrangement.

"Sammy, what on earth are you doing?"

But he had been grave. "My children are at the circus. Don't move 'em."

"I won't."

"Not all tomorrow while I'm gone, don't move 'em."

"All right, darling."

And this was tomorrow. Down the block Mrs. Miley was hanging out Duds' things, and Duds was goodness knows where. She knelt down by the bed and began to weep softly. For Duds or Sammy? For herself or Mrs. Miley? Sammy did not open his eyes, but one five-year-old hand stole out and made a nest in her hair. . . .

At breakfast everything was disjointed with excitement. If Sammy was ready for his cereal, Bob wanted his coffee, and neither of them could wait.

"Thank heaven," she said, "you both aren't the same age!"

Bob asked, "Rather have two sons or two husbands?"

"I like you the way you are."

She never had known before how true this was. They were safe, close. She was desolate at this day! New York was so big. Bob was so big. He forgot children were children.

She said, "I wish I were going with you."

"Wish you were, too." Bob drained the last of his coffee and got up.

Sammy was still sinking submarines in his oatmeal. "Brrr . . . *Bmm!*"

"Snap it up, son."

"Okay, Dad."

She watched the small hand plying the spoon, the narrow wrist. He looked so thin and unnatural in dressed-up clothes.

"Bob, take care of him; hold his hand."

"Sure. I'll push him right under a taxi, won't I, son?"

Bob and Sammy laughed. In a few minutes, Bob came back with his hat and Sammy's little reefer. "Yes, sir, Nan, your men are stepping out. It's a man's world, isn't it, Sammy?"

"A man's world," Sammy echoed, and they both laughed very hard.

She turned to the sink and began to run water for the dishes. She had heard people say it was a man's war, too.

IT WAS nearly noon before the house was in order. Nan was jumpy. In Sammy's room she stood and looked at his animals without purpose or desire. What did I do before he came? What does Mrs. Miley do? She's had Duds so much longer.

After lunch she put on her cherry-red cardigan and went out to see if the beans had come up. They hadn't. The radishes were old hat by now. Sammy's row, meandering beside his father's, was a miracle of indecision. Oh, heaven, if he crosses streets like that! she thought. She turned her back on the radishes and saw just over the fence Mrs. Glover, false eyelashes and all, attacking her garden with a very new trowel.

"Hello." Nan strolled over to the fence. When in her right mind, she avoided Mrs. Glover.

"Where's Sammy?" Mrs. Glover asked. "I haven't heard him all morning."

"He's gone into town to the circus with his father."

"Well. That's so big . . . he seems awfully young."

Nan smiled, faintly superior to Mrs. Glover who knew nothing about children except that they made noises she didn't like. "Yes, I know; but he's five."

The reluctant pride, the tentative way she said it sounded familiar. Then she knew and a sick cold lay about her lips. When Duds Miley left, someone on the platform had said, "Duds seems mighty young to be going off to settle a show this big," and Mrs. Miley's voice had had the double edge of pride and sorrow when she answered, "Yes, he does, but he's seventeen."

The postman came along and waved some letters at Mrs. Glover. When she returned Nan said, "I wonder if Mrs. Miley's heard. I saw her in the grocery the other day and she said . . . What? *What,* Mrs. Glover?"

"Last night . . . the telegram. Duds is missing."

"Oh." Nan looked at her hands holding hard to the pickets of the fence. "I dreamed about Duds last night."

"Now, don't look so scared. They say Mrs. Miley hopes. It just says 'Missing.'"

Missing! Suppose Sammy got lost from Bob . . . *Missing!* It was worse than death because it had no boundaries and it had no end.

"My dear," Mrs. Glover said, "are you all right? You don't look well at all."

"I got up pretty early. I think I'll go and lie down a while."

It was no good lying down. The minute she closed her eyes, she saw Mrs. Miley's stout figure bustling about the back yard in the early morning . . . she knew it then . . . with Duds' overcoat in her arms! Nan swung her legs off the couch and stood straight and tight until she swallowed the hotness in her chest. Then she went out of the house and down the block.

Mrs. Miley was putting in pansies. She glanced up when the gate clicked. Her plump face had a curiously hollow look, not simply flesh gone, but something else which could not be put back. "Come in, Nan. Come right around," she said.

Nan stood beside the stout, kneeling woman, feeling gawky and comforted.

"Could I help?"

"Why, yes. But that's such a pretty sweater. You won't get it dirty?"

"That's all right." Nan's bare knees pushed into the cool new turf. With great care she cradled the roots in her long childish fingers. With equal care she said, "Sammy went to the circus with his father today."

"Did he, now? The two of them. Well, that's fine."

Nan said, "He's never been away from me before."

"I know. When Duds was Sammy's age, I'd feel so by myself when he'd go off."

Nan kept her head bent down. "His animals . . . he's left them . . . in a circle."

"Yes, I used to say to Duds, 'Run on, run on! There's enough of you around.' Such a mess as he'd leave." Then something changed in Mrs. Miley's voice. "You're young; you're just beginning."

Nan set the plant. Drawing in the dirt, her hand touched Mrs. Miley's. Their hands were cold, but the spring sun lay warm across their shoulders.

When they rose, Mrs. Miley said, "Tell Sammy to come and see me."

Nan met her eyes. "He'll come tomorrow," she said.

"GEE, Mom, you ought've seen!"

Nan knelt undressing Sammy, his spare little body between her hands, seeing in his small, tired face the strange experience he owned apart from her. His eyes on hers were wide with weariness and love and what he had to tell. She skinned the shirt over his head. He was back, part of her life again, the same—yet different. For she could not hold this moment closed, her own only. Her mind swung outward, over the town, the country, the whole wide land.

"Gee, Mom, you ought've seen!" When their sons came back from Africa, Germany, the Pacific islands, mothers everywhere were hearing those words—at a kitchen sink in Vermont, in a California patio, on the stoop of a Kentucky cabin—hearing those words from sons with strange things in their eyes and a terrible need to fuse with the always-known, the new and just-discovered.

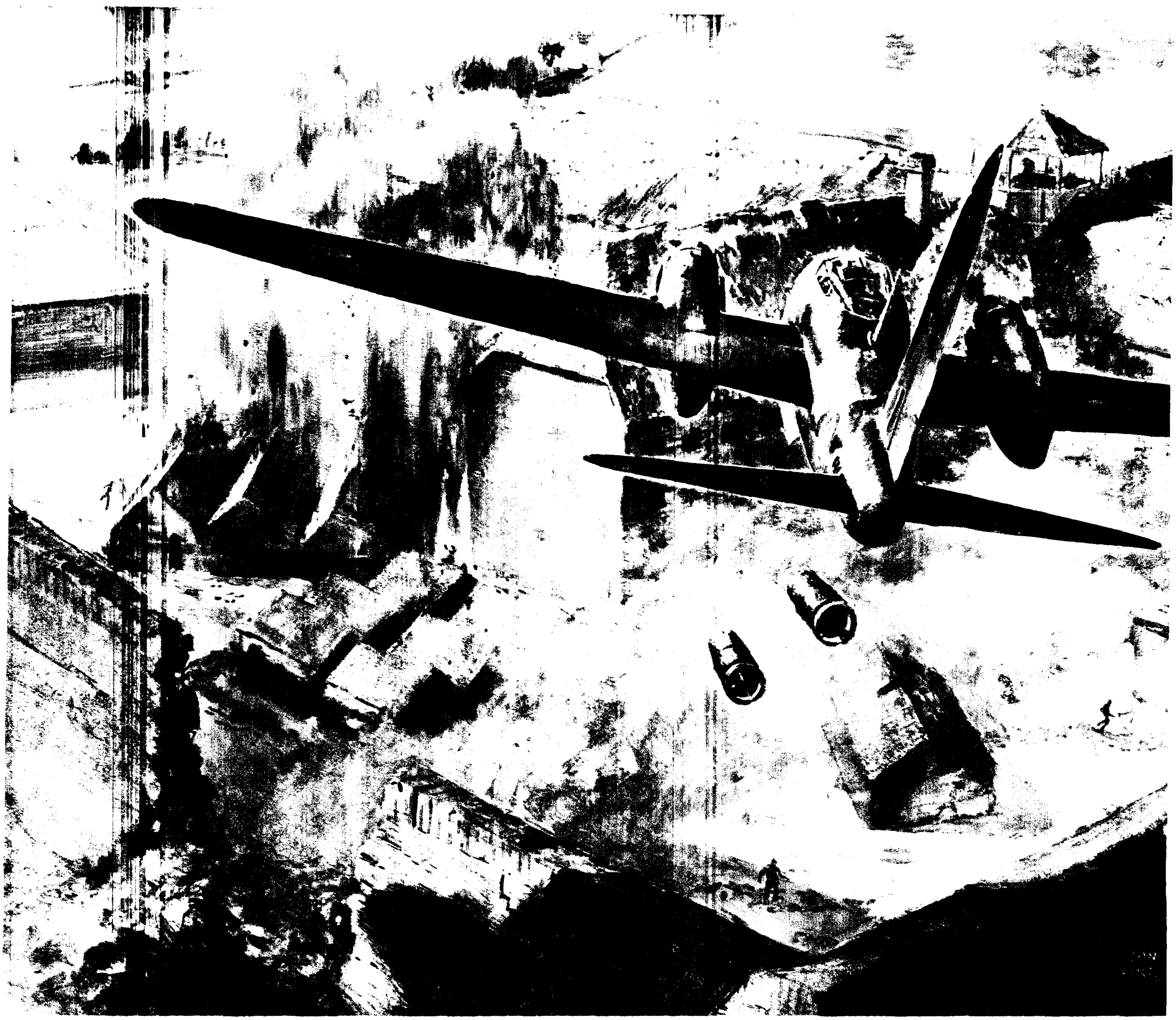
Blindly, she did the buttons on Sammy's pajamas.

"What was it you liked the best?"

He was asleep on his feet, upheld by wonder. "Honest, Mom, the elephants had skirts on!"

"Oh, Sammy!" The laugh turned in her throat as she caught him to her. Duds went to the big show, too. He saw the wonders, but he wouldn't come back to tell them to his mother. She held Sammy hard, and the need in her arms was double, not for herself alone.

a short short story complete on this page



The British bombers flew in three waves, the first to breach the walls, the second to knock out the main building, the third to get whatever the others missed

LIBERATION AT AMIENS

BY W. B. COURTNEY

AND

BETTY WINKLER

Here is the complete story of the most extraordinary rescues of this war as told by two correspondents who interviewed the RAF liberators in England and the escaped prisoners in France

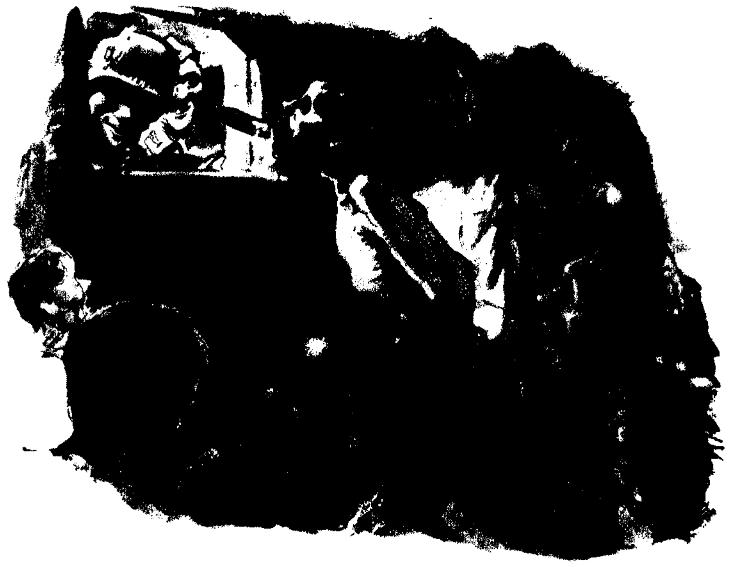
ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

IN THE city prison at Amiens, which was taken over by the Germans after the fall of France, there were early in 1944 approximately 350 political prisoners—200 men and 150 women—and about 300 common criminals. The latter had little to fear; they were not mistreated, and they had only to serve out their sentences. But the patriots were in great peril; they had all been half starved, many had been tortured or terribly beaten, and others had been locked in dark dungeons with iron balls chained to their feet, and hands pinioned behind their backs with handcuffs or *maselottes* which became tighter with every movement. For more than three years, there had been weekly executions in the prison courtyard, and it seemed certain that eventually all of the patriots would be shot.

The political prisoners had been sent to the Amiens jail from all parts of France, but most of them were miners from Saint-Quentin, in northern France. Some were awaiting trial, or had already been condemned to death, for helping Allied airmen; others for sabotaging German war production in French factories. Many never knew why they had been arrested. Nearly all were members of various French resistance movements, and some had held prominent posts before their capture, but the names of only a few have been revealed. One was Jean Baudoin, an expert mechanic and a very clever fellow who worked with the FTP (Francs-Tireurs Partisans); he went from factory to factory, using forged identification cards, and organized sabotage.

Another was Suzette Malandin, wife of the FTP commandant in the Amiens district, and a leader of the prisoners in the women's section. The women, many of whom were little more than children, appear to have been treated even worse than the men. They were confined six to a small cell scarcely large enough for two, sleeping on bare boards arranged so that the bottom of one bunk was not more than two inches above the sleeper beneath. One sink was provided for every ten women, and they were each allowed two minutes a day to wash. In the morning they were given a cup of tasteless black liquid called coffee, for lunch a watery soup and a few soggy vegetables, and at five o'clock each afternoon a small piece of black bread. The men had pretty much the same rations.

About a month before the liberation, Madame Malandin demanded that the women be given straw mattresses to sleep on, and when the Germans refused, she organized a revolt. Taken into the courtyard for their daily five-minute walk, she and a dozen other prisoners attacked the female guards, leaving several on the ground badly beaten. German soldiers came to the rescue of the guards, and beat the women with clubs and



A manacled prisoner ate by holding the plate in his teeth, tipping his head back, and trying to pour the soup down his throat

rifle butts, wounding many. Next day Madame Malandin and two others were shot; their comrades heard them singing the Marseillaise in the prison courtyard until their voices were silenced by the crash of the death volley.

A few hours after the execution straw mattresses were issued to all the women prisoners, and at the same time half a dozen women were sent for punishment to the dungeons—tiny, damp cells without light, ventilation or sanitary conveniences, where a considerable number of men already were confined. There the iron balls were chained to their feet, and their hands were handcuffed behind their backs. The cuffs were not removed for feeding or for hygienic necessity, the result being that arms soon became paralyzed through lack of use, and ugly wounds appeared on hands and wrists. When pus developed, the handcuffs were taken off for a few minutes while the wounds were washed and cleaned, after which they were locked on again tighter than ever.

Prisoners confined in the dungeons received nothing to eat but a thin soup two or three times a day. A metal plate containing a portion of this unsavory mess was placed by a guard on the shelf of a small window cut into the cell door. To eat, the prisoner had to lower his head, seize the edge of the plate in his teeth, and tip his head back, trying to pour the soup down his throat. Most of it spilled on his face and clothing.

The spectacle of the French patriots thus feeding like animals was a source of great amusement to the Germans; they used to congregate in groups to watch, laughing and applauding when one of the prisoners finally succeeded in swallowing a few drops of soup.

Some of the patriots stood up under this sort of treatment for five or six months; many others died or went insane. The latter were dragged out and presumably killed; at any rate their comrades saw them no more.

There were two prisoners in the Amiens jail whom the French patriots of that area, and the Germans, too, for that matter, probably will never forget. One was Monsieur Vivant, sous-prefect of Abbeville, who worried the Germans by upsetting the prison routine; the other was Fullsman, an American parachutist whose adventures, when they can be told, will form one of the minor epics of the war.

An American in Disguise

Dropped from an American bomber in December of 1943, Fullsman accomplished the mission to which he had been assigned and then joined the FTP, receiving an identification card bearing a vague Spanish name because he looked Spanish and spoke the language. He participated in the FTP attack on the central electric plant at Amiens, and was trapped with his comrades by six hundred German soldiers who waited in ambush with machine guns. Leaders of the FTP learned the identity of the collaborator who had betrayed them, and were discussing means of attending to him when Fullsman cut the argument short.

"Leave that man to me!" he said. "I'll take care of him!"

Fullsman found the traitor hiding in a little Amiens shop, dragged him into the street and knocked him down. Then he jerked the man to his feet and told him to run. The chase that followed was like something out of an early Hollywood movie—the collaborator, short, fat and out of condition, stumbling along screaming with fright, while close behind him strode the tall, lanky American, pistol in hand, shouting at the man to hurry and every once in a while getting close enough to give him a sound kick.

Finally the traitor reached the Bresle River, jumped in, and started swimming toward the opposite shore. Fullsman stood on the bridge and shot at him until he sank, then threw his pistol into the water and surrendered to German soldiers who had heard the shooting and had come up on motorcycles. The Nazis found him smiling like a man who was satisfied he had done a good job.

It was a great day for the imprisoned patriots when Fullsman was brought into the Amiens jail and told them who he really was. They had heard that American paratroopers had appeared in various parts of France, but he was the first one they had seen, and his presence, even though he was a prisoner, gave their sagging morale a tremendous boost. Nothing seemed to worry Fullsman; he took everything in stride. He was always singing, laughing and telling stories; he even ate the miserable prison fare with apparent gusto, much to the astonishment of the Germans. A first-rate acrobat, he gave exhibitions of his skill every day and encouraged the other prisoners to take as much exercise as possible.

Everyone but Fullsman was certain that he would be shot, but the parachutist was an optimist; he said that if the worst came to the worst he would reveal his true identity and insist upon being treated as a prisoner of war. When it was pointed out that he was not in uniform and had no proper identification papers, he only laughed.

"Don't worry," he said, "the Boche doesn't live that can kill me!"

The man most representative of French traditions is a prefect or sous-prefect, always immaculately dressed in a black cutaway coat and striped pants. It is unthinkable that he should appear in public without a hat, which he doffs frequently in greeting as he walks among his people. Monsieur Vivant, sous-prefect of Abbeville, was a perfect prototype; although he was confined in the prison only four days, he did almost as much for the morale of the patriots as Fullsman.

As befitted his position, Monsieur Vivant's behavior was invariably correct and punctilious, even when he visited the German *Kommandantur* of the town on official business, as he was frequently required to do. The Germans always treated him with respect, until they learned that he was also the leader of the Abbeville resistance group. Monsieur Vivant said that this information was obtained by the Germans through an "indiscretion," as he described the confession torn from a member of his group by torture.

"After my arrest," said Monsieur Vivant, "I asked to receive my toilet case, pointing out to the Germans that a sous-prefect is somebody who is entitled to a certain amount of consideration. Indeed, I have had occasion to notice the respect for hierarchy among the Boches."

The Germans had given him a special cell, and he was alone there. Every evening he took off his suit, and put on his pajamas and dressing gown. He shaved diligently every morning, and put on his suit which he had painstakingly folded the evening before.

"Considering myself only a visitor, I also put on my overcoat, my hat and my gloves, and was always prepared to leave," he recalled later. "The German guards seemed to be stupefied by this preoccupation with my appearance, and so, too, were the other prisoners, who had been more brutally deprived of their freedom than I and who had neither coat nor hat. I used to spread out my white towel carefully, and place on it my *gamelle* (mess tin), thinking that attractive service might compensate for the mediocre fare. And I may say, the fare deserved this description. It consisted habitually of a sort of dishwater. And since proper etiquette does not permit one to eat with one's hat on one's head, I always carefully removed my hat before tasting the contents of my *gamelle*."

In common with other prisons where French patriots were confined, the jail at

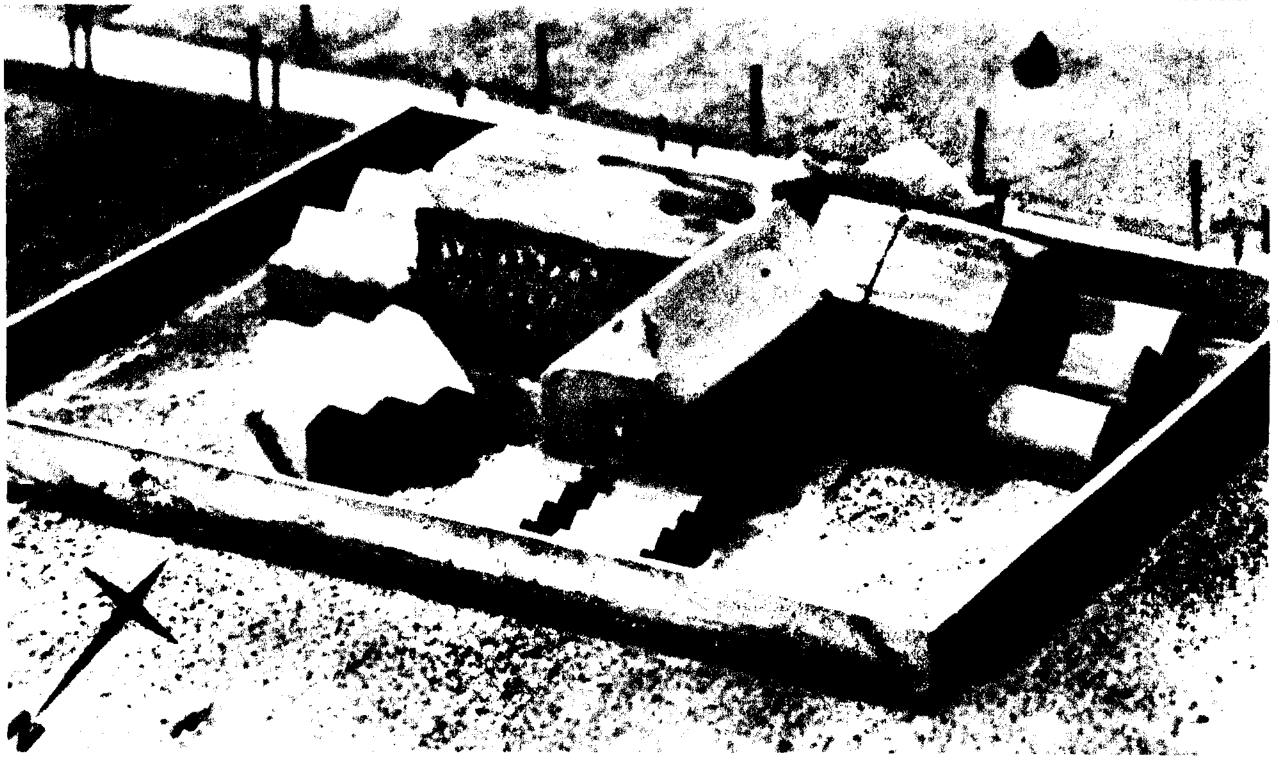
(Continued on page 73)

BRITISH COMBINE

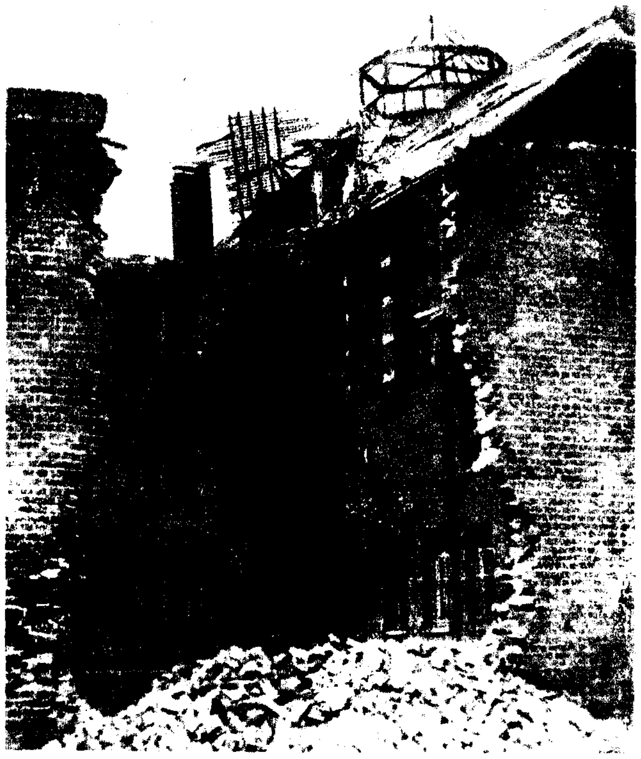
Group Captain P. C. Pickard, in command of the bombing mission, was shot down when he turned back for a second look

Model of Amiens city prison (below) was carefully studied by bomber crews. At right, prison after the outer wall had been breached by the British bombs

WIDE WORLD



WIDE WORLD



go to SLEEP

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

To anyone who has ever been in a hospital, this story of a major operation will bring back familiar terrors and a renewed faith in the science of medicine

HE HAD put on his pajamas and dressing gown and was sitting by the window, smoking a cigarette, when the night nurse came in. The quick turning of his head showed his nervousness; he got uneasily to his feet.

"Good evening," she said briskly. "Everything all right, Mr. . . ." she glanced at the name plate on the door . . . "Clark?"

He nodded. He remembered this nurse from the long nights seven months ago, remembered the competent hands and deliberate movements, the soothing but detached voice. He tried a smile, and felt the tightness of his lips. "You're Miss McKenzie," he said.

"That's right." Her glance was incurious.

"I guess you don't remember me," he said. "I was here seven months ago."

"Yes, of course, I remember." Her eyes flicked again to the name plate. "Doctor Wilk's patient. Say, you just couldn't stay away, could you?"

She turned down the covers and he looked at her trim back. His hands moved nervously, the fingers tapping. He said, "Doctor Wilk has a pretty good reputation, hasn't he?"

"Yes, indeed," the nurse said. "He's one of the best. Mr. Clark, you'd better get into bed pretty soon. You'll need rest for your party tomorrow."

Party—it was a jarring word. He ground out the cigarette and promptly lighted another. "Doctor Wilk said I was to have something to put me to sleep."

"All right, I'll look at your chart." She gave him a brief smile. "As soon as the orderly is through with you, I want you to get into bed, Mr. Clark."

"Yes, I'll go to bed," he said.

When the nurse had gone he finished unpacking his overnight bag. He put his razor and toothbrush on the washstand, thinking there would be one more shave in the morning, the last before they knocked him over the head. He remembered the irritation of shaving in bed the last time; he thought of the gas pains, the bedpans, the long, parched nights.

He sat down again in the chair by the window and turned on the radio, but the first jingle of music made him turn it off again. From the window he could see the East River lights and the glowing span of a bridge. He felt alone in this remote hospital room, but it was not so bad as the first time.

The first time had been an adventure in the unknown, but now he knew the routine of it, he knew what was coming. For five days he had been taking some sort of sulfa preparation; he wondered if that was why he felt depressed.

The telephone rang and he jumped; the cigarette fell from his hand. He picked up the cigarette as he lifted the receiver. It was Ellen, her voice calm as always. "Hello, there, Bob, how are you doing?"

"I'm doing all right."

"It's wonderful the way you take these things in stride. Darling, shall I come see you tonight?"

His mouth was dry. He said quietly, "They're going to tuck me in bed in a minute, soon as I'm shaved."

"Shaved? Oh, of course, Bob. I'll be there in the morning. I called Doctor Wilk and he said it would be at eight-thirty. I'll get in before they take you up."

"Eight-thirty?" he said. "I hadn't asked. I don't see how these guys do it so early in the morning."

"Darling, you're not nervous, are you?"

"I'm used to it, Ellen. It's getting to be routine." He saw the opening of the door from the corners of his eyes. "The orderly is here now. Guess I'd better hang up."

"I'll call you later. You want me to, don't you?"

"Maybe I'd better call you," he said.

As he hung up the receiver his nerves seemed steadier. Talking to Ellen had done him good, but he could not help thinking how superficial it was . . . his family life, his business, his daily pleasures, how trivial they seemed now. There was no connecting link, not even in the telephone. He was alone here in this hospital, very much alone, and the whole world now was himself and Doctor Wilk.

The orderly was a soft-spoken man with big hands and a gentle manner. Bob noticed that the toe of one white shoe had been cut away because of a bunion and thought what a hell of a way for a man with bad feet to make a living.

The razor pulled somewhat and he felt a scratching cut. The orderly apologized, and Bob liked his quiet voice and solemn eyes. He said lightly, "What's another scratch, more of less."

"This is my third abdominal prep tonight," the orderly said. "Every one for Doctor Wilk."

Bob considered this, frowning slightly. It took away a little of the comforting sense of importance to know that there were two others to go up in the morning.

THE orderly finished and began taking the razor apart. "You're all set now. Going to have something to make you sleep?"

"Doctor Wilk said I was."

"Well, you speak to the nurse about it. Sometimes they don't bother unless you ask for it."

"I'll ask for it," Bob said.

The orderly put the razor away. "What kind of anesthetic they giving you?"

"Spinal," Bob said.

"That's the best, if you don't mind it. You don't have the aftereffects."

"I had a spinal before," Bob said.

The orderly grinned. "Want to come along to the bathroom?"

"Bathroom?" Bob said. "Lord, I forgot that part of it."

He put on his bathrobe and followed the orderly along the corridor. The doors were all closed and the white name plates showed in the light. There were the peculiar hushed sounds of a hospital and the antiseptic smells. The smells and the sounds did not bother him as they had the first time, seven months ago.

Back in his room Bob knew that the routine of preparation had been completed. There was the night ahead, and then the morning. He sat down again in the chair by the window, reluctant to get into bed. There seemed to be a sort of finality in getting into bed and he delayed it.

He tried not to think of the operation the next morning; his thoughts turned instead to the days afterward and he remembered things that were pleasant—the relaxation as the anesthetic wore off and the numbness left his legs, the coming of the trays, the real rest a man got in a hospital. And the operation was nothing, he told himself. This time he was going to watch; he was going to have them fix the mirrors. He would make an adventure of it, an experience of it.

The door opened abruptly and he saw Miss McKenzie, a big man behind her. As soon as he recognized Doctor Wilk he jumped eagerly to his feet. There was a great bond between them and he stepped forward.

Doctor Wilk shook hands in the crisp, efficient way that was characteristic of him. He was a big, heavy man with a gray face and horn-rimmed glasses. The eyes behind the lenses were dark and piercing and conveyed a certain sense of entity. The world always seemed to move around Doctor Wilk and here in the hospital he was more than ever the center of it. Miss McKenzie was alert

What was going on? Couldn't they see the anesthetic hadn't worked? He felt tricked and helpless. "Put him under," Doctor Wilk said to the nurse

and nervous, listening to every [illegible] Bob had learned the previous [illegible] tor Wilk was a perfectionist and [illegible] staff was on its toes when he wa [illegible]

"Feeling all right, Mr. Clark [illegible] Wilk asked.

"Yes, fine."

"We decided on a spinal, didn't [illegible] He glanced at Miss McKenzie. "I want [illegible] of fluid in the tissues. A thousand [illegible] of saline solution before the operation. Nurse."

"Yes, sir," Miss McKenzie said.

"You'll have something to make you sleep through and it will be over before you know it, Mr. Clark," Doctor Wilk said. "Nothing to worry about. Just get a good rest." He put out his hand. "Good night."

He was gone again, his feet making no sound on the covered floor. Bob sat down. He was a strange man, this Doctor Wilk. He said so little and moved so quickly that patients left his office with a lingering uneasiness, troubled by unspoken questions they had meant to ask. At least Bob did. There was always a crowd in the office, and a way of shunting patients in and out of examination rooms that was unnerving. Bob had never been completely satisfied with discussions of his own case; he was the sort to whom important questions always occurred when the time for asking them had passed. Of course, there had been X-rays, and quarts of barium choked down, and consultations and probing fingers. He remembered when he had cried out with pain and the satisfied, sure expression that had come on Doctor Wilk's face. That was the first time, the first operation.

"You'll have to have that [illegible] out," Doctor Wilk had said, and [illegible] later Bob had been talking to [illegible] tionist, still wishing he had discussed the matter more thoroughly with Doctor Wilk. But was it his fault, he thought, or Doctor Wilk's? He could have insisted on another discussion, but instead he had talked to the receptionist, and was given some sulfa pills and a letter to the hospital. It was like that the first time, and it had been so this second time, leaving a certain incompleteness. But Doctor Wilk was a thorough man, and one of the best surgeons in the country. There was no doubt of his reputation.

Yet when a man's life was involved, when he put himself into the hands of a surgeon, it should not be so casual, Bob thought. Possibly the casual manner was cultivated, and he remembered hearing that surgeons did not like to establish personal relations with patients. They preferred to remain apart in a clinical detachment. He remembered hearing, too, that a surgeon rarely carved the meat at dinner. The association might be jarring to his guests, and then, too, he might make a botch of a joint.

But Doctor Wilk, Bob thought, failed in a simple, human way. He failed to give the patient assurance, and there remained a distressing sense of helplessness in those who came within his orbit. At least that was so in his case, Bob thought, and resented the God-like quality of mastery in Doctor Wilk. He felt like a small thing under a microscope, with the bright, dark eyes focused on him through the lens. It was disconcerting, to say the least. He thought that he was not unimportant in his daily life. As account executive with Smith & Robinson he could make people jump, himself. His name was known in the advertising world, and in his line he had achieved a reputation almost comparable with Doctor Wilk's. But that was another world. A hospital brought home what a different world it was. A hospital was a world in itself, and here Doctor Wilk was supreme. Lord, Bob thought, here they dealt in human lives. How could they be so casual about it?

For the first time he thought, why did he do it? Was this operation necessary? Lots of people nursed their ulcers along, year after year. If he let the operation go he could lead a life without danger, at least, if he took care of himself. No more drinking, no more spicy foods, acceptance of the inevitable days of tension and worry and the sickening sensation that his stomach was an old, worn glove with a stranger's rude hand inside it, clutching. Anyhow, he could stand it. He could get along, and he'd not have to face this thing.

He had his own world, Bob thought, and he was an important man in it. Why should he leave that world? He was a sensible man, a sane man. Why not put on his clothes again and take up his hat and walk out of this hospital and say to hell with it? It was the sensible thing to do.

He could pick up the telephone and say, *Ellen, I'm coming home*, and say the operation was nonsense. Would she mind, he could say, a man who couldn't eat and couldn't drink and was forever obsessed about a little disarrangement of the tissues of the stomach. It would be easy to break out of this, to slip quickly out of Doctor Wilk's hands and never see him again, never even talk to him on the telephone. Send a note and a check and let it go. Just let it go.

FIRST there would be Miss McKenzie in the hall. *Mr. Clark, where are you going?* She would be upset. He would knock the pins from under her tidy, antiseptic world. Why, a patient couldn't do a thing like that. He was checked in, he was all set for the operation. *Mr. Clark, you get back into bed and I'll bring you something to make you sleep.*

He could push in to the elevator, and she'd telephone downstairs and they'd be waiting to intercept him. But they couldn't hold him against his will. He'd write a check and break out of here, he thought, and then he'd take a cab home. Ellen would understand; he knew she'd understand. And it wasn't cowardly. It wasn't because he was afraid. It was a question of what was the sensible thing to do. His life was involved and it was a damned stupid thing to go peeking over the precipice of life just to be able to take a drink and eat what he wanted, just to satisfy Doctor Wilk.

To satisfy Doctor Wilk! Bob remembered the probing eyes, the thick lenses. It did satisfy Doctor Wilk, he thought. Damn it, it did. He liked to be the little deity, the master. He enjoyed his position in the special world of the hospital, where life and death were commonplace, where the facts of existence were as obvious as a cemetery. He enjoyed his operations, Bob thought, and he looked down on his patients from an eminence. Why should he give this man the satisfaction?

Miss McKenzie came in, almost noiselessly, carrying a shallow enamel bowl in which there were two yellow capsules.

"Better get into bed, Mr. Clark," she said.

He looked up at her pale, calm face. "I was just thinking of putting on my clothes and going home," he said.

Miss McKenzie gave a short laugh reserved for the poor jokes of the nervous. "I guess they all feel that way," she said. "Don't worry, it won't be long. You'll be out of here first thing you know."

"Not feet first, I hope," Bob said.

It was not funny, and his thoughts were off the track. He slipped off his robe and climbed into bed almost without thinking. He looked at the two yellow pills. He did not have to take them. He could palm them, if he wanted, and pretend to swallow them. He could get up and walk out any time he chose.

Miss McKenzie poured a glass of water and put it beside him on the bedside table. She said softly, "You should take your pills pretty soon, Mr. Clark."

It was up to him. He nodded and she went out. He closed his eyes and lay quite still. He knew that he was going to take the pills and that he would not get up and walk out of the hospital. This was the power Doctor Wilk had.

He remembered that when Doctor Wilk advised him to have the ulcers out he had suggested that Bob seek another opinion, if he wished, but he had not done so. Why hadn't he done so? He had accepted it the way he would accept the yellow capsules and all they meant. He had a sense of inevitable commitment and it was stronger than his fear.

His thoughts returned to Doctor Wilk. The man knew his stuff. He was terrific, really, and Bob wondered if it was not the doctor's assured competence that he resented. There was no humility in Doctor Wilk, but Bob supposed that a man who worked delicately on the borderline of life must be supremely sure of himself; he had to be. The hand that held the knife must always move with certainty. The patient on the table must always be an object lesson in surgery, like a classroom prop—one of those sectional things with the muscles and organs in natural colors, fitted in their proper places.

He curled his toes uneasily against the starchy sheets, aware of his body and every nerve in it, aware of the slick area where the razor had passed, where the knife would cut tomorrow. He remembered the shining array of knives and ominous metal instruments in Doctor Wilk's office, and he visualized the strong hands that used them. Doctor Wilk had thumbs as hard as iron and it seemed impossible that his powerful, stubby fingers were capable of such delicate work. The hands represented Doctor Wilk; strong, masterful, assured. He realized that whenever he thought of Doctor Wilk he pictured the hands and the dark, bright eyes behind the lenses. Damn it, he thought, what went on in the man's mind, year after year, body after body, knife after knife? Was any patient more than a name and a body to him?

THE bright eyes were in his mind again and he thought, yes, Doctor Wilk took an interest; he watched a man's reactions. It seemed, on reflection, that he had taken a definite interest in Bob, and God knows he was always considerate with Ellen, discussing the case, giving reassurance. But was that the formality of the other world, the world Bob lived in—the world that ended at the door of the hospital? Niched now in the world of the hospital, where Doctor Wilk was supreme, he felt more strongly than ever that it was just the two of them, just himself and Doctor Wilk, adventuring in the unknown, jesting with the infinite. But there was no humility in Doctor Wilk because of it; Doctor Wilk was master here.

Miss McKenzie was in the room again, moving softly in her rubber soles, shaking her head. "Mr. Clark, you haven't taken your pills."

She held out the little bowl and he took the two pills, accepted the glass of water from her. She stood at the bedside while he swallowed the capsules. He put down the glass and dropped back on the pillows. He closed his eyes, and heard her gently shut the door. He was aware of the soft breeze from the window and the sound of traffic far below and then it was morning. . . .

Ellen said, "Darling, I can only stay a moment. How do you feel? Did you sleep?"

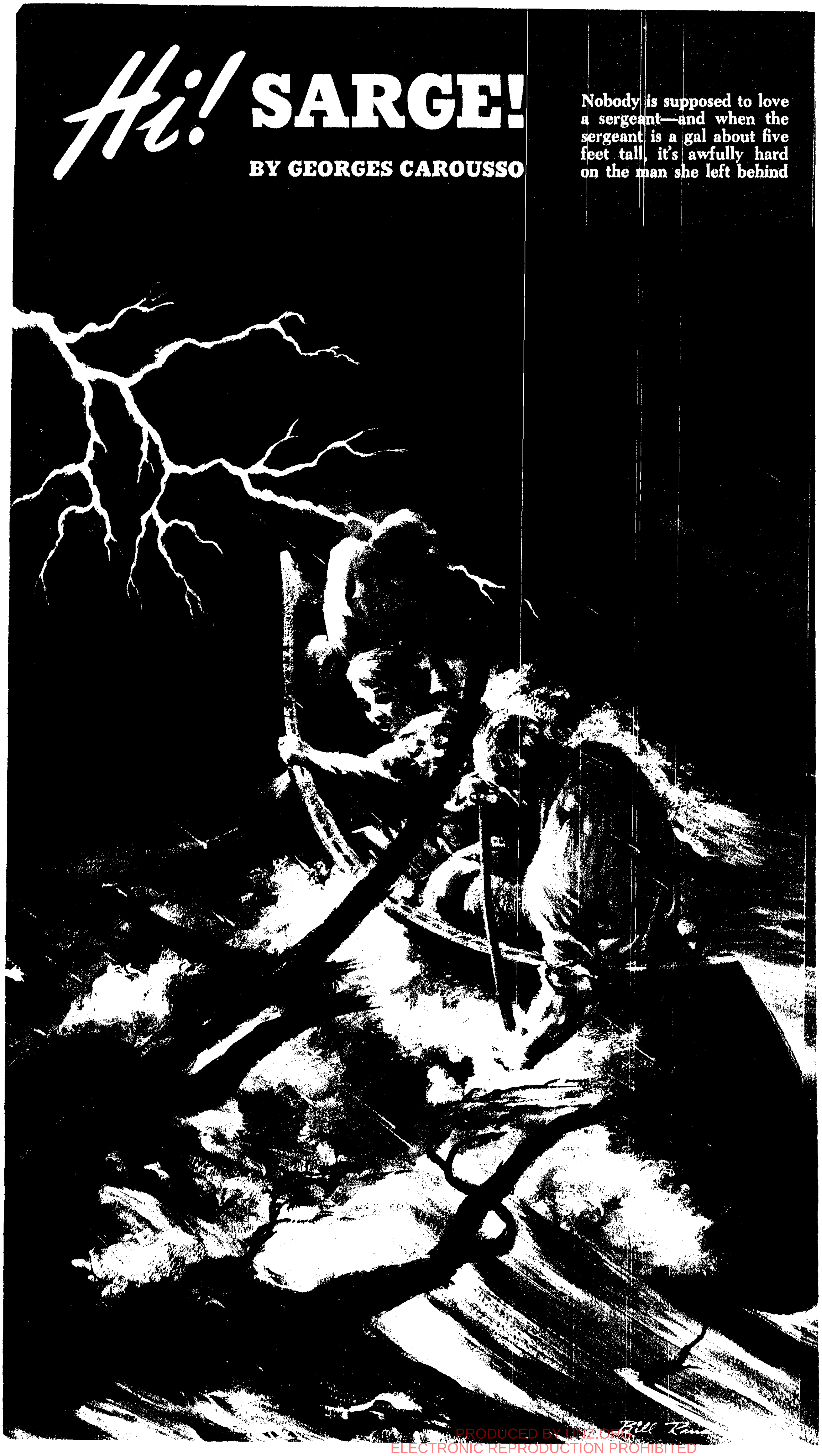
"Sure," he murmured, not quite awake. "I slept fine."

(Continued on page 44)

Hi! SARGE!

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

Nobody is supposed to love a sergeant—and when the sergeant is a gal about five feet tall, it's awfully hard on the man she left behind



"The tree's fallen across the mouth of the bay!" I shouted. There was no going ahead, no turning to the left or right. The two paddled for all they were worth

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL RANDALL

IT ISN'T often a hero comes back from the war to Squaw Lake town, but when one does we don't spare the horses. Which is a silly expression; what we really don't spare is the noise and the music and the speech making and, I hear tell, the hard cider.

The catch is that this hero was a she—Sergeant Terry Doyle, D.S.C. The Terry stands for Theresa. I guess you read all about it in the papers, how Terry Doyle happened to be right handy when the big bomber crashed in England, and how Terry got right in there and kept pulling wounded men out of the flames right up to the moment the big ship exploded. Terry got banged up enough to get a medal and a medical discharge and her picture in all the papers and newsreels. She was big-time stuff and when she came back home to Squaw Lake everybody felt there wasn't anything too good for Terry, and rightfully so.

We built a nice big welcoming platform and wound it up in bunting. Important folks sat on the platform all decked out in their Sunday-go-to-meetings, clearing their throats now and then until it got their turn to make a speech. There was my Uncle Brice Fuller, who's justice of the peace, and Uncle Mel Dunton, the forest ranger, and Uncle Clarence Coe, the game warden, and Uncle Waldon Ferris, who just hangs around the general store, and myself—Bunyan Jones. It isn't that I'm an important person exactly, only I guess I'm Squaw Lake sort of all wrapped up in one package. You see, since my pa got killed in the line of doctoring for the town, and my being an out and out orphan, the town more or less adopted me. That's why I had a whole townful of uncles and aunts and cousins. As I was sort of a relative to everybody in town, it was just and proper as I should also sit up on the welcoming platform.

When Terry got there with her pa and ma, you could have heard the shouting and whistling and the cheering halfway up Bald Mountain. She sat down next to me while Uncle Clarence Coe was making his speech, but I notice Terry wasn't listening. Her eyes—and I'll tell you that they're sort of like pansies with morning dew on them and let it go at that—kept looking over the faces staring up at her. Her hair was like new pennies piled one on top of the other and right then and there I wished I was an old man of twenty-two instead of fourteen. The little frown between her eyes got deeper. She turned and looked at me and winked. "Hi, Bunyan," she said, only you could hardly see her lips move.

"Hi, Cousin Terry," I said. "Lookin' fer somebody?"

She gave me a dirty look and turned her head away, and I could see her small chin sort of jut out a bit. It wasn't until Uncle Brice was speech-making that she slid her eyes around to me again.

"Many folks working out of town?" she asked without moving her lips.

"Some. Cousin Les Cross ain't."

"I wasn't asking about Les," Terry said.

"Thought you were. He's the only one not here today."

"You know too much, Cousin Bunyan," she whispered, but I could tell she was downright miserable. And there was Uncle Waldon Ferris now, making a speech as to how the town was hers and if she weren't happy, then by the holy blue cow, we'd darn' soon make her happy.

When the meeting broke up and Terry got in the car for home and the folks feeling dry made for the cider barrel, I sort of drifted off and went hunting for Les. Les was either on his little farm, in which case anybody can find him, or if he had anything troubling his mind, he'd be fishing. So I headed up Squaw Brook, cutting in from the woods to look over the big pools where Les usually fished. I found him all right, only he wasn't rightfully fishing. He was sitting on the bank with the rod dangling from his hand and the rod

(Continued on page 62)

THE FARMERS THEY FLY HIGH

BY ELIZABETH COULSON

In Oklahoma, the farmers still wear red galluses, but they don't use buckboards to examine cattle on the range. They fly all sorts of flivver planes, and even bring the farmhands in for lunch by air. Their aerial reconnaissance spots broken fences and soil erosion much quicker and cheaper than the old way

FOR four days now, Oklahoma had been drenched by one of those seasonal frog-stranglers which swell dry creek beds and send twelve-foot walls of water through gullies and down dry washes to the quicksand of the South Canadian River. But this morning the ceiling had lifted. The rain was over.

L. S. Chambers, a farmer of the region, looked across the breakfast table at his wife.

"You know, Mother—" Chambers wiped his mouth and pushed back his chair. "You know, I think I'd better look the ranch over. Some of those new heifers we bought last week might've got bogged down in this rain."

So he took his hat down from the peg by the kitchen door and ambled out to the hangar. That's right. Out to the hangar. For L. S. Chambers of El Reno is a charter member of the National Aeronautic Association's first group of "Flying Farmers," organized in Oklahoma, October 22, 1944.

There are thirty-eight of these charter members in this first chapter in the nation. Nine are farmers' wives, whose husbands also belong. The others are the farmers. They all hold pilots' licenses and own planes.

They are not experimenting with the airplane as a satisfactory medium for crop-dusting; not using it as a pleasure vehicle. They are making a practical thing out of a lot of theory that aviation experts have been talking about for a long while.

They carry their harvest hands from wheat ranch to home farm for hot food, in the middle of a big day, with the least waste of time. They fly to the nearest center and back for spare parts when the farm machinery breaks down in the middle of spring planting. They even service their neighbors with mail, food and medicine when roads get impassable or bridges wash out, which often happens in this sandy country where soil erosion always is a problem.

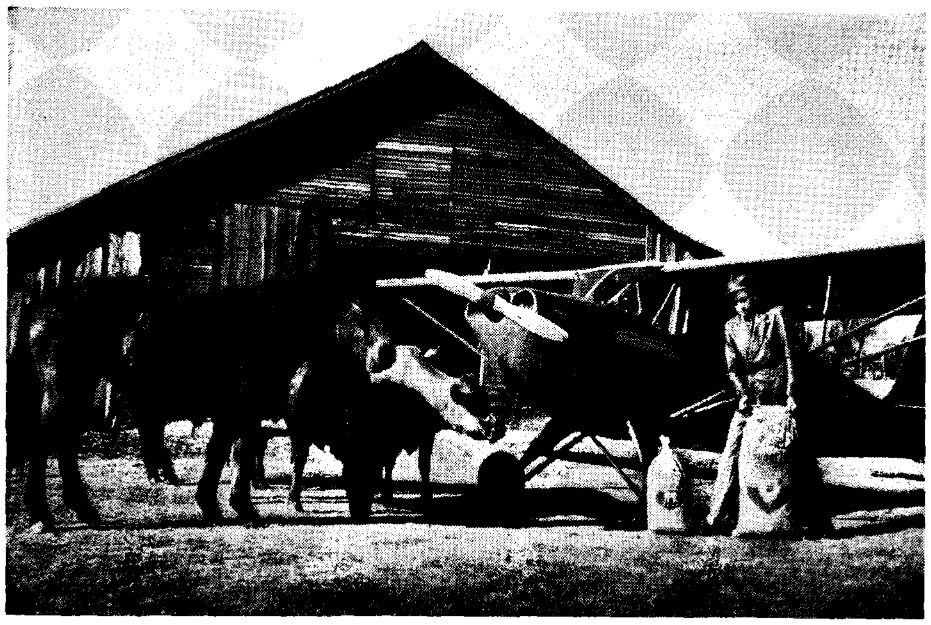
They all own flivver planes: Piper Cubs, Stinsons, Luscombes, Ercos, Taylorcraft, Aeroncas, which sell for not more than a medium-price car, cruise at 50 miles an hour, and use less gas per mile than an automobile.

They have hangars on their farms. Forrest Watson of Thomas, Custer County, parks his plane in an old barn which is so short that he has to hang the flap of his combine over the nose of his ship to protect it from the weather. They use their alfalfa fields for landing strips. They hunt coyotes. They check their soil erosion.

The Chamberses are a good example. They

(Continued on page 55)

Henry Bomhoff is president of Oklahoma's Flying Farmers. When hunting coyotes like this one, he flies fifteen to twenty-five feet off the ground. He thinks that's fun



Forrest Watson returns from a hurry-up trip to town. He needed livestock feed. He has set his little plane down in the barnyard directly in front of the barn. It's a cinch

Mr. and Mrs. Bomhoff watched a plane land in their yard. It was the Tod Davises dropping in from Minco for a visit. Women sometimes fly 40 miles for a bridge session

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MORRIS SPARLIN

Love HAS NO ALIBI

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

The Story:
Deeply in love with beautiful DANA WARREN, wife and celebrated dance partner of RICARDO SANCHEZ, KIRK DOUGLAS, architect, faced only one problem—how to force RICARDO, no longer in love with DANA, into abandoning his refusal to grant a divorce. Otherwise life was pleasant—until KIRK discovered that someone had deposited one hundred thousand dollars in his bank account. Next came a baffling, cold-blooded murder; a complete stranger, ETHEL BROWER, was found strangled to death in his apartment. The only other person who had used the apartment was DOCTOR ARTHUR MAYBANK, young struggling intern at McKinley Hospital, but ARTHUR had never heard of ETHEL BROWER. With no clues, no alibis, KIRK knew he was suspected by POLICE LIEUTENANT GOLD—even though both he and DANA could not help but believe that RICARDO had a motive for murder!

II

IT WAS half-past five when I finally fell into bed. I didn't feel sleepy, but I hoped I was because I didn't want to lie there thinking. I've got good muscles and fair nerves, but murdered ladies were new to me, and being the subject of police investigation was new, too.

I was lucky. I went to sleep. The next thing I knew two taxi drivers were arguing like crazy in front of the apartment-house entrance, and it was ten minutes before noon. I got up, shivered across the room, closed the windows, turned on the heat, put some coffee in the percolator, squeezed an orange and drank the juice, and climbed back into bed to wait for the apartment to warm up.

The warming-up process took about the same length of time as the coffee. I got up again, poured myself a cup of it, took two scalding sips, lighted a cigarette, and then went to the door and picked up the Sunday paper. I looked at the big headlines on the first page. They were all about the war and rationing and what the War Manpower Commission was planning to do. Nothing about me or Ethel Brower. That was inside, on page six.

And even on page six there wasn't much. The article gave my name, age, former Army service and profession. It stated that the police were following leads, and that I wasn't under arrest. Max Gold—or whoever—had given out the story nicely. It didn't suggest an affair; apparently the young lady had dropped in for a social call on a perfect stranger and had been rather thoroughly strangled. It didn't make very much sense, but then I couldn't figure it, either.

Halfway through my second cup of coffee the buzzer sounded and I opened the door for Lieutenant Max Gold. He gave me a cordial "Good morning," nodded yes to my invitation to join me in a cup of coffee, and then said, "How's tricks this morning, Douglas?"

"I don't know. I just finished reading about myself. It was decent of you to hand it to the reporters that way."

"I aim to please." He smiled. "Any hunches?"

"No."

"Still can't remember the dame?"

"No. But I feel more and more certain that I never met her, even casually."

He said, "What I'm here for: Maybe you were playing cute last night on account Miss Warren was along."

"Try again, Lieutenant."

He sighed. "I wasn't sold on it myself. But sometimes a man will take chances on covering up rather than let his girl know he'd stray." He glanced around the apartment. He said, "I been checking on Ethel Brower."

I waited.

"She doesn't add up to the kind of girl anybody would want to murder. Of course, we haven't finished, but I think we got the essential dope."

I still didn't say anything. Gold went on: "The house where she was living is a respectable, quiet place in the Eighties between West End Avenue and Riverside. Cost her ninety a month. Furnishings to match. Adding everything up, I figure it cost her about two-fifty a month to live. That's not dough, but it ain't hay, either. She's been there a couple of years. Had so few visitors, the doorman and elevator ops can't peg anyone in particular. Personal effects don't tell us a thing. Checkbook didn't tell us anything, either. Balance seemed to stick between five hundred and a thousand. Lived alone. Didn't work. Maybe she had a small income, and maybe somebody was laying it on the line for her. I'll know more tomorrow when I get a report from her bank . . . whether her deposits were by cash or check. So far she comes out zero."

"And there's nothing more to tie me up with her?"

"Nope. We dusted for prints. Yours weren't among those present."

"Why are you telling me all this?"

"So you'll get the idea we're playing on the same team. Let's say you didn't kill her. Let's even admit you didn't know her. You just the same rock along for a lot of years and nothing happens to you. Then all of a sudden somebody slaps a hundred grand in the bank for you—and they do it smooth. A girl drifts up here and gets knocked off in your best chair. It could be you'd try to help us to help you."

I said, "I wish I could. I'm worried and more than a little scared."

"What about?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't be scared. I just have a feeling that I haven't heard the last of this."

"You got something there, buddy. If you're leveling with me somebody has chosen you to play patsy. Why, I wouldn't be knowing. Meanwhile, if anything comes along, telephone me. Homicide Bureau, and if I'm not there, call Center Street and ask 'em to find me."

He got up and put on his hat. "You'll have reporters in your hair. You can tell them just what you've told me. That's better than clamming up. They wouldn't like that. Except maybe it would be better not to mention the bank angle. Also, there'll be an inquest. You can leave out the bank story there, too. But tell the rest of it like you say it happened." He grinned at me and put his hand on the doorknob. But he didn't turn it. As though as an afterthought, he said, "You and this lad Ricardo ever tangle?"

I shook my head.

"He and Miss Warren don't play house?"

"No. You can check on that."

"I did already." The smile he gave me was warm. "But if I was Ricardo and was married to a classy chick like that, I wouldn't like having another guy trespassing."

He went out. It was his opinion, and he was entitled to it. I sat down and started wondering whether I'd figured Ricardo wrong. I knew how Dana felt about him, but how could I be certain as to what he felt about her? It was a new idea and not very reassuring.

During the early afternoon, a couple of reporters showed up. The reporters seemed only mildly interested. They made it clear that the only reason they bothered with the story at all was because there wasn't any logical explanation of how the girl got into my place and who killed her. Neither Miss Brower nor I was important enough to rate space otherwise. They listened to what I had to say, looked the place over and confined their comments to, "Whaddaya know about that?" and, "It's screwy as hell, isn't it?"

Waiting for the phone call which I knew would come in sooner or later from Dana, I went over to my drawing board and tried to concentrate on some work. Nothing doing—this little extra stuff I'd been working on at home had lost its savor. I was glad when Dana called about three o'clock; I was glad to taxi over to her place; I was glad to get my arms around her.

We did a lot of talking about the previous night, but couldn't cook up a single new idea. Just a conversational merry-go-round. Finally, we agreed that we'd discard the whole thing unless a fresh thought came along.

At seven-thirty I took her to the club Despite the big Sunday-night dinner crowd, I ate there with her. We sat at my pet corner table near the corridor and took our time. We didn't start eating until after the dinner show. Ricardo changed from tails to street clothes and paused at our table. He still wasn't popular with me, but he interested me more than he used to. He said, "Nice publicity you got this morning, Douglas."

I looked at him and nodded.

He said, "I didn't know you were a chaser." He smiled thinly under his thin mustache. "Though I should have, seeing that you and my wife have been playing around so long."

This was supposed to infuriate me, and it did, but I tried not to let him see it. He went on, "A cop has been talking to me. Fellow named Gold. He was asking about you and Dana."

"What did you tell him?"

"I gave it to him the way I see it. It would have been fun to play the outraged husband, but I figured it wouldn't get over. Then he wanted to know where I was last night."

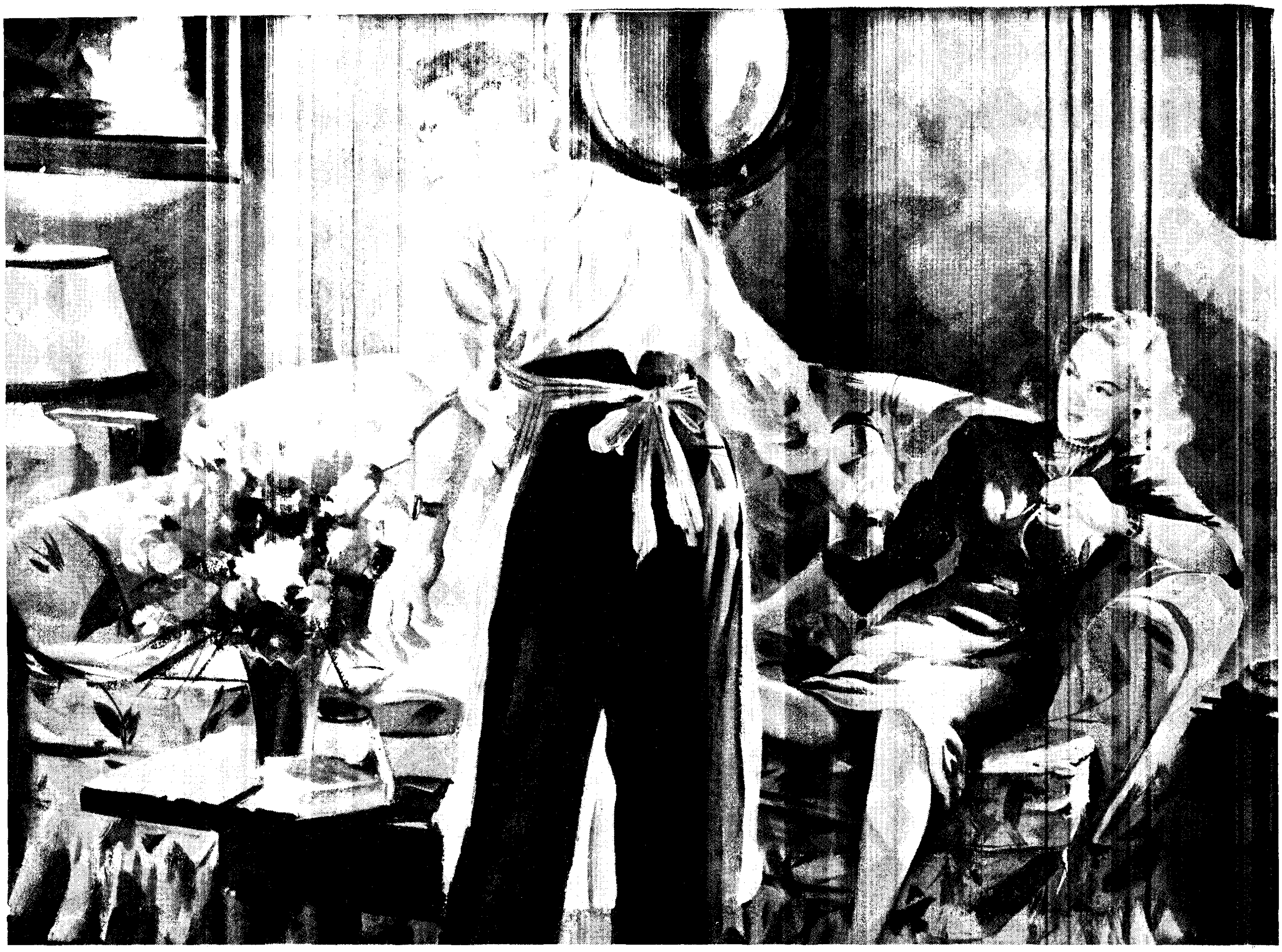
"What did you tell him?"

"Nothing very impressive. I was at a movie—just like you said you were. He didn't think that was much of an alibi."

He waited for me to say something. He was disappointed. I had a headful of ideas, but that's all they were. After a while Ricardo moved away. "Have fun at the inquest," he said.

AT THE office Monday morning the boys started firing questions at me. I played it Max Gold's way. The big bosses called me in and asked me about it. I told my story and they seemed to believe most of what I said. I felt foolish and impotent, and I couldn't escape the conclusion that they couldn't quite swallow the idea that I'd never even known the Brower woman.

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



The inquest was undramatic and vanishingly brief. They asked me a few routine questions. If I was suspected of anything more than living in that apartment, there was no visible sign of it. The verdict was that Ethel Brower came to her death at the hands of a person, or persons, unknown.

I ate alone, had a telephone conversation with Dana, grabbed another long night's sleep, and by Tuesday the newspapers and the rest of the world appeared to have forgotten me and my troubles. That evening, after leaving the office, I went to the [illegible] to wait for Dana. I got there at eight o'clock, said a brief "Hello" and sat at my usual corner table.

Dana came back long before time for our act. She was dressed to go on, and she looked like a million dollars. While we were discussing where we should eat later, there was a commotion near the entrance and almost every eye in the place was focused on a party of four which swept in and accepted a ringside table from an impressed headwaiter.

There were three men and one woman in the group, and it didn't require any Sherlock Holmes instinct to grab the idea that it was the girl who was getting the attention.

She was quite a girl, at that. She was tall and statuesque. She had lots of curves and had them in the right places. The dress, which she wore under an ermine wrap, wasn't calculated to leave you guessing.

She had honey-blond hair and eyes so deeply blue that they looked like sapphires. Her skin was clear and very blond. Her hair-do was the formal kind with a lot of set waves and tight little curls. There was one curl falling over her forehead, but I had a hunch that even this little detail was studied; that it represented a conscious effort to look careless.

Her three escorts waited patiently for her to remove the ermine wrap. She took her time about it. She knew that people were staring and that a buzz of conjecture was sweeping the room. She loved it. I didn't know who she was, but I'd been around enough to know that she must be something extra special.

She was lovely, if you like that sort of loveliness. Smooth and confident. Her lips were full and sensual. Her bored smile was rehearsed. She couldn't have been more than twenty-two.

I glanced at Dana. Even she had fallen under the spell. Her eyes were sparkling and she was shaking her head as though she couldn't believe it.

I said to Dana, "What is it?"

She looked at me incredulously. "You don't know?"

"I do not. And apparently I'm the only ignorant person here."

"That," she said, "is twenty million dollars!"

"Has it got a name?"

"I'll say." She smiled at me. "You poor, unsophisticated man. That is Candy Livingston."

I promptly joined the Starers Club. "Candy Livingston!" I echoed. "Twenty million bucks and a chassis like that!"

Dana said, "The papers have been full of her recently. But maybe not where you've been."

"Even there they didn't exactly ignore her," I said. "Hasn't she recently returned from being kidnaped?"

"About ten days ago. They paid a half million dollars ransom."

"Could be," I commented. "Who paid it?"

"She did. She'll never miss it. But what surprises me is how soon she's stepped into circulation again."

I said, "She doesn't look like the shrinking violet type."

"She isn't. Very much otherwise. But this has been a different sort of publicity."

"Tell me about it."

"It's quite a story," Dana explained. "She disappeared some time in November, except that nobody knew she had disappeared."

"Not very logical."

"With her it is. That twenty million is hers. Various forebears dug it out of the Pennsylvania earth. They dug it, cashed it in, and died. I understand that Candy has been sampling life pretty liberally since she was seventeen." Then Dana laughed and added, "Believe it or not, her name is Clara."

"Doesn't fit. Nothing like that could be named Clara."

"That's why the columnists changed it. They discovered a childhood nickname and tied it on her. More glamor to it. And easier to remember."

"SHE'D be hard to forget," I said. "In fact, she looks like a young lady who doesn't want to be forgotten. Who kidnaped her?"

"Nobody knows. She swears even she doesn't. Anyway, when she vanished, nobody knew it was a kidnaping. She was always pulling stunts like that. She'd go away and neglect to let her friends know. She'd turn up in impossible places. Nobody suspected she'd been kidnaped until she telephoned her lawyers to get together a half million dollars in cash. She insisted that the police and the F.B.I. were to be left out of it. The lawyers paid the money to a man who met them in Central Park near Fifth Avenue. The next day Candy came home. That was a week ago last Friday, the twenty-sixth. It was the day after the worst blizzard New York has had in twenty years. The Saturday papers carried the story."

Dana's attitude amused me. "What fascinates you so?" I asked. "The twenty million, the kidnaping or the lady herself?"

Dana got an eyeful of Candy Livingston on the couch. It would've been funny if I hadn't been so miserable. The girls looked at each other and then Candy said, "I crashed a party. I'm checking out"

"All three. But mostly, the girl. I met her once at some club. She wouldn't remember. But I was amazed. She's nice. A little crude, perhaps. A little boisterous . . . but regular."

I said, "You intrigue me. If I weren't a rich man myself, I'd make a play."

Ricardo loomed over us. He was too interested to be unpleasant. He asked, "Isn't that Candy Livingston?"

Dana said, "Yes."

He stated that he'd be damned, which was what I had just heard a passing waiter say.

The emcee was announcing Ricardo & Dana. Ricardo went to the other side of the bandstand. Dana stood up and waited. Then they were on the floor, and once again I was in this world and Dana in another.

But even the artistry of Ricardo & Dana couldn't hold the attention of the crowd tonight. It was Candy Livingston. Everything else was icing on the cake. There was only polite applause at the end of the act, not enough to justify an encore. Dana came back to my table. Ricardo was with her. The headwaiter joined us, looking excited.

"Mr. Ricardo?" he said. "Miss Dana?"

Ricardo asked him what he wanted.

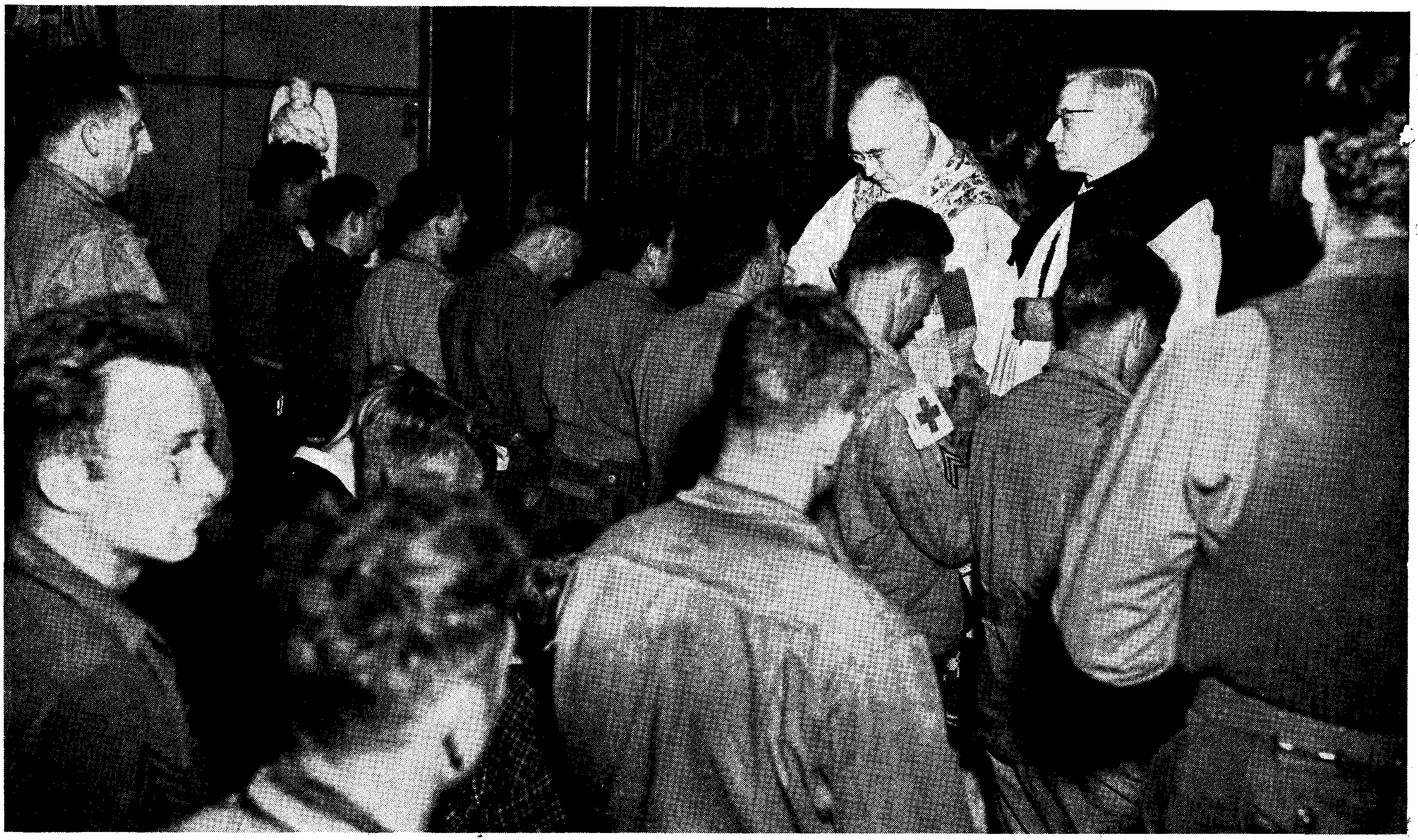
"It is both of you. Miss Livingston asks whether you will join her table for a drink."

Ricardo didn't hesitate. But Dana delighted me by looking disappointed. She said, "Must I?"

(Continued on page 28)

ENGLAND AND THE BOYS

BY ARCHBISHOP FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN



U.S. SIGNAL CORPS

New York's Archbishop gives Communion to American soldiers at the first Mass to be celebrated in Roetgen, Germany, after the Nazis got out. The church is St. Hubert's

The wounded carry their stories in their hearts. The Archbishop is humble when he's asked to listen to them

DARKNESS was melting into daylight as I landed at an English airport and saw a Flying Fortress, mortally wounded, limping back from a mission. I had flown through the flaming skies of France, over her land teeming with men and clanging with arms, over cemeteries with their armies bivouacked in silence, straight into the face of sudden death. Again I was a witness to the challenging, selfless heroism of those who daily die that we may live. Sprawling rag-doll figures of men parachuted from the stricken plane as, fear-frozen, we awaited the inevitable crash into houses in its path. But just before the crash, almost like a human making a superhuman effort, the plane heaved upward, just missed the houses and fell in an open field! The superhuman effort had spared homes and lives, but had cost the life of the pilot.

General Eisenhower had kindly sent an aide, Colonel T——, to meet me, and he, too, was at the airport when the plane crashed. Later, one survivor told us the pilot had ordered the crew to bail out, and he thought the pilot himself would follow them. Instead, he had stayed with his plane, apparently hoping to guide her to safety. Sadly and silently we stood, depressed at the loss of a life, inspired by the way it was given.

Driving drearily along the road toward London on our way to the American Embassy, the colonel said that he would recommend the heroic pilot for a military award. While I realize awards for valor are the only tangible tokens that our nation can give to heroes, I know the true value and significance of any military honors to the dead can be measured only by our own determination to be worthy of their martyrdom.

When I called on Ambassador Winant I was fortunate to meet at the same time General Spaatz, General "Wild Bill" Donovan and General Anderson. They had just arrived from Italy after a very high-altitude, few-houred flight over German-held territory. It was a real reunion, for I had not seen the ambassador or General Spaatz since my last trip to London and North Africa, though Bill had come to see me in New York just before I left for overseas. We talked "shop," and all over the world, shop talk is war talk.

Shop Talk on the War

Naturally the ambassador and the three generals, all veterans of the first World War, talked professionally of the war's progress, its cost and its significance. But one need not be a professional soldier to know that the progress of this war cannot be fully appraised by reading small-scale maps and large-scale figures. The rewards of victory cannot be measured by territory gained or in numbers of enemy killed or captured; nor can the cost of victory be evaluated by the lists of our own casualties.

It was nearly dusk when I left the embassy, but I wanted to try to get to a certain general hospital before nightfall. A general hospital cares for at least fifteen hundred patients, and while it takes a full day to go from bed to bed, as I always do, there was still time to go through many of the wards and say a word to each patient, and with one young pilot I spent nearly an hour.

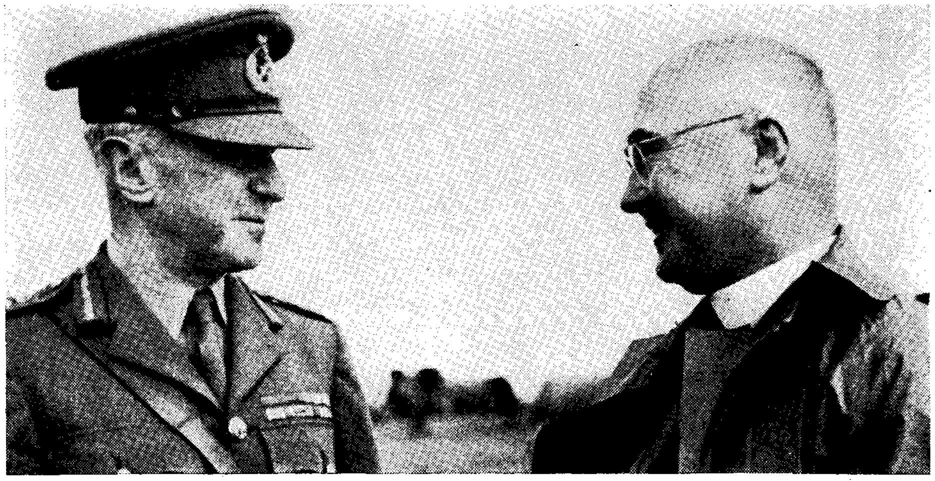
Each soldier has a story and each soldier *is* a story. When I talk man to man with individual soldiers, the dangers, horrors and consequences of war are most deeply pressed upon me. The airman longed to talk alone with someone, to open his mind and heart, and I was grateful to be that "someone." As he freely talked of his home, his mother and himself, he painted for me not only his own life's picture, but the picture characteristic of hundreds of thousands of other boys. He told me about the mission when he was hit.

"We fought our way to the target, bombed through heavy flak and began the return. Fighters kept diving through our formation, shooting, being shot at and shot down. Many of ours were hit and some fell. Our plane was knocked out of formation, and the Germans came in for the kill! We fought back, knocked down five, and then I was hit. My head spun around and I fell. My throat was dry and I tasted blood. I was to be the first one of the crew to go, I thought, as I lay waiting to lose consciousness.

"I woke up in bed. My wound is not serious and soon I will be flying again but I find myself looking for the end of the war and once more analyzing myself. I have given much to war and, unashamed, I admit

(Continued on page 48)

BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH



General Sir Frederick Pile showed Archbishop Spellman the defenses against robombs

ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN HAS GIVEN THE RIGHTS TO THIS ARTICLE TO THE NEW YORK FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, A CHARITABLE INSTITUTION WHICH CARES FOR CHILDREN WITHOUT DISTINCTION OF RACE, CREED OR COLOR

THE
IS A BATT
INTERN

How the Skilled Hand and the Busy Wrench Have Kept America's Old Trucks Rolling

THE SKILLED HAND and the busy wrench are fighting this war right here at home, and fighting it well. For the skilled hand and the busy wrench are keeping America's trucks rolling.

Those trucks carry meat and potatoes, guns and shells—the foodstuff and the fighting stuff of a nation at war. They *must* get their cargoes to destination *on time.* They do.

The old trucks that are doing this tremendous job are kept rolling by the skilled hand and the busy wrench. Since 1941 precious few new trucks have been made. The truck transportation job became the job of the 4,800,000 trucks on hand. And half of these trucks are now more than seven years old.

So the watchword of the trucking industry became: "We can't replace it; let's fix it."

Thus truck service—preventive maintenance, expert repair—became a part of this nation's strategy. And the wrench became a battle weapon.

In peace International Harvester developed the world's largest company-owned truck service organization. Now that organization is devoted to war . . . every man in it a specialist in truck maintenance, pledged to do his part—with his skilled hand and his busy wrench—to keep America's trucks on the go.

New trucks will be scarce for some time to come. Service is still a big word, and a big job. Depend on International specialized service to keep *your* trucks rolling until Victory is won.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

HARVESTER

OUR JOB TODAY—Let's all remember that our job today—the job of all of us—is to fight harder on the home front . . . fight on the food front . . . give to the blood bank . . . buy extra War Bonds . . . fight inflation . . . FOR VICTORY.

INTERNATIONAL *Trucks*

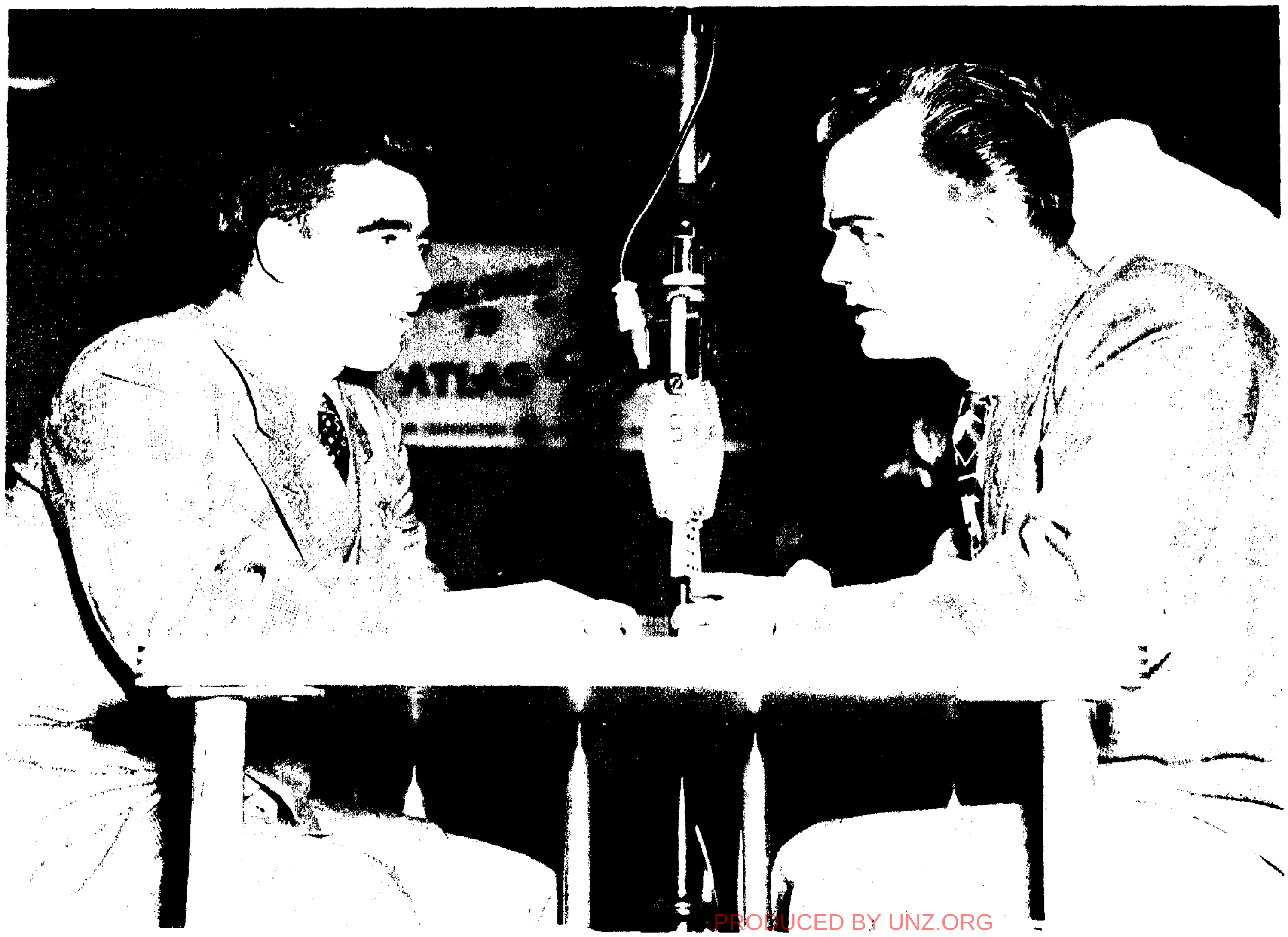
The man who dreamed up the idea of using entertainment to get jobs for the least employable of World War II's vets, I. J. Wagner (center), goes over plans for a show with C. John Russell, War Manpower official, and Janet McCoy of ad agency staff

JOBS OUT OF THE AIR

BY PAUL H. AURANDT

In Chicago a veteran of the first World War, who remembered how it felt to come home to joblessness, had an idea. He picked the hardest to help — the disabled — and sold their qualifications by radio

Paul Harvey, who has seen service himself in this war, interviews G.I. job-hunters over the air, helps them locate the job which meets all their specifications from among the many offers the program evokes. Photo below shows him doing just that



MAC, the machine gunner, who had faced fire, fragments and fever for two years in the jungle, was nervous as he faced the microphone. He wished he were back. His knees trembled, but his hard jaw was determined.

"Problem? Sure, I've got a problem. Who wants an employee with one hand in Chicago and the other in a shell hole on Guadalcanal?"

"I'd like to manage a farm somewhere. But how can I reach all the guys with farms?" Kenneth asked over the same mike.

And Private Arthur said steadily, "I want the food business. I thought about the food business from New Zealand to Guadalcanal and for some long days and nights in a base hospital. I want work for peacetime—but *in the food business.*"

Today, Mac is working as sales supervisor and consultant for a large feed concern, and driving a car. He is completely independent and firmly re-established in civilian life. Kenneth was offered a large farm to manage; machinery, livestock, milk, eggs, a modern home and a hundred dollars a month in exchange for his knowledge of agriculture. And Arthur has already built up a profitable and growing clientele for one of the largest canned-food industries.

These were what the Counselor's Guide Book of the United States Employment Service called "handicap problems." Mishandling might have resulted in a discouraged, disheartened veteran. Careless placement in a position below his capabilities and training and earning power would have made a man who offered his life for free enterprise into an embittered "complex" case. Knowledge *of this fact prompted I. J. Wagner, a Chi*cago advertising man and veteran of the first World War, to do something direct and definite about it. He conceived a radio program, called Jobs for G.I. Joe, which has become both a popular entertainment feature and an institution which gets jobs for veterans who have especially difficult placement problems.

Now each Sunday night, a Chicago company contributes a half hour of radio time with orchestra, soloists and professional talent to link three main interviews. The War Manpower Commission provides three veterans selected at random from among the more unusual placement problems registered with the United States Employment Service, and each is interviewed on the air. His background, experience, military training and choice of occupation are discussed in detail. Listening employers telephone a special Jobs for G.I. Joe number, requesting interviews *with specific applicants.* After the veteran has selected from the offers, the overflow calls are made to other veterans with similar qualifications.

It Paid to Upset a Tradition

G.I. Ross—interviewees are always identified on the program by first name only—was a Negro university graduate who stopped a shell fragment in North Africa. Army doctors suggested work with a minimum of physical strain. He was placed as stock-control clerk with a Chicago manufacturer. In one month he was manager of his department because he completely revolutionized the stock-recording system that had been employed by the organization for twenty-five years.

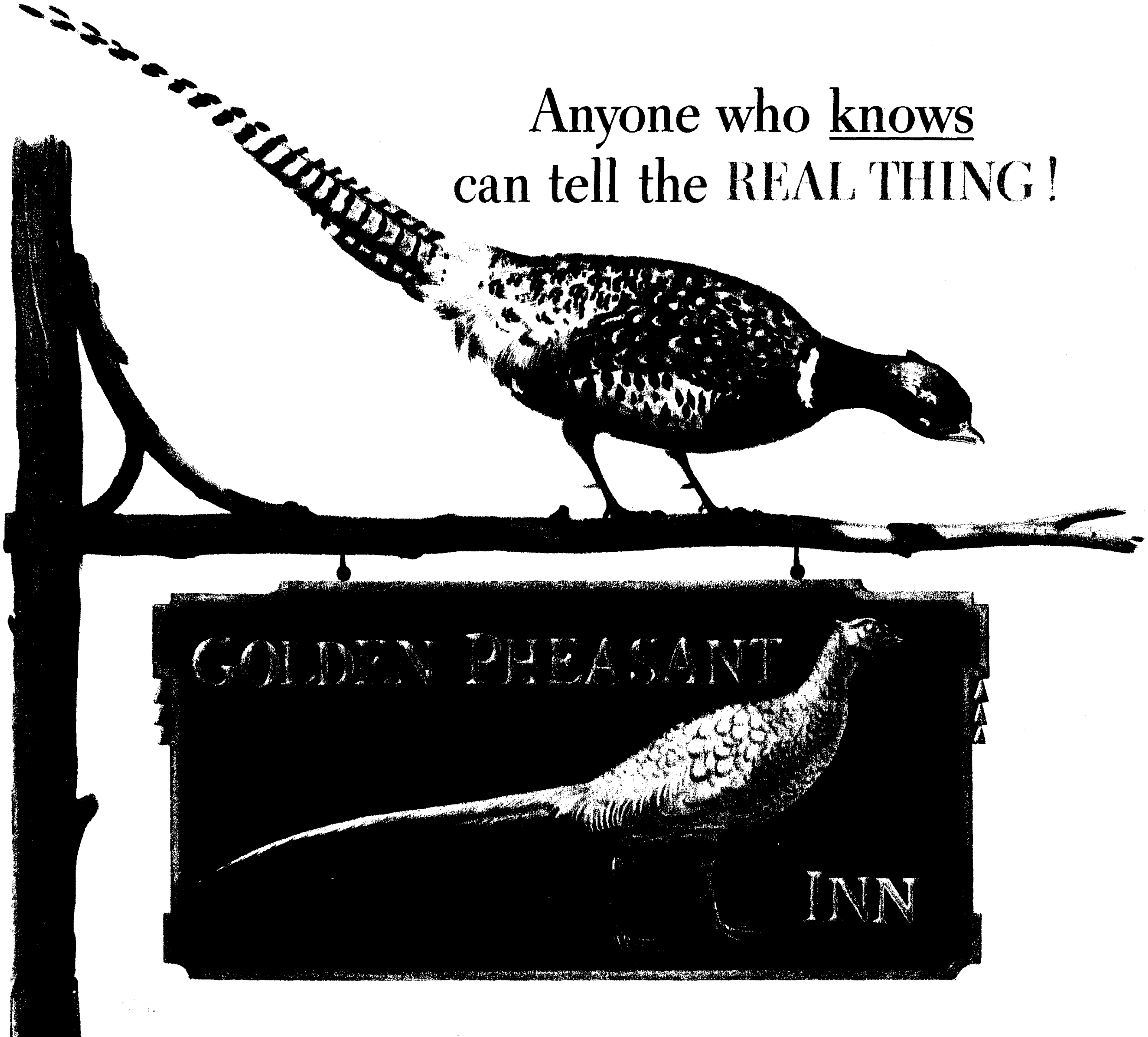
G.I. Jack went right from school into uniform and was in the first group of Yanks to go to the Pacific, the first to hit Australia, New Caledonia and Guadalcanal. He fought in the famous Battle of Hill 27 in the early bitter struggle on Guadalcanal. No longer physically able to handle heavy work, Jack wanted a job as timekeeper or clerk where he could train for a good long-range peacetime occupation. Flooded with calls, he finally selected one and now has completed his training and has a good job with a large credit company.

Major General Frank T. Hines, Administrator of Veterans Affairs, says that one fourth of the "handicap workers"—products of battle casualties—are actually considered better than average.

"Specialized work," he explains, "is the answer. Give him work in keeping with his

(Continued on page 52)

Anyone who knows can tell the REAL THING!



—*That's why* CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE CALVERT

It's quite apparent to a true judge of fine whiskey that Calvert is "the real thing." You see, it has a pre-war quality and excellence that simply can't be imitated.

And that may explain why, year in and year out, people who sell and serve Calvert tell us: "It's the whiskey most often asked for by name."

We believe that once you taste this gloriously smooth and mellow blend, *you'll* keep on asking for Calvert. It's America's finest whiskey from the House of Blends!

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CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Tomorrow's post-war pen value today!

The *new* VENUS *President* Fountain Pen gives you every essential writing feature of pens costing twice as much. Large 14 Karat gold point, *iridium* tipped. *Plus the VENUS Guarantee* only . . . $3.50

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., NEW YORK
Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

VENUS

Love HAS NO ALIBI

Continued from page 23

The headwaiter nodded. "I am sure the management would appreciate it, Miss Dana."

She glanced at me and made a gesture of unhappiness. She said, "What one must sacrifice for one's art."

"Go ahead," I said. "Later you can tell me how it feels to rub elbows with twenty million dollars. Meanwhile, I'll sit here and sulk."

I watched them cross the floor with the headwaiter. Ricardo was excited. He would be. I got a screwball hunch. I thought, suppose this Livingston female could fall for Ricardo. He'd love twenty million dollars better than his dance act. Then he'd divorce Dana and I could marry her and we'd name our first girl baby Candy. It was a nice idea.

The three men at Candy's table stood up. The headwaiter was performing the introductions. Candy held out her hand to Dana. She smiled. She had a nice smile. She looked like a girl you might enjoy meeting. Another table was shoved up against theirs and additional chairs were brought. Waiters hovered around them like flies. The manager fluttered about the doorway, looking pleased and anxious.

I ordered myself a daiquiri and lighted a cigarette. I was hungry, and this looked like a long wait. I took out a pencil and doodled on the tablecloth. It wasn't beautiful and it wasn't art. I didn't hear any commotion and didn't know anyone had stopped at my table until a voice came down over my shoulder.

It was a full, husky voice, definitely on the pleasant side, and it said, "Lonely, Big Boy?"

I looked up into the deep blue eyes of Candy Livingston. I looked at a lot of eyes and a lot of figure. I clambered to my feet and stood there gawking. She said, "I'm Candy Livingston."

"I'm Kirk Douglas."

She smiled. "You were included in the invitation. Come along."

I shook my head. "Thanks just the same, Miss Livingston, but . . ."

"No use." Her eyes crinkled at the corners. They were nice eyes. As a matter of fact, she was beginning to stack up as a nice person. "We need another extra man at my table."

I asked, "Who wished this on you?"

"Miss Warren. She said I fascinated you."

"She was right." So Dana was having fun at my expense, was she? I could handle that. "I think you're terrific," I said, "but I have my pride. I need to be coaxed."

"Pretty please."

I said, "You've got yourself another man, Miss Livingston."

Candy led me to her table, introduced me around and motioned me to a chair next to her. "Drink?" she asked.

"No, thanks. One more and I'd fall on my face. I haven't eaten."

SHE ordered three menus and gave them to Dana, Ricardo and me. I protested feebly, but she insisted.

Dana glanced at me as much as to say, "We're stuck with it," and ordered a club sandwich. That sounded like an excellent compromise, so I said I'd take the same. Ricardo followed suit. We all ordered coffee.

Candy kept a light conversation going all the time we were eating. She talked mostly with Dana, and at the same time Ricardo was turning the full force of his Brooklyn-Latin personality on her. I had a hunch that he was thinking precisely what I most wanted him to think; namely, that a ravishing blonde and twenty million dollars were worth a lot of effort.

Candy was cordial enough, but she didn't appear to be impressed. That surprised me because Ricardo was the sort of man that Candy's sort of woman would naturally go for. He was big and handsome and not so refined that it hurt. When the waiter had removed the remains of our scanty meal, Candy asked me to dance with her. I said "Give yourself a thrill, Miss Livingston. Ricardo is the lad who can dance."

She smiled and said, "I'll take him on later." She got up and held out her hand. There wasn't anything for me to do but follow.

We moved out onto the crowded dance floor. We had plenty of room. The hoi polloi remained far enough away from us to watch. I tried to be nonchalant, but it wasn't easy. I felt like something in a zoo.

We got halfway around the floor. I danced just well enough to know that she was really good. She was using some sort of exotic perfume. It was unusual and exciting. I said, "You love being in the spotlight, don't you?"

She bestowed a lingering look on me. It was supposed to burn, and maybe it did—a little. Then she smiled, and I decided for the second time that it was a nice smile.

One of the young men from Candy's retinue was moving around the dance floor with Dana. He swung her close to us and my eye met hers. She looked very much amused, and gave me a broad wink. She seemed to say, "We get around, don't we, honey?" I tightened my arms around Candy's body, but I was thinking of Dana.

Candy looked up at me. She said, "Am I dancing close enough?"

I relaxed the pressure, but she didn't take advantage of the opportunity. I said, "Sorry!" and she said, "Be yourself, Mister. I like it."

I tried to cook up a scintillating retort, but I was fresh out of bright comments, and before I could produce even so much as a mumble she said abruptly, "What's the verdict?"

"Verdict?"

"Am I what you expected?"

"You're a very nice person."

"How cute! How refined! But not enough."

I said, "I think I'm being taken for a ride. Why trouble yourself?"

She said, "I like you. I'm throwing myself at you. I'd like this to be the beginning of a beautiful friendship."

I laughed and asked, "Why?"

"You want diagrams? I'll never believe you're that stupid."

"You'd be surprised," I said. "Even my mother never thought I was right bright."

Dana danced near us again. I wasn't sure, but I fancied I detected a faint symptom of displeasure. Maybe she was just a touch jealous! My ego jumped ten points.

Candy said a few nice things. At least, I thought they were nice. She said them in a low, husky, intimate voice. The analytic brain of Mr. Kirk Douglas started functioning. The lady was working on me. I started asking myself why.

It wasn't my manly beauty, because I haven't any. It wasn't my sparkling conversation, because I don't sparkle. I had the odd feeling that this whole thing had been planned by the Junoesque young lady who was breathing down my neck.

It occurred to me that very recently Miss Livingston had been thrown back into the Café Society jungles after paying a half million dollars ransom money. I was thinking that someone had deposited one hundred thousand dollars to my credit without so much as a by-your-leave. I was thinking that this was the only person I'd ever met who had a hundred thousand in spare cash kicking around.

THE thought was fantastic. I tried shoving it out of my mind, but it wouldn't shove. It looked like a third link in the chain of things that had started happening to me after twenty-eight uneventful years.

Why, for instance, should Candy Livingston present me with one hundred thousand dollars? But then why should she make so obvious a play for me? Why had she asked me to dance instead of grabbing the prize package, which was Ricardo? Why . . . well, why anything? Why, for instance, should a perfectly strange young lady named Ethel Brower have strolled into my apartment and get strangled?

Candy said, "Why did you shake your head just then?"

I said, "Did I?"

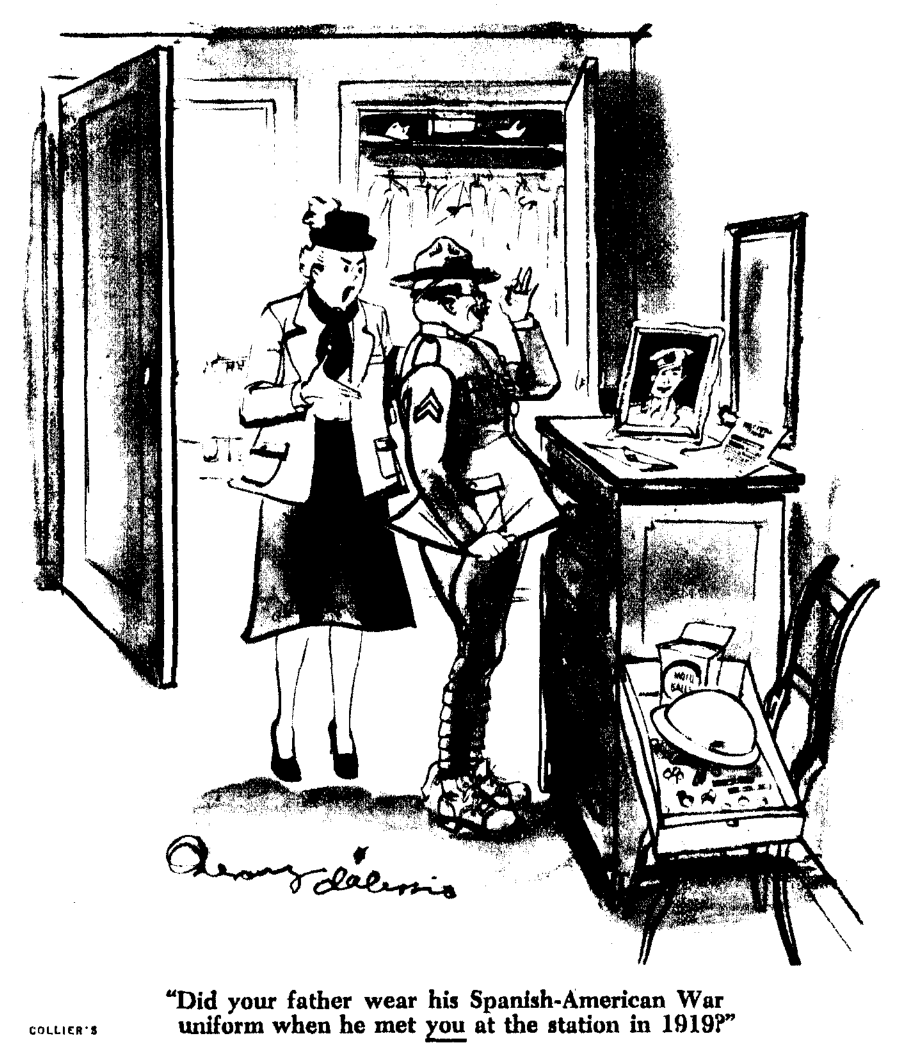
"Yes. You were thinking of something else. What was it?"

"What do men usually think when you dance with them?"

"You weren't thinking *that*."

(Continued on page 30)

WELCOME HOME! **by GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Did your father wear his Spanish-American War uniform when he met you at the station in 1919?"

[illegible]

PERHAPS baked beans were first prepared by a Boston genius . . . but today their zestful flavor has made them an all-American favorite. You'll find them on the finest menus from Bangor to Seattle, New Orleans to St. Paul.

You'll find Seagram's 5 Crown on these same menus, and in the finest homes. For Seagram's 5 Crown is also an all-American favorite. To give it superb flavor, the finest whiskies from the House of Seagram's treasure-store are blended with grain neutral spirits distilled especially for blending. Every delicious drop is *true pre-war quality*...worthy of Seagram's 88-year old tradition of craftsmanship.

Think of this when you buy. Good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"... because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

SEAGRAM [illegible] THE TOUGHNESS OF [illegible] BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE

Seagram's
5
FIVE CROWN
BLENDED WHISKEY
Seagram's

Seagram's 5 Crown *Say* **Seagram's** *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BLDG., NEW YORK

THE Heroes

XXII

L'T. COL. N. L. W. VAN STRATEN

WHAT happened on the wild East Indies island of Timor in the spring of 1942 should have taught Hirohito that his dream of conquest was doomed to end in defeat and disaster. For a whole year a Dutch officer, commanding several hundred native soldiers and civilians, held out against 30,000 Japanese, matching naked courage against an overwhelming superiority in numbers and equipment. Poorly armed, racked by disease, and always on the edge of starvation, only a handful of defenders were alive when rescue came, but they left behind this gay message: "Out to lunch. Back soon."

No question that the Japs struck swiftly and shrewdly. Surprise attacks captured Amboina, Timor, Bali and southern Sumatra, and with these strategic islands in their possession, Java fell like a ripe plum. Most of the small garrisons, caught off guard, were butchered outright, but in Timor, stout Lieutenant Colonel van Straten managed to gain the fastnesses of the interior.

Less than a hundred of his force were trained fighting men; the rest were made up of a motley collection of clerks, teachers and merchants, many of them accompanied by their wives and children.

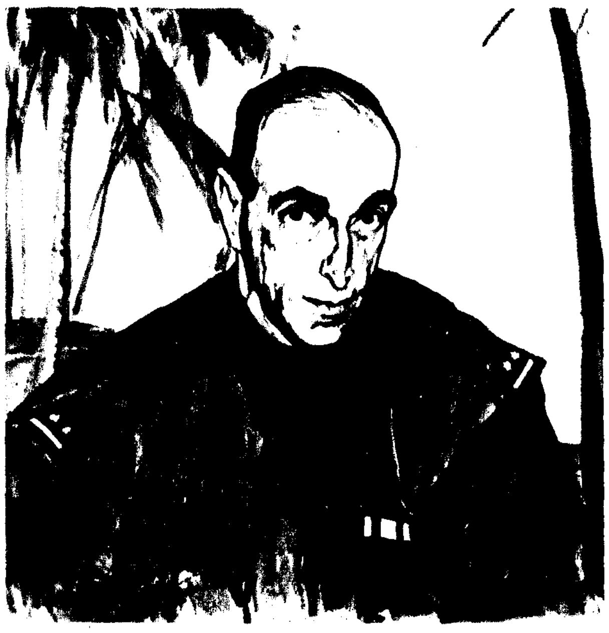
Cortes, burning his ships at Vera Cruz before marching against the hosts of Montezuma, was not more the Great Captain than the rock-jawed Dutchman as he faced his band in a mountain thicket.

"None of us is likely to come out of this alive," he said, "but there is this comfort for our hearts and souls. We die for God and country."

The shout that answered him was a pledge, even the little ones joining in. Proceeding with the skill of an old jungle fighter, Colonel van Straten disposed of his force, well aware that the Japanese were following like hounds. The soldiers were put on guard at every trail, the civilians laid traps and made pitfalls, the women scoured the woods for roots, herbs and fruits, and the children, perched on peaks or in high trees, served as lookouts.

The first attack was beaten off without large loss, for the Japs were not expecting resistance, but the second was a bloody business. All through the day the Japs charged, wave after wave, but the Dutch and Indonesians, fighting from cover, never wasted a bullet. Retreating when darkness fell, the Japanese left behind them rich booty in the shape of rifles, ammunition and rice, among a litter of dead.

Now the Japs, vastly angered, brought tanks and armored cars up from the coast, but Van Straten's scouts gave him ample warning. Ditches were dug, crude but effective land mines were planted at strategic points, great trees were cut down for barriers; and back of these defenses crouched the riflemen and the clerks and teachers with homemade hand grenades. Day after day the attack kept up, but in the end, the Japs retreated. A victory indeed, but costly, for half of Van Straten's force lay dead or wounded. The size of enemy losses soon stood proved, for on the morning after the battle's finish, a Jap messenger delivered this message under a flag of truce:



PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM AUERBACH-LEVY

"Honorable Leut-Kolonel: Now as you all know, the war of Nederland East Indies finished. You must be short of food now, you have to sleep in the fields or among the mountains. All of Dutch men except you think for the Dutch to surrender is better than to hide among mountains. Do you think it is able for you to resist longer till the hopeless help comes? The soldiers' lives are not only of officers own, but must be also of their families, who are very anxious for them. If you and your men surrender, all can see family again.

"If not, sorry we must fight and destroy, it is our army's work advanced here, nothing else. Hoping to get you good answer soon. Junzt Kinoshita, Head of Japanese Army."

Stung by Van Straten's jeering refusal, Kinoshita employed his whole force in a series of encircling movements, but always the indomitable Dutchman found a way to break through the iron ring. Even more fortunately, his retreat to the northeast put him in contact with two hundred Australians who had been fighting in the Portuguese half of Timor, a heartening addition to his strength. Worse than the Japanese, however, were the ravages of malaria and dysentery, and the horror of wounds for which there were no dressings.

Facing extermination, Van Straten staged desperate raids that captured radio equipment, and with it he managed to contact Australia.

BACK at once came the promise of aid, but disappointment followed disappointment. First, a destroyer went to pieces on Timor's reefs, and then the medicines and ammunition dropped by paratroopers were gleefully destroyed by the Japanese, while wretched, despairing men looked on helplessly from the hills. Warned by these attempts, Kinoshita redoubled the fury of his attacks, but for another six months, Van Straten and his dwindling band staved off defeat, fighting with rocks and clubs when there was no more ammunition.

Not until the spring of 1943 did a Dutch destroyer manage to reach Timor under cover of storm and darkness, and take off the survivors in rubber boats.

And have they had enough of it? Not at all. Today these men are the nucleus of a Dutch army that is being recruited for the liberation of the Netherlands East Indies. And at the head of that army is none other than Van Straten, now a major general, still gaunt and still limping, but counting the minutes until he can come to grips again with Junzt Kinoshita. . . .

GEORGE CREEL

Love HAS NO ALIBI

Continued from page 28

"I don't know what I was thinking, really. So it couldn't have been important."

"Maybe," she suggested, "you were wondering why I've been working on you."

"Maybe."

"Try the simple answer. Perhaps I think you're cute."

"More likely," I said, "you enjoy proving that you're irresistible."

I stopped dancing, wrapped my fingers around her arm and guided her toward our table. She said, "Hard to get, eh? We'll see." She smiled when she said it, but I knew she wasn't kidding.

Before she could sit down, Ricardo swung into action. Would Miss Livingston honor him? Miss Livingston would. I held out my hand to Dana. "It's got to happen one time," I said. "This may as well be it."

We shoved into the crowd. And this time we shoved. People weren't standing back any more to look at me. They were staring at Candy and Ricardo. Dana and I had to fight for every inch. She said, "What goes on here?"

"Meaning . . . ?"

"You and Candy."

"Oh, *that!* You should understand. I'm fascinating, or didn't you know? I'm a great big ol' he-man. One look at me and you go all primitive."

"I don't," stated Dana flatly, "but obviously Miss Livingston does."

"And did I eat it up! You have no idea how important I felt."

Dana said thoughtfully, "Let's be serious. I got the idea that it was you she wanted all the time. She saw you with Ricardo and me, and that made the approach simple; we're always being invited to join people. Anyway, she's been concentrating on you ever since we joined her. Or am I wrong?"

"Shall I be modest or honest?"

"Try honesty. It won't hurt much."

"Okay. Admitting that I'm a combination of Adonis, Hercules, Marc Antony and Frank Sinatra, it still came too fast. And she gave me a very definite idea that she intended to see me again."

A troubled frown appeared on Dana's forehead. "I was thinking it might be that way. The play tonight has been too obvious. It looked planned. At first I thought I was letting jealousy work on me, but then I knew that wasn't it. I thought of the bank deposit . . . then I realized that was absurd. She didn't know you then."

"And I don't know Ethel Brower even yet."

Dana said, "There's something going on I neither understand nor like."

"Maybe. Maybe not. Just because two inexplicable things have happened to me in three days, we've got no right to tie other things in with them."

"But you still feel it, don't you?"

I said, "Look, sweetheart—of course I do. But common sense tells me I'm wrong."

"I don't believe you are. I have a feeling that these things are all wrapped up in the same package."

I SAW she was worried and tried to rally her. She said, "I can't laugh about it, Kirk. And believe me, it isn't jealousy. Not that I couldn't be jealous of someone who can offer what she can. But this is a different feeling. I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

"I don't know."

I said, "What should I do . . . presuming Candy continues to play interested?"

"What could you do?"

"I could tell her—in a nice, polite way, of course—to go peddle her apples somewhere else. Or I could string along and try to find out what's behind it. You tell me."

The orchestra finished the set, and started to make way for the rumba band. Dana and I went back to the table. The three young men hopped up again, sat down again. Miss Livingston said things to the headwaiter and a few minutes later two bottles of champagne appeared along with seven hollow-stemmed glasses.

The evening moved along. Candy brushed off Ricardo's rather obvious overtures and completely ignored her trio of escorts. That left Dana with her hands full, and Ricardo more than a trifle bewildered.

Candy concentrated on me. She asked a million questions. She found out everything about me except that I was in love with Dana. That was something I couldn't very well volunteer, seeing that Dana's husband was sitting right there at the table. Candy undoubtedly thought that I was in the public domain.

I tried to live up to her, but I didn't cover myself with glory. I can play cute for just so long and then my line runs out.

At midnight Ricardo and Dana excused themselves and went to dress for the supper show. After-theater guests were commencing to pour in. The velvet rope went up across the entrance. The headwaiter assumed new dignity and importance. Candy got me out on the floor again and put a Q.E.D. on the theorem that two can dance closer than one.

She kept up a continuous chatter during the time the show was on, except when Ricardo & Dana were performing. By the time they rejoined us, I knew—or believed I knew—several things.

I knew that Candy Livingston wanted me to believe that I was the really big moment in her life. I knew that she intended to see me again—soon and alone.

I was convinced that there was method to her madness, and that it was up to me to find out what it was.

THE next day—Wednesday—started like any other day. There was nothing in the chilly air of a gloomy morning to tell me that something unusual was about to happen. Something unusual and very, very nice.

I entered the office building and rode up to the eighteenth floor in a big elevator which was all gray and chromium. I always felt important riding in one of those cages. I felt even more important when I entered the reception room of Yarborough & Jensen—Architects. That was where I worked. I was worth one hundred dollars a week to them.

You've got to have something on the ball to maintain a suite like the Yarborough & Jensen layout. It occupied about one third of the entire floor. There was this reception room, approximately half as large as the Grand Canyon. There was a cool, confident, not unattractive, receptionist sitting at a little desk on which was a PBX and an office intercom. There was a very young office boy who was astonishingly polite. Both said "Good morning" and both stared at me. I wondered whether they knew I'd been dancing with Candy Livingston the night before or whether their interest still sprang from the fact that a young lady had been murdered in my apartment. I bet myself a new hat that they'd gasp if they knew I had one hundred thousand dollars in the bank, not counting the seven hundred that really belonged to me.

Off the reception room were the private offices of the two bosses, a luxurious conference room and a very considerable reference library. There was another room which was stocked with sketches, drawings, blueprints, plans and specifications. There was a small storeroom full of the things that journeymen architects require. There were two private lavatories. And finally there was a huge, brilliantly lighted room, studded with high tables on which were drawing boards and drafting instruments. That was where I worked. That was also where eleven other ambitious young architects struggled to earn their weekly stipends.

I pulled up a high stool, and started in where I'd left off the previous day. A couple of the other boys were already at work. Others were drifting in. We said good morning all around, and that was that.

At a few minutes after eleven the telephone rang. One of the boys answered and called across to me, "For you, Douglas. A Dr. Arthur Maybank."

I wiped my ruling pen on a piece of cham-

If you think a baby's skin is sensitive...

Your Kodak Film in the making is "coddled beyond belief"

"WHAT A WONDERFUL DAY!" . . . that's true any day in the year, if you work in the big buildings where the famous Verichrome and other Kodak Films are made.

The temperature is 70°, the humidity 50%, the air washed clean . . .

If you work in one of the film "coating rooms," the facilities of a fine club are at your disposal. After your shower, you are provided fresh clothing "from the skin out"—laundered free of charge. Your outer garments, from head to foot, are snow-white lintless fabric . . .

For these garments must not shed lint—not even a "microscopic" speck of lint or dust can be permitted to touch the film coating.

These are only the obvious safeguards. Kodak has compiled—from experience over the years—a "million dollar book of film allergies" . . . page after page of weird, "unreal" influences which can affect film in the process of manufacture.

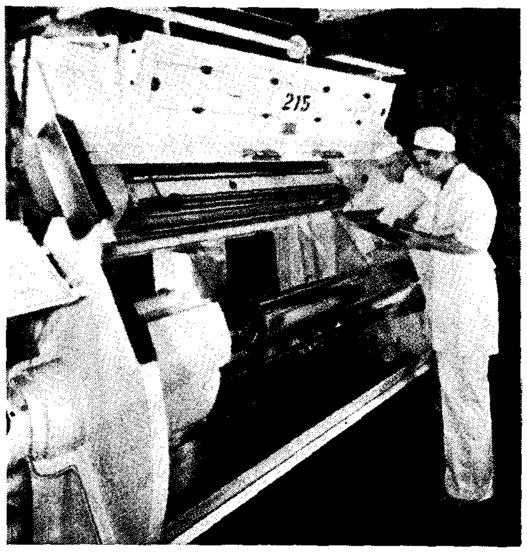
For instance, the treatment of a worker's scratched finger — the medicine applied — can be "poison" to film in the making.

This is an example of the many strange "allergies" which, during the manufacture of film, might affect its photographic qualities.

Knowing these influences, and guarding against them, have contributed much to Kodak Film's outstanding performance as an important military tool.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

REMEMBER THE FOXHOLES ON BATAAN?—How, three years ago, against staggering odds . . . fighting knee-deep in filth . . . under a blistering sun . . . with little food, water, drugs . . . and under incessant bombings, our boys and the Filipinos fought off the Japs those tragic weeks? A stern example for us at home. BUY—HOLD—MORE WAR BONDS.



"INCUBATOR BABY" . . . This is the critical moment when a Master Roll of film base stock, produced and cured under glass, is first exposed to the outer air. The giant roll, 2000 feet long and 50 inches wide, is severed by the attendant from the endless ribbon in production, and quickly enclosed in a "cradle" in which it rides to the coating rooms. There, in darkness, the light-sensitive emulsions are applied.

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L.S./M.F.T.
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

ois, clambered down from my stool and picked up the phone. Arthur's mild, meek voice came to me over the wire.

"Kirk?"

"Yes."

"Listen, this is important. I want you to have lunch with me today."

He seemed excited. I said, "Sure. Something special?"

"Nothing you're thinking about. This is good. Can you arrange to stay away from the office for two or three hours maybe?"

I hesitated. He went on eagerly. "It's in line with your work," he said. "I'd rather not explain over the phone. I want to surprise you."

"Okay," I told him. "When and where?"

He said twelve-thirty would be about right. He named the men's grill of a swank Park Avenue hotel. He said, "Pretty yourself up, Kirk. There's somebody you've got to impress."

"Not a woman."

"Good Lord, no."

I told Oliver Jensen about the call. He appeared to be amused. He told me to stay as long as I wanted. There was a twinkle in his eyes when he advised me to fancy myself up as Maybank had suggested, and I wondered whether he had heard about last night at the Club Caliente.

AT TWELVE-THIRTY on the dot I shoved through a revolving door and entered the grill. I loaned my coat and hat to the check-room girl. I looked across the room and spotted Arthur. He was sitting in a very choice alcove, at a table which had set-ups for three, and he wasn't alone. He was with a man, one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. Handsome in a strictly masculine way.

I guessed him to be about forty-two years old, six feet tall and weighing perhaps a hundred and seventy-five. He had a fine face, strong features, and iron-gray hair. He was wearing a quiet salt-and-pepper tweed which looked expensive and beautifully tailored.

I stopped at the table and Arthur introduced us. Ferguson had a strong grip and level eyes. We stated that we were pleased to meet each other; he nodded at a chair and we all sat down.

While waiting to be served, John Ferguson broke the conversational ice. He said, "The doctor, here, seems rather fond of you, Mr. Douglas."

I grinned at Arthur and he beamed. He said, "I met Mr. Ferguson at the hospital. He was getting rid of an appendix and I used to help the nurse take his temperature."

"You also," reminded Ferguson with a smile, "used to slip into my room and play chess when you weren't too busy."

"And," confessed Arthur, "sometimes when I was."

The waiter came with our lunches. I knew that Ferguson was estimating me, though why, I hadn't the slightest idea. Finally he said, "You're an architect, aren't you, Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes. I work for Yarborough & Jensen."

"Excellent firm." He ate silently for a moment, then flashed me a charming smile. "This will probably strike you as unusual, but Maybank's enthusiasm is responsible."

I waited. He went on: "I am planning the construction of an important office building as soon as the war ends—or as soon as materials are available, Mr. Douglas. Not myself alone; a group of us. The building will not be in New York. We own a choice corner in a large city: one hundred by one hundred and twenty. We want the most beautiful twenty-five story building in America to be constructed on that site. We can get high rentals. Maybank tells me that you've made a special study of that sort of design, and that you have some interesting ideas."

I said, "That's right, Mr. Ferguson. But Arthur isn't qualified to state whether my ideas are any good."

"True. I'd like to find out for myself. Meanwhile, I wondered whether it would be incorrect procedure for me to talk to one of the firm members, and to request that you be assigned to the job? Naturally, your ideas might not check with mine. I have plenty of time on my hands and we can talk things over at leisure. If I thought you couldn't offer what I want, I'd be quite frank with you."

My heart did a double somersault. This was the sort of a break every young employee of a big firm prays for, and I didn't attempt to take it in stride. I explained quite honestly—and enthusiastically—what it would mean to me. I was as excited as a kid. I thanked Arthur for what he had done. I was thinking about how sometimes bread cast on the waters returned in the form of angel cake. I couldn't eat any more lunch. If a job like this had been laid in my lap five years from then, I'd have been thrilled. Coming this way . . . the office getting it through me and with a special request of the client that I be assigned . . . that meant plenty.

Mr. Ferguson and I started talking. He knew what he wanted. It was big. It was tremendous. Most of his ideas were sound, all of them were intriguing. He asked me questions and listened patiently while I talked. Every once in a while he'd nod. Occasionally he'd object. But on the basic essentials, we saw eye to eye.

I forgot Arthur Maybank. I forgot him until I saw him standing up and heard him saying he had to get back to the McKinley, and I felt badly for having ignored him when, after all, I owed this break to him.

He stood at the table, saying goodby to Ferguson. He looked seedy and shy. I said, "Working tonight, Arthur?"

"I'm off at seven."

"I'll pick you up at the hospital. We'll have a celebration dinner together."

Arthur Maybank vanished. Ferguson and I started talking again. After a while, he paid the check and we walked back to my office. I introduced him to Jensen. I said I'd prefer to have them talk privately. I went into the drafting room and perched on my high stool and stared at the New York sky line and let myself float.

IT WAS three o'clock before Jensen and Ferguson reappeared. Jensen looked as though he had swallowed the canary. Ferguson looked interested, but nothing more. They walked over to where I was sitting and the boss said he was handing it to me. He said, "But you'd better not give this firm a black eye, Douglas," and I said I'd try not to.

Ferguson left. I attempted to work, but didn't make any progress. I saw Yarborough go into his partner's office, and later he came out and walked over to my desk. He congratulated me. He got a report on the work I was doing and told me he was taking it off my hands, as of right then. I was to confine myself to this one job. He cautioned against too great haste, reminding me that the war was not yet over, and major construction couldn't be started for a long time to come. He was quite cordial. I was, too, but I was in a fog.

I telephoned Dana. The cleaning maid answered and told me she was out: rehearsing. I was busting with excitement. I wanted to tell her all about it. I wanted to strut. I was scared and confident all at the same time.

I scrubbed myself at the office and went straight from there to the McKinley Hospital. I walked through the same dingy entrance into the same dingy accident room Dana and I had visited not so long ago, circled the glass cage and went into the white-tiled room with the half dozen surgical wagons in it, and the row of steel lockers showing through the doorway. I saw Arthur Maybank talking to a cop. The policeman had a notebook and pencil and he was jotting things down. Arthur saw me and waved. He called brightly, "Be with you in a minute. Make yourself uncomfortable."

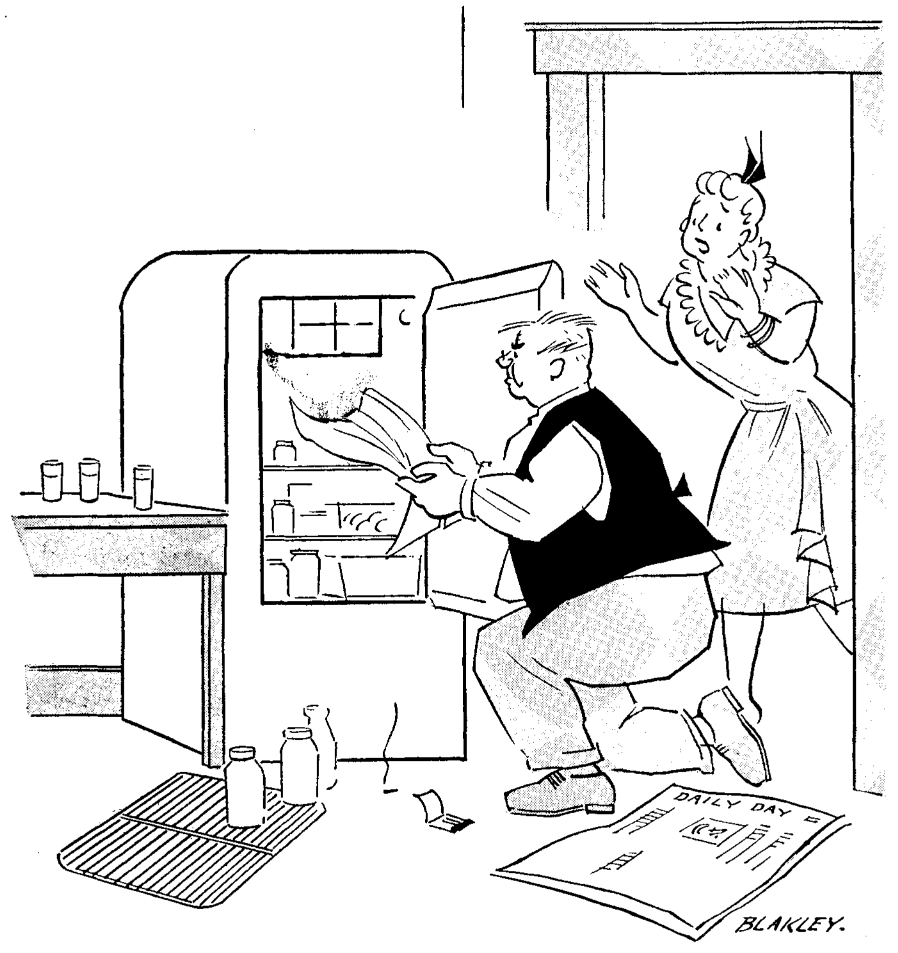
I amused myself by watching them bring an accident case in. A tall, thin, boyish-looking intern took charge, although he didn't seem to do too much about it. I took a look at the patient and promptly wished I hadn't. By that time the cop and Arthur had finished. The cop walked out, and Arthur joined me. He was already dressed for the street.

I hailed a taxi and we jumped in. I gave the address of the Club Caliente. It wasn't new to Arthur—he'd been there with me a dozen times—but I knew it was always a thrill.

We started across town and he said, "I hated to keep you waiting, Kirk . . . but it was one of those things."

"What sort of things?"

"Accident stuff. We get policemen in our hair all the time. This man was investigating a hit-and-run case. Guy got hit in Central Park the night of the blizzard. A week ago last Thursday night. Nobody saw it happen. Nobody saw the car that did it. I was on ambulance duty and made the run. The call had come in from a passing motorist who saw the man lying in the snow. I brought him in—he was somebody named Norton—and gave him a quick saline infusion in the



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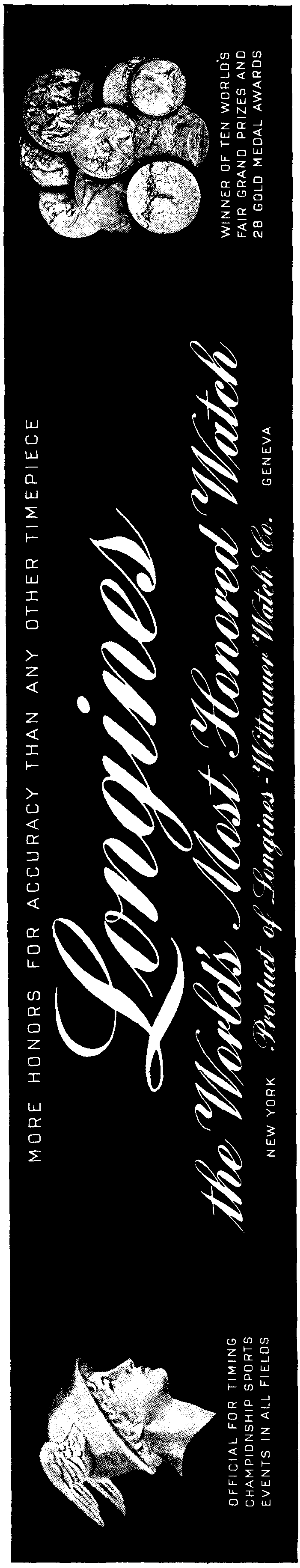
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accident room, and then some plasma. A few minutes after we got him into the operating room he died."

I said, "What did the policeman want?"

"More information. He's from the Motor Homicide Squad, and those babies are hell on hit-and-run stuff. They hate it worse than poison, and hang on like bulldogs. The patient was conscious in the ambulance and talked to me some. The cop wanted to know what he said. They've never found the car that did it, and they won't rest until they do. If they find him . . ." Arthur made an expressive gesture. "I'd hate to be the driver, that's all."

"You get much of that?"

"All the time. It's part of the job. Let's forget it."

I was willing enough. I started telling Arthur how grateful I was for introducing me to John Ferguson. He bloomed under my thanks, and tried to brush it off as nothing. "We talked a lot when he was a patient," Arthur explained. "We got pretty friendly. He told me about this idea of his, and I started popping off about you. All I did was bring you together."

I piled it on as thick as I could. And even that wasn't half of what I really felt. I tried to get that point across. I said, "Maybe some day when I'm rich and famous I'll meet an important man who wants an especially large operation, Arthur, and I'll steer him up against you. And when it's over, I'll still owe you a million thanks."

WE RAN into Dana and Ricardo in the lobby of the club. They both looked like thunderclouds. But they always did after their rehearsal sessions.

I bought a glass of sherry for Dana. I dragged her back to my special table. I told her about the break I'd gotten, and I put the credit where it was due. Arthur was happy. Dana snapped out of her black mood. She wanted to know all about it. She made me believe that she was more interested in office buildings than anything else in the world. She was that sort of a girl. She told Arthur he was wonderful. She had him glowing like a firefly by the time she rushed to her dressing room to fix up for the dinner show.

Arthur looked at me and said, "For Pete's sake, Kirk—why don't you marry her?"

"No can do," I answered. "Bigamy isn't one of my favorite vices."

"But look—it doesn't make sense. You're crazy about each other. She isn't really Ricardo's wife. There must be some way."

I said, "I wish I could find the answer. I've spent plenty of sleepless nights trying to, but it isn't as simple as it looks. You've been around here enough to know that Dana is two people: she's Dana, the nice kid; and Dana, the dancer. She's half of Ricardo & Dana, and that means plenty."

"Marrying you," he insisted stubbornly, "wouldn't break up the act. She could go on dancing with him—or would you object?"

"Don't be silly. Of course I wouldn't. It's a big part of her life: a bigger part than even she realizes. The main point is that Ricardo doesn't see it that way. He promises vaguely that he'll give her a divorce when and if he finds a new partner. Or, in answer to the statement that he isn't trying to find one, he says he'll turn her loose at some indefinite future date. And he swears he'll fight any divorce action she might bring."

Arthur said, "In this state there's only one legal cause. Infidelity. Do you mean to tell me that Ricardo doesn't play around?"

"He may. But if he does, he's discreet. We've never caught him at it."

Arthur said, with a violence surprising for so diffident a person. "I don't like him. His slant isn't normal. It's sadistic."

"The result is the same."

"But your attitude ought to be different. I think the man gets a kick out of keeping you two apart."

"You may be right. But suppose it were possible to push over the applecart: that wouldn't be much of a way to start a successful marriage, would it?"

"You're too damned high-minded, that's what's the matter with you, Kirk. If I were in love with a girl like that, and she was in love with me, I'd do whatever I had to do to get her. He made an impatient gesture. "Are you proposing to take it on the chin indefinitely?"

"I don't know. That sounds weak and spineless, but it happens to be true. Ricardo would fight any divorce action she might bring. He'd probably block her. Then we'd be worse off than we are now."

"Why?"

I said slowly, "If necessary, he'd file a countersuit. He'd defend by charging her with infidelity. Neither Dana nor I would like that."

"I get it . . ." Arthur gripped the edge of the table. "But it's rotten. Rotten and dirty. And since I'm shooting off my mouth, I'll tell you something else. I do more than dislike Ricardo. I'm afraid of him."

"Afraid?"

"Not for me. For you. The man hates your guts. He's suave on the surface, but he wouldn't stop at anything. You take my advice, Kirk, and keep your guard up."

I said, "You're driving at something. What is it?"

Arthur leaned across the table. His pale, weak eyes bored into mine. "Think this over," he said. "Try to figure what it might add up to if Ricardo was still in love with Dana."

I said, "I don't quite follow."

"All right, I'll draw a picture for you. Suppose he's still in love with her. It's not impossible, you know. And if that's how it is, try to figure how he feels when he sees her with you, when he is reminded day after day and night after night that she is in love with you. Suppose . . . Oh, forget it!"

"Go ahead, Arthur. Please."

"All right, I will. Suppose he were brooding over it. Suppose he went to your apartment and found a woman there. Suppose he thought it was Dana. Suppose he killed her."

I said, "It couldn't have happened that way."

"The apartment was dark when they got there, wasn't it?"

"Yes . . ."

"Then it could have happened like that."

I was silent for perhaps a minute. Then I said, "You're crazy."

He looked at me and shook his head. He didn't say anything.

I thought, Sure he's crazy.

And then I thought, But suppose he's not. . . .

We'd probably have continued the conversation indefinitely, except that somebody came in. It was John Ferguson, and he was alone.

The headwaiter started to put him at a corner table, gave him a second look, and seated him instead at a choice table which had a wall settee instead of a chair. Ferguson said something—probably he ordered a cocktail—and the headwaiter walked off importantly.

The orchestras were changing. Almost time for the dinner show. Ferguson glanced around the room, spotted us, and didn't hesitate. He came over, shook hands, and asked whether we wouldn't join him for dinner. He had a quiet voice and a nice manner, but it was a manner that wasn't accustomed to having No said to it. So we said Yes. I was tickled, because it was Ferguson, but at the same time I wondered what Dana would think. We weren't having much luck being alone these days.

The headwaiter appeared again as we approached the little wall table. John Ferguson said he wanted a larger one, at the ringside. We got a table right smack on the floor. Arthur and I ordered dry Martinis and inspected the menu. Arthur reacted as he always did when I brought him to the Caliente. His eyes bugged out at the price list. He ordered the cheapest item among the entrees. It was still expensive from the standpoint of a young intern.

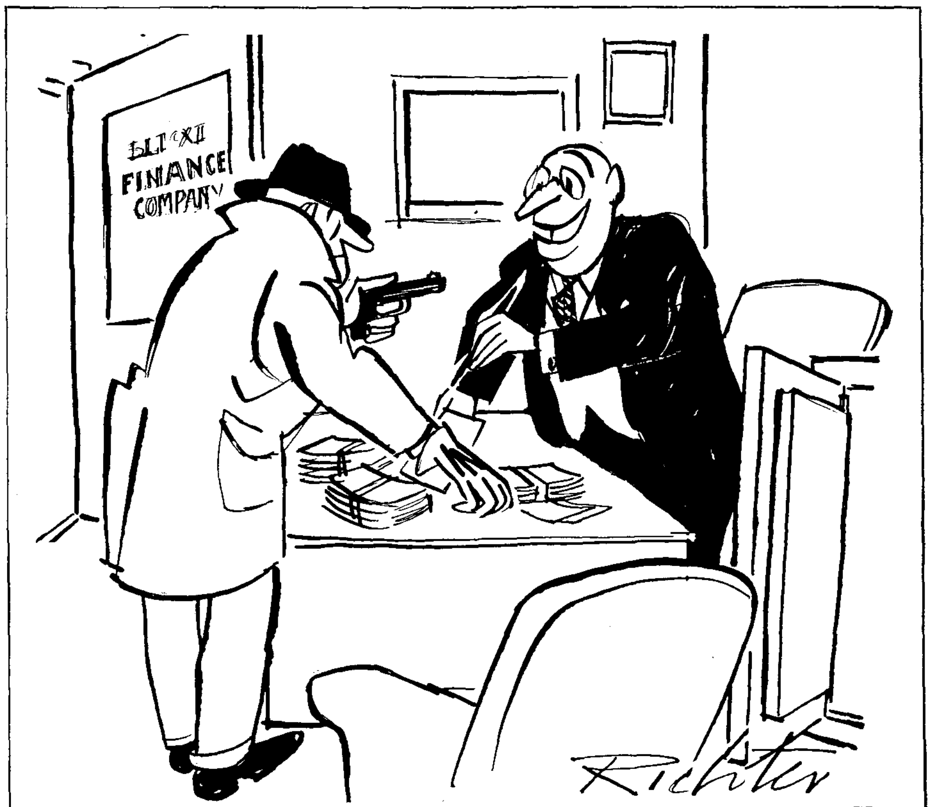
The music blared, and the scantily clad chorus girls cavorted onto the small, polished floor. Arthur didn't miss a trick. His capacity for enjoying things that other men took for granted was enormous. Ferguson regarded him gravely for a moment, then looked at me and smiled. I smiled, too. We were sharing Arthur's fun. It made me like Ferguson even better than I had before.

THE girls trotted off and the emcee announced the singer. He placed the microphone for her. And just as she started, there came from the door the identifiable sound of scurrying that meant a celebrity was entering. The celebrity was Candy Livingston. Again she was accompanied by three people, but this time only two of them were men. One of the men was obviously attached to the coldly attractive girl whose arm he held.

They conducted Miss Livingston to the table next to ours. They pushed things around and made a lot of noise as though to impress her with the service she was getting. The singer kept on singing, but she wasn't having much fun. She wasn't getting much attention, either. She glared at Candy. Miss Livingston didn't seem to mind.

She sat down facing us. Then she got up immediately. She came over and held out her hand. She remembered my name, which made us even, because I remembered hers, too. She looked at my companions and I did the honors. She smiled at both, shook hands with both and said, "This is ridiculous. We'll make it one big happy family."

The singer continued to suffer while the



"If you'll just sign here, we can consider this whole business just a loan"

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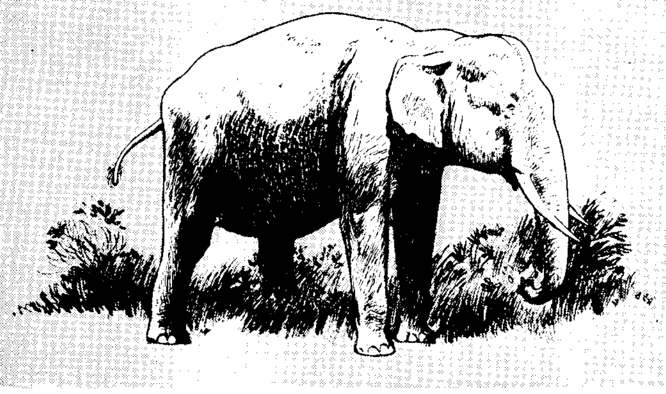
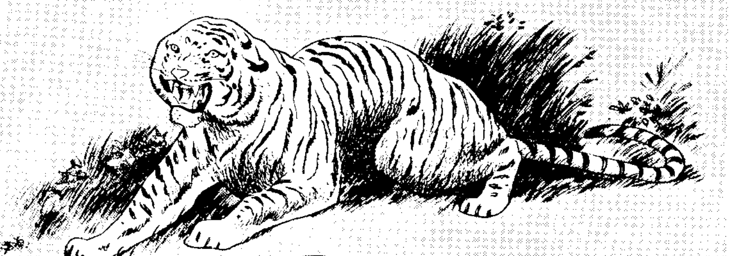
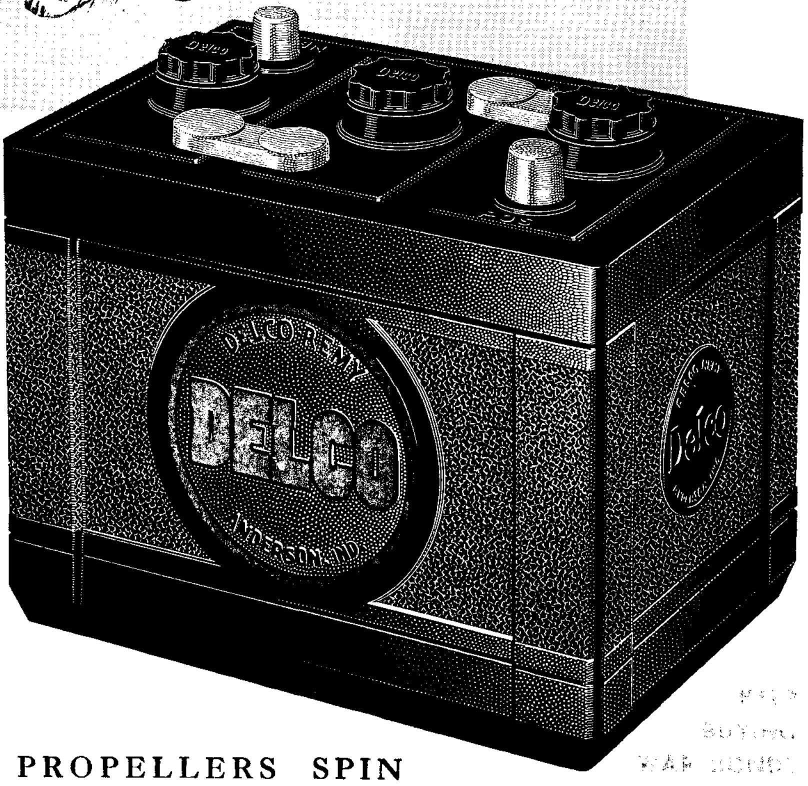


Powerful as a . . .





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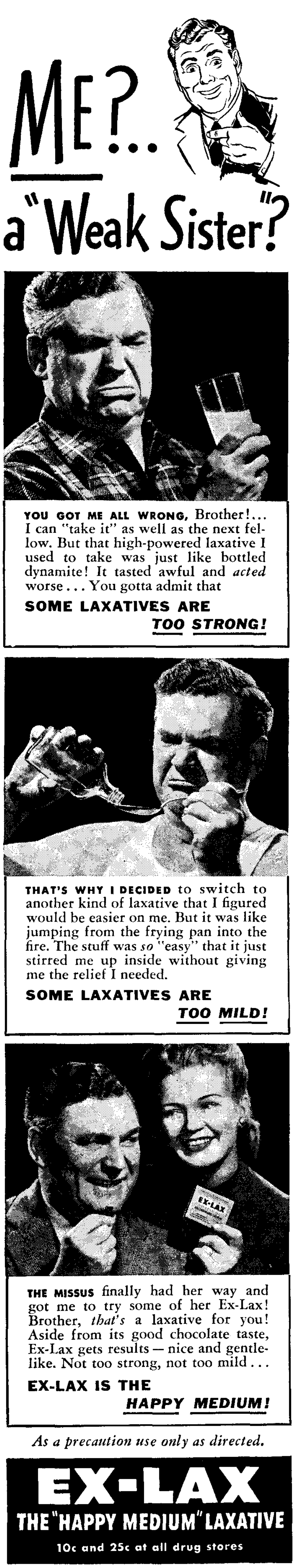

ME?... a "Weak Sister"?

YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG, Brother!... I can "take it" as well as the next fellow. But that high-powered laxative I used to take was just like bottled dynamite! It tasted awful and *acted* worse... You gotta admit that

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO STRONG!

THAT'S WHY I DECIDED to switch to another kind of laxative that I figured would be easier on me. But it was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. The stuff was *so* "easy" that it just stirred me up inside without giving me the relief I needed.

SOME LAXATIVES ARE TOO MILD!

THE MISSUS finally had her way and got me to try some of her Ex-Lax! Brother, *that's* a laxative for you! Aside from its good chocolate taste, Ex-Lax gets results — nice and gentle-like. Not too strong, not too mild...

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waiters made a lot more noise shoving two tables together. Candy said something to the head man, and I guessed she was telling him that she wished to pay the freight. I wondered how Ferguson was taking it. He looked amused—nothing more. But Arthur Maybank was way up yonder where the air is thin. Sitting at the table with Candy Livingston! I could almost hear him thinking, "Oh boy! Is this something!"

Candy seemed somewhat less than fascinated by the show. She introduced her friends. Mister Somebody, Mister Somebody else, Miss Somebody. Their party of four was now a party of seven, but they didn't appear to be surprised. I had an idea that if you played around with Candy Livingston long enough you'd become accustomed to anything.

Ricardo & Dana came on. Dana was wearing a pale yellow gown that made me think of Dana. Candy was saying something to me when the act commenced, but I pointedly didn't answer. She gave me a quick look, but she took the hint and put the brakes on her conversation while the act was on. After the customary three numbers there was a lot of applause. Poised by the bandstand, waiting to let the applause swell to encore proportions, I fancied that Dana caught a glimpse of me—and of Candy Livingston. I thought I saw a little frown on her forehead, but before I could be sure they were dancing again.

AS SOON as they took their bows, Candy called the captain and ordered two more places set. She got up and said she'd be back in a minute. She disappeared through the door back of the bandstand. She could have been going to the powder room, but I didn't think so. I was right. She returned in fifteen minutes with Ricardo and Dana in tow. It was my idea that Dana looked somewhat less than happy, but she brightened up when I introduced her to John Ferguson. She caught the name and the implication instantly, and started devoting herself to him. I gazed at her with admiration, thinking what a perfect wife she'd make for a rising young architect.

We ordered dinner and started to eat it. The table was pretty crowded, but nobody seemed to mind. I was having a good time, and Arthur Maybank was purring.

I got most of my fun by watching him. He looked the crowd over from his center-table eminence. I saw a girl staring at him from one of the wall tables. She caught his eye and smiled and nodded. Arthur nodded right back, but he looked rather vague. A few minutes later the performance was repeated.

I took a second look. The girl was quite something. She was a good deal older than Arthur—my guess was about thirty-three—but she could have been any age. She had a nice, olive skin and deep black eyes. Her black hair was drawn straight back from a center part and rolled meticulously at neck length. She was as sleek and slim and correct as something out of a fashion magazine. I said to Arthur, "Hi, Lothario—who's the girl?"

He flushed with embarrassment and pride. "I couldn't spot her at first," he said, "but I think I do—now." He nodded as though to confirm his own beliefs. "That's who she is. I got it now."

"Is it a secret?"

"She's a nurse's aide at the McKinley. I'm sure of it."

"But not positive?".

"We-e-ell, yes, I am. Sort of."

Ten minutes later I said, "She's still giving you the eye, Arthur. Why not grab a dance for yourself?"

"Oh, no! I don't even know her name. And she isn't alone."

"At least," I said, "I'd go speak to her if I were you. Maybe she'd like her gentleman friend to be impressed."

It took a bit of arguing, but finally he went over to the wall table and spoke to the girl. She put everything she had into the smile she gave him. He seated himself gingerly on a chair he captured from an adjoining table, and a little while later he and the girl got up and started for the dance floor. He looked appalled by what was happening. I winked at him, and that seemed to boost his morale.

After a long while, they quit. He brought her to our table. He introduced her all around. She was Miss Agnes Sheridan and she oozed personality. She seemed particularly delighted to meet Candy Livingston.

We men were all standing up. We shook hands with her in turn; Ricardo, and then Candy's young men, then me and finally John Ferguson. We said the usual things in the usual way. John Ferguson smiled at Arthur. He said, "You get around, don't you, Maybank?" It was a nice touch.

Arthur took her back to her table, chatted a few moments and then left her. He looked very proud of himself. I started kidding him about his conquest, and he blushed. He said, "Aw! Lay off, Kirk. She's been a nurse's aide at the McKinley for months and she never noticed me until she saw me with Miss Livingston."

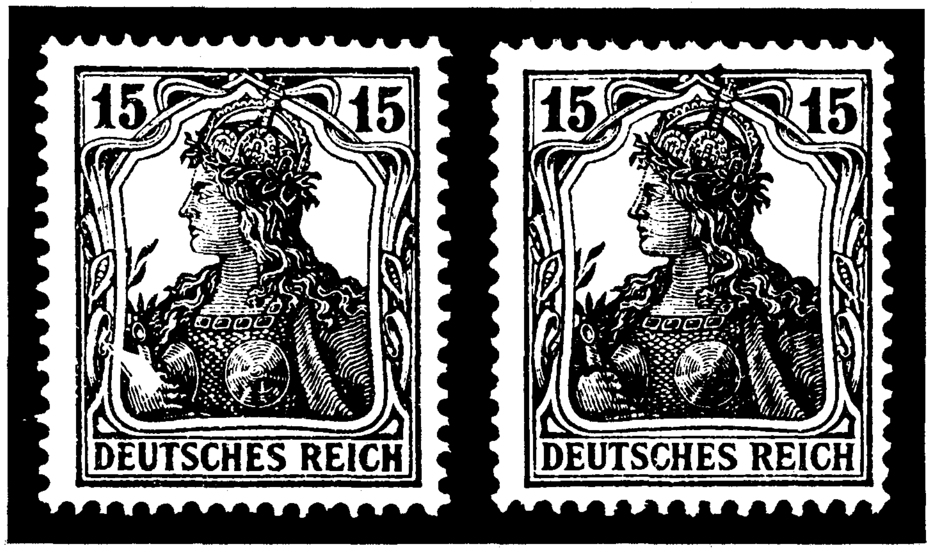
"You're too modest, Arthur. She might have been interested in Miss Livingston, but she likes you."

We had a lot of fun. We sat around and talked and danced occasionally, and drank wine. Arthur tried another session on the floor with Miss Sheridan. Whatever it was that was brewing there seemed to be brewing fast.

I dragged Arthur away before the supper show. He wanted to stay but I reminded him that he'd be on duty at seven the next morning. I also reminded myself that I was now an important architect and needed a clear head for heavy thinking. Candy held my hand a few seconds longer than convention demanded and wanted to know whether I'd give her a call, or whether she'd have to start acting like a hussy. As we shouldered our way out, Miss Agnes Sheridan smiled and waved at Arthur, and he waved back. I took him to the McKinley in a taxi. He said, "Kirk, I never had so much fun in my life. Never."

Thursday I worked. I got hold of a lot of books and started reading. I absorbed a lot of dope about office buildings. A glittering opportunity had been laid in my lap and I didn't propose to muff it.

Friday was a busy day, too. I had a couple of conferences with a contractor who was doing an alteration job on a big apartment house. It was something I'd been handling before the Ferguson job turned up. When I finished with him, I telephoned Dana's apartment. Nothing stirring. She was rehearsing again. She was always rehearsing. Dance teams work so smoothly on the floor. Since



Note the differences between the British-forged stamp at left and the real article at right, especially in the profiles of the noses and in the lettering. Other small differences in values are easily seen in these copies

STAMPS AT WAR

WHEN, shortly after the first World War, philatelic students noticed forgeries of the commonest German stamps, they were bewildered, for the monetary value of these stamps was so slight as to make forgery almost unthinkable. At first the forgeries were thought to be minor varieties of the originals, but a careful check of existing genuine stamps and governmental records showed this theory to be incorrect. For several years the students were baffled. The stamps were almost perfect reproductions; so perfect, in fact, that the students were on the verge of disbelieving the evidence of their own eyes. Then someone remembered that genuine cancellations on these forgeries were almost all from small towns along the German-Dutch border.

This apparently inconsequential fact was the key clue which solved the mystery, and the true solution was even more bizarre than any which philatelists imagined. The forger was no common criminal working in a small, ill-lighted basement; but the government of Great Britain, using all the tools and equipment which were available in the British Isles.

When the first man to conceive the improbable theory that the British government had turned forger asked the Foreign Office for confirmation, he was pooh-poohed and told to mind his own business, but, as the need for secrecy disappeared, the facts gradually came to light.

British agents working in Germany toward the end of the war had been distributing propaganda messages through the enemy's own mails. An agent would slip across the Dutch border with the messages ready to mail, purchase the stamps and put the letters in a letter box. However, once the first messages were delivered, the German government learned of the scheme, and British agents who purchased suspiciously large quantities of stamps in the smaller villages began to disappear in alarming quantities.

To rectify the error in a propaganda plan which was otherwise quite workable and already successful in a small way, the Foreign Office decided to counterfeit German stamps and send the letters into Germany already stamped. In this way, vast quantities of letters could be mailed in thousands of letter boxes along the border without too great a hazard to the mailer.

Some trouble arose when it was discovered that the British gauge of perforation did not match the gauge then being used in Germany, but the fault was corrected by the construction of perforation combs in the correct gauge. . . . CHARLESS HAHN

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FAR FINER FLAVOR—PLUS FAR MORE PROTECTION

I'd met Dana, I'd found out why. They kill themselves acquiring that perfection.

I went home and settled myself for another evening of research. I poured myself a drink and sat down with the evening paper and a pipe for a bit of relaxation. The bell rang and I let Arthur Maybank in. He started talking about a lot of inconsequential things, but I knew he had something on his mind.

Finally I got it. He had a date with Agnes Sheridan for that night. He was broke and wanted to borrow twenty dollars. You'd have thought he was asking me for the United States mint.

I tried to make it more than that, but he insisted that twenty was enough. He said it looked as big as a mountain, and he wouldn't be embarrassed with Miss Sheridan because she knew what his job was, and that he got no salary. He was asking for twenty, he said, because he thought it would be fun to take her back to the Club Caliente. I caught it, all right. In the Caliente, Arthur knew people. He was a big shot.

I said, "You're sure making time, son."

"She's awfully nice."

"Did you see her yesterday?"

"Well, yes . . . I sort of managed to. In fact, we had lunch together."

I grinned and said, "Better watch your step. You're slipping."

He answered shyly, "I guess every man's entitled to be a damn' fool one time, isn't he?"

He went away. He had my twenty dollars and he was walking on air.

Saturday night I got to the club early. I felt as though I hadn't seen Dana since forever. I said, "This is a hell of a note: Just because I'm on the way to become a successful architect, I don't see you any more." I held her at arm's length. "You've gotten infinitely more beautiful in the past three days, darling."

She said, "How's the work going?"

"Not too fast; not too slow. But tonight I'm forgetting it. Let's find a quiet place for dinner between shows and talk about us."

She thought that was a good idea. And then she said, "But I do wish you'd been in last night. Arthur was here with that Miss Sheridan, and he was cute."

"In what way?"

"In every way. She either likes him or she's giving a reasonable facsimile thereof. And he shows all the symptoms of a gent who has fallen hard."

"I'm not questioning his side of it," I said. "But how about Miss Sheridan's? Is she impressed by Arthur or by his friends?"

"Both, I think. Maybe it was just the friends at first, but now he seems to have emerged as a personality."

"That's not easy to imagine. He isn't what you'd call colorful."

"That's the nicest thing about him."

I said, "Did you speak to them?"

"Of course. I sat at their table for a while. So did Candy Livingston."

"So she was in again, eh?"

"Yes, indeed. Ditto Thursday night. She seemed slightly heartbroken at not finding you here. How's it getting along, by the way?"

I said, "Be yourself, Beautiful. My relationship with Miss Livingston is strictly a night-club affair."

Dana looked at me oddly. She said, "Maybe." Then she vanished into the long, drafty corridor which led to her dressing room. I sat by myself, watched her act, and waited patiently while she changed into street clothes. When she joined me again, she was ready to go. She looked as lovely as pink bootees. Just as we started out, a page boy came up and wanted to know whether I was Mr. Douglas. I said I was, and he said, "Somebody wants you on the phone."

Dana and I followed the kid to the lobby, so that when I'd finished talking, we could escape quickly. The show had started late and run long. It was already half past ten. I picked up the phone and Dana and I looked at each other. We hadn't said a word, but each knew what the other was thinking. Fifty to one, it was Candy Livingston. But it wasn't. It was a voice I'd never heard before: a woman's voice. It was harsh, penetrating and precise. It said, "Mr. Douglas?"

"Yes."

"McKinley Hospital speaking. "You're a friend of Dr. Arthur Maybank, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, maybe you better come over here."

I didn't like the way she said it. I put my lips close against the mouthpiece and asked, "Is it important?"

"I'll say it is." The voice held more than a trace of excitement. "Dr. Maybank has just been shot."

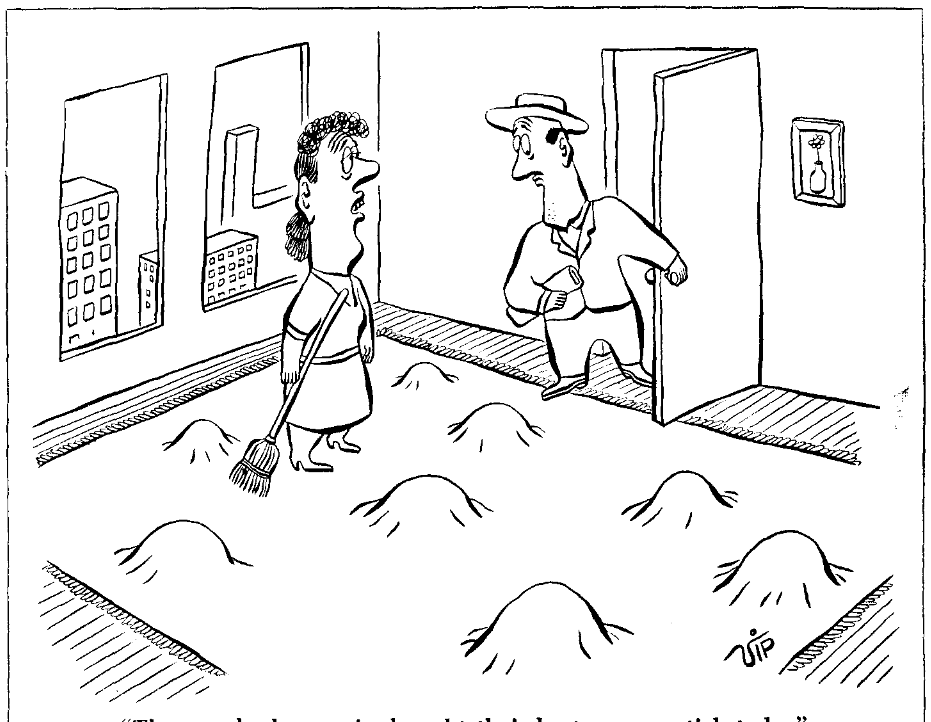
I WAS thinking fast when I came out of the phone booth. To tell Dana or not to tell her, that was the question. I decided I'd better. She'd find out soon enough, anyway.

She took it standing up. She drew in her breath sharply and her eyes got wide. She said, "Something else?" and I knew what she meant. I was thinking the same thing.

We walked out of the club and stood on the curb while the doorman tried to flag a taxi. It was a tough job because the night was bad. What had been snow had turned to slush, what had been rain had become sleet. A freezing wind swept up from the river and chilled me all the way through.

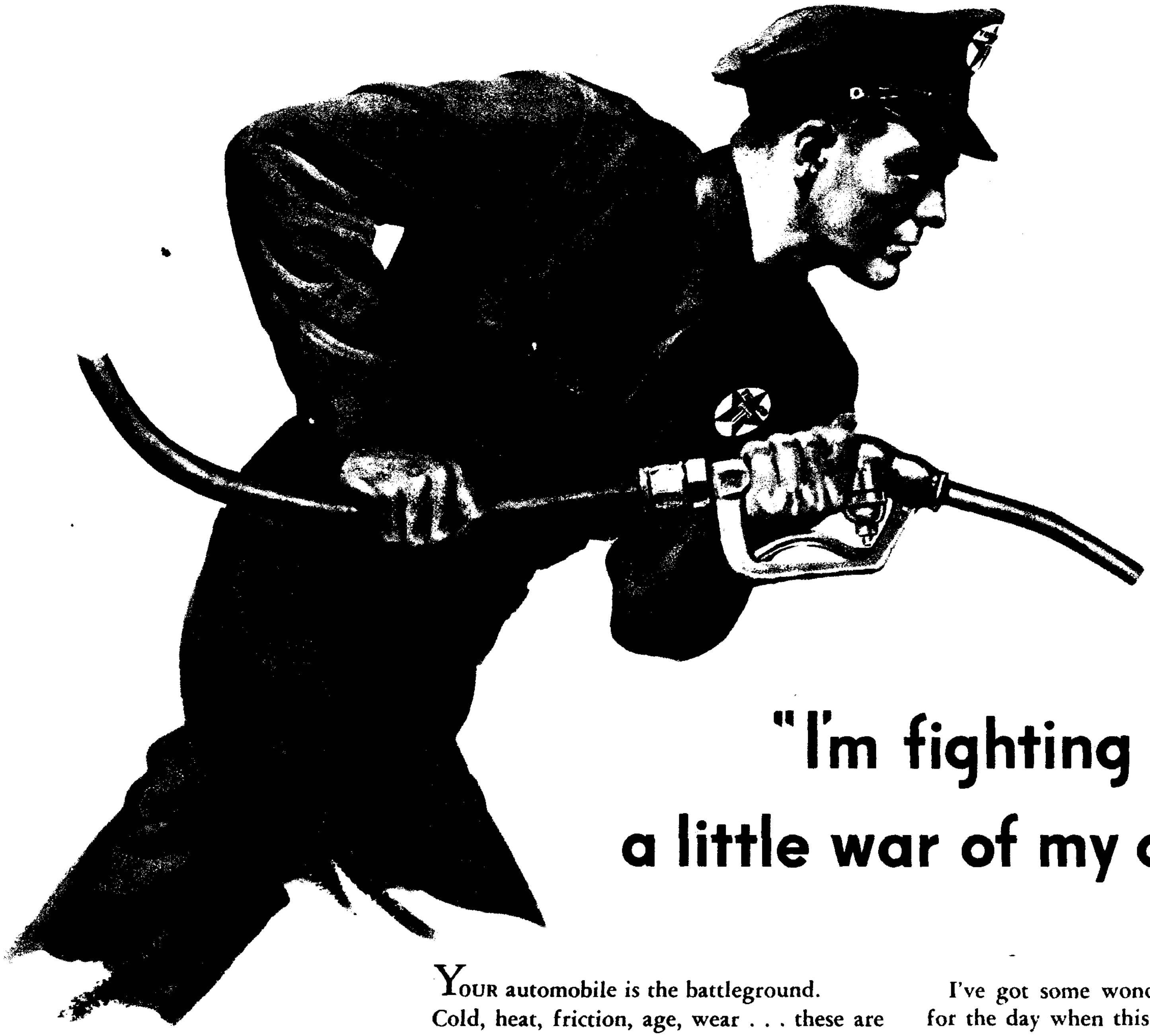
Finally a taxi swung into the curb and disgorged three people. I grabbed it and said, "McKinley Hospital, and step on it, Bud." We slid and slipped and lurched westward. I took Dana's hand. It was almost as cold as mine.

She asked, "Is he dead?"



"The people downstairs bought their brat a pogo stick today"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



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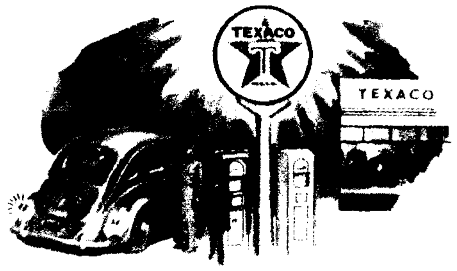
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LIFE SAVERS

Where, oh where, has my favorite flavor gone? To the men in the Armed Services, of course! But please keep looking. Or better yet, try one of the other delicious Life Savers' flavors.

"I don't know. That's all the girl said; that he'd been shot."

She didn't ask any more questions.

We stopped at the curb in front of the main entrance and I helped Dana across the icy sidewalk and up the four stone steps. We went into the big dingy lobby and spoke to the girl at the receptionist's desk. We told her we were friends of Doctor Arthur Maybank and we wanted to see him. She jerked her head toward the old-fashioned iron grillwork of the elevator and forgot all about us. We went up to the fourth floor. This was a private room floor. So they were treating Arthur all right. I was glad.

A girl approached us. Not a girl: a woman. She was slim and dark and had a clear olive complexion and big black eyes. The black eyes looked frightened. She had on a little hat and a brown dress. The sheared beaver coat she wore was open. That's how I could see the brown dress.

Agnes Sheridan said, "I'm glad you're here." She bit at a lower lip which had too much make-up on it. "I thought you might be at the club, Mr. Douglas. I suggested they phone you."

I said, "How bad is it?"

"Not bad at all. But that isn't the point. Somebody shot at him."

"When?"

"Less than an hour ago. I had a date with him. I was in the little restaurant near the corner and he was supposed to join me there for a cup of coffee. When he didn't show up, I came over to see what was detaining him. They told me what had happened."

"What did they tell you?"

"That he had slipped his overcoat on over his whites and told the other intern he'd be back in a few minutes. He went across the parking space, and somebody fired at him from among the parked cars."

"Did they catch the person who did it?"

"No."

"Has Arthur any idea . . . ?"

"No. It just happened. He was unconscious, but only for a little while. Probably shock more than the wound. He was hit in the arm. The resident surgeon says he'll be up and around by tomorrow. But if somebody shot at him deliberately, they might try it again."

I said, "You're really fond of him, aren't you?"

"I like him. He's different from anybody else I've ever met."

THAT made sense. There was a lot of emotion bottled up in this Sheridan woman. She was shaking now, and Dana put a hand on her arm to steady her. Agnes went right on talking, as though it made her feel better to get things off her chest.

"They called the police. The cops talked to him as soon as he came down from the operating room. They left just a few minutes ago."

"Can we see him?"

"I think so. I'll ask the hall nurse."

She returned in a few seconds and led us into a square, unimaginative room which was all right enough, provided you were too sick to care about details.

Arthur smiled when we came in. It was a brave effort, but not too successful. This wasn't the Arthur of Wednesday night. It was the bewildered, uncertain little man I'd known before that. He looked sick and frightened. There was something behind his eyes that disturbed me, as though he knew that the end was not yet.

Dana went over to the bed and said something nice. He took her hand and said, "Thanks." There was real warmth in the smile he gave Agnes Sheridan.

I asked him how he was feeling and he said, "Fine." He told me it was nothing at all, just a flesh wound in the arm, and said he'd be on the job next day, as usual—or, at the latest, the day after that. He was trying to be the big brave boy, and he wasn't getting away with it.

I pulled up a chair. I asked him to tell me about it. He said, "There isn't much to tell. I was walking across the parking lot. Something hit me. I couldn't even swear I heard the shot. Next thing I knew they were rolling me into the operating room."

I smiled brightly. "Probably an accident."

"I'd like to think so. But I don't."

Dana said, "Why would anybody want to shoot you?"

"I can't figure that one, either. It may have been some screwball who used to be a patient. Maybe someone who took a dislike to me."

"But that isn't what you think, is it?"

"I don't know what to think."

He told me about the cops being there. From his description they were a couple of detectives from the same division the hospital is in. Not from the homicide squad. Not Max Gold. According to him, they asked all sorts of questions, shook their heads and promised to stick with it. He said, "But there's nothing to stick with. I couldn't think of anybody who would want to shoot me, so what chance have they got?"

He wasn't badly hurt. But he'd been shaken up plenty. He was still jittery in spite of whatever they'd given him to keep him quiet.

We sat around and talked and time passed faster than we knew. Dana looked at her watch and seemed troubled. I said I'd run her back to the club for the supper show. She wouldn't hear of it. Arthur begged Agnes to go home. He was pitifully grateful to her.

She said she intended to stay, but Arthur argued her down. She finally agreed to go with Dana, and we said good night. Agnes leaned over the bed and brushed her lips over Arthur's. He seemed to like it.

IT WAS almost midnight. Arthur and I were alone. From the corridor came the usual hushed sounds of a hospital. The elevator made the only real noise. Its door banged every time it opened, every time it closed. Arthur didn't seem to notice.

I was feeling lousy. I fumbled for a cigarette, then stowed it away again. Arthur said, "Go ahead. Give me one, too." We lighted up. It seemed to help both of us.

I said, "Is it all right to talk?"

"Sure. I'm okay. Scared—that's all."

I said, "You told the police you didn't have any idea who might have done it. Is that true?"

"Yes. I wish it weren't."

"You didn't see the person who shot at you?"

"No." He hesitated. "That is . . . well, I don't think so."

"What does that mean?"

"Something like that happens, Kirk—and you're liable to remember things that never occurred. I have a hazy recollection of seeing a man running out from among the parked cars. I'd say a tall man, wearing a felt hat and an overcoat. But I couldn't swear to it. It may have been imagination entirely."

I kept on probing. Maybe there was something important that he wouldn't recognize as important. I asked the questions, but he didn't seem to have any answers. We talked it over until there wasn't anything left to talk about. The resident physician came in and chatted with us. He gave Arthur a colorless liquid in a little glass. He said, "That'll give you a good night's rest." Arthur asked him what it was, and the other doc wouldn't tell him. They kidded about it for a while, and then the resident suggested that I probably needed some sleep, it being already two o'clock.

I told Arthur I'd see him the first thing the next morning. He said there wasn't anything he wanted. I hoped the medicine was going to knock him cold. I didn't want him to lie awake all night with nothing but his thoughts for company.

I walked to my apartment. I undressed and slipped under the covers. I kept the light on and lay there for a while, staring at the ceiling.

At three o'clock I telephoned Dana's apartment. She answered so quickly that I knew she must have been waiting for the call. Her voice was far from steady. I suspected that she had been crying. I did the best I could. I told her Arthur was right as rain. I said that it might have been an accident. I didn't press that point too far, because then she wouldn't have believed me. I just planted the idea.

She asked me things which I couldn't answer. I told her if she weren't able to sleep she must call me. She promised. We said good night and hung up. I felt more lonely, more worried than ever.

Facts were marching around in my brain like little wooden soldiers. They were lining up for review. They added up to one unpleasant conclusion.

Several impossible, inexplicable things had happened recently.

Some unknown person had deposited one hundred thousand dollars to my credit at the bank.

A woman named Ethel Brower, whom I had never seen nor heard of, had been murdered in my apartment.

A very spectacular young lady named Candy Livingston had returned from being kidnaped and had apparently made a deliberate effort to impress herself on me.

Doctor Arthur Maybank had been shot at by a man who—not certainly but probably—had intended to kill him.

Four major happenings without rhyme or reason. Four occurrences which had only one thing in common.

That thing was me. My bank account, my apartment, my personality, my friend.

I felt certain that Arthur had been shot at solely and simply because he was a friend of mine.

It made no sense. But there it was. I, Kirk Douglas, was the common denominator.

I turned out the light and knew I wouldn't sleep.

I also knew that the answer to the puzzle was a long way off. I remembered a line written by a war correspondent. I felt that it fitted this situation. The line was: "Things will get much worse before they get better."

SATURDAY to Monday can be a long time, if you've got things to do.

I spent most of Sunday with Arthur Maybank. He was up and about and all ready to start punching the time clock again Monday morning. He was still jittery and still looked too small and unimportant for anyone to want to murder him. Also he said he still didn't have any idea about who fired at him or why. We tossed the ball back and forth until we both got tired. Which is all we did get. There wasn't a single conclusion in a carload of words.

In my spare time I was with Dana. That meant a lot more conversation about the queer things that had been happening to me, a lot more conjecture, and a lot more feeling of futility. I tried to work and gave it up as a bad job. I was more on edge than I knew. When I didn't sleep Sunday night, I realized I'd better do something. What I did was to telephone Dana at the lunch hour Monday.

I told her it was time for us to snap back to normal. I said we'd drive ourselves nuts by going over the same directionless road every time we got together. I suggested a between-shows supper at my apartment that night. A nifty little meal that I could whip up. She seemed to like the idea, and we both promised solemnly that we'd wrap up all the words we knew which were synonymous with murder and shove 'em back in the dictionary. This was to be fun. Brightness and gaiety. It sounded swell when I thought it up. It sounded even better as night approached.

She was coming over in a taxi the minute she finished the dinner show. She was going back just in time to put her make-up on and slip into an evening gown. That added up to two hours we'd have together: maybe fifteen minutes more than that.

I put my ration book in my pocket. I shopped on the way home from the office, being careful to buy only things I knew I could cook. I bought a few flowers to pretty up the table, and stopped at the liquor store and bought a bottle of a domestic red wine which I knew by experience. It was good wine in anybody's language.

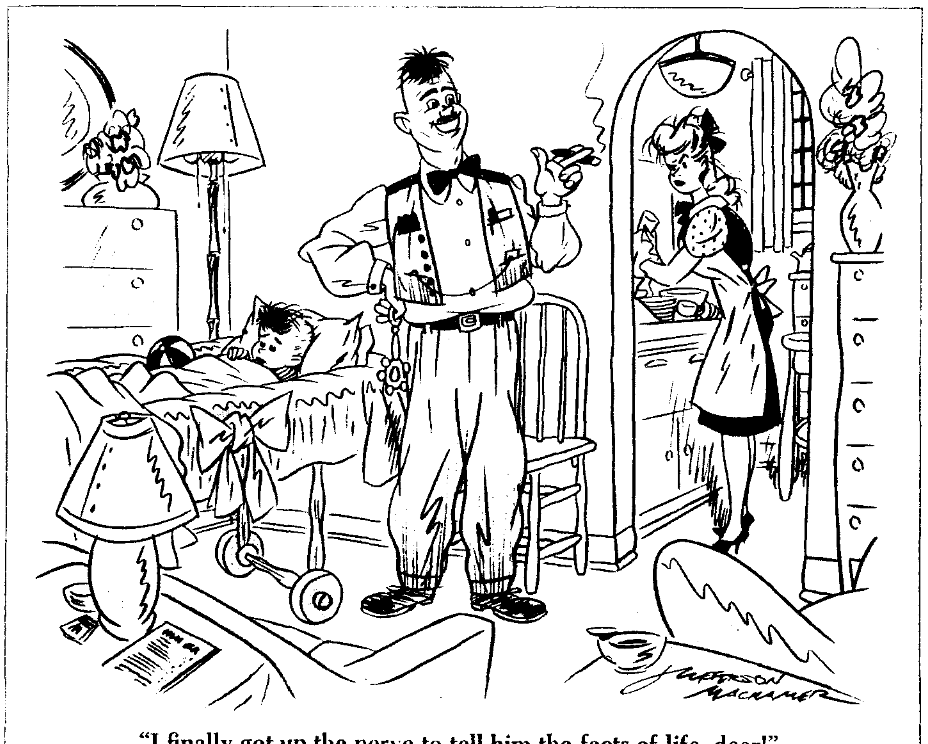
I set up the gateleg table in the middle of the floor and put the flowers on it. I stuck candles in two glass candlesticks which some kind friend had wished on me. I figured that would be the pay-off. House lights out, flickering candles casting dancing shadows on the wall. Maybe the night wasn't made for love, but I intended to help all I could.

I opened a can of asparagus, which is one of the neatest culinary tricks I know. I fished around in the cupboard and retrieved a tiny glass jar of genuine Russian caviar which had been there since prewar. I had saved it for a special occasion, and this was going to be extra special or I'd know the reason why. I got out my wooden salad bowl and started tossing up a green salad, with my own special dressing. I had some chopped hard-boiled eggs to go with the caviar, a stick of butter, some bakery rolls, my imitation silver and my best napery. I laid off cooking the lamb chops until after the cocktails had been served. If they weren't just right, the whole thing fell down.

Housework doesn't come easy to me, and it was half-past nine before I caught up with myself. I lighted my pipe and relaxed. Nothing to do now but watch the clock crawl toward ten or a few minutes after. Then it would be Dana and me. No murders, no hundred thousand dollars, no attempted assassinations, no talking in circles. Just the two of us. We hadn't had an evening like that in so long I'd almost forgotten how lovely it could be.

At nine-forty on the dot, the buzzer sounded. I was on my way to the door before it finished. Dana was early. Maybe she'd persuaded them to put on the dance act in the middle of the show. She must have worked some sort of a miracle or she couldn't be here this early.

She wasn't. I opened the door and let



"I finally got up the nerve to tell him the facts of life, dear!"

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my jaw drop as I looked into
phire eyes.
She had on a coat which
mink but which I'm w
sable. She was wearing
hat which came down
had a hole in the top
honey hair showed t
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Candy's sap-

could have been
lling to bet was
a big, floppy green
over both ears and
so that a patch of her
nrough. She had on alli-
carried an alligator bag.
n, and I saw she was wear-
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so you didn't have to strain
ation.
d staring at me, and I did the same
k at her. Neither of us moved.
hit me that I was forgetting all the
manners my mother had worked so
to instill in me. I opened the door a lit-
wider, stood back and said, "Miss Living-
on, I presume."

She walked in, took off her coat and hat with a single gesture and flung them on a chair. She took a look at the table, at the flowers, and the candles which were waiting impatiently to be lighted. She said, in her low, husky, exciting voice, "So *that's* how it is."

I said, "Have a seat. I'm doing things with the cocktail shaker which might turn out to be Manhattans. How's about one?"

She glanced at the mantel clock. I could see her brain working. Near the witching hour of ten. Dinner in the process of preparation. I knew she knew it couldn't be anybody but Dana Warren.

She said, "I thought I'd come up and see you some time. But I picked the wrong time."

I said, "Don't be absurd. I'm delighted."

"Not very convincing. But before I go, tell me: Why don't I get a break like this?"

I grabbed onto that "Before I go" business. I hoped she was serious. I said, "What would you be wanting with it?"

"I could use it, Mr. Douglas. It appeals to the domestic in me, plus other things. I'm also quite expert in a kitchen, believe it or not."

I said, "We'll get together—soon."

She gave me a slow, interesting smile. "Not quite definite enough, Kirk." She waited for something and when it wasn't forthcoming, she said, "All right. I'll diagram it for you. I, Candy Livingston, being of sound mind and body . . . not a bad body, either, if I may say so . . . do solemnly state . . . That's all mixed up. The idea is that I've been throwing myself at you. And you haven't given me a tumble."

"I'm shy."

"Sure. This stage-setting proves it." She made a motion toward her coat and hat. "I'm on my way. My telephone number is in the book. Try using it some time."

The buzzer sounded again: two short rings, a pause, then an additional short ring. Too late for anything now. That was Dana.

As I went to the door, I heard Candy say, "I'm sorry . . ." I opened the door and Dana came in. Over her formal hair-do she had thrown a kerchief, tying it, peasant fashion, under her chin. She swept into the room and got an eyeful of Candy Livingston.

IT WOULD have been funny if I hadn't been so miserable. This was the topper. This was all I eded to make me certain that a black cat was living on the path I was walking. The two girls looked at each other, and then Dana moved across the room with her hand out. You'd have thought that this was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to her.

They shook hands, said nice things about each other, and then Candy said, "I crashed a party. I'm checking out."

"You're doing nothing of the sort." Dana smiled at me. It was a lovely smile with icicles on it. "Have you enough for three, Kirk, or will each of us be one third starved?"

I said miserably that I had plenty for three. I fled into the kitchen. I slammed the cocktail shaker around, took down a third glass, poured the drinks, put them on a tray and brought them in. While I handed them around I kept thinking, "Don't be a damned fool, Dana. She wants to go. Let her do it."

But Dana had other ideas. She was putting herself out to be gracious and lovely and all the things that are no good if you want to get rid of a guest. The play had been taken away from me. From here out, I was just the cook.

I went into the kitchen, turned up the flame under the coffee percolator and started pitching lamb chops under the broiler. The chops made a lot of smoke. I cooked them too much. I was slow taking the bakery rolls out of the oven and they were charred on top. I dropped a water glass and broke it. I kept on thinking how nice this would be if it were nice; if Candy hadn't selected this night to track me to my lair. I didn't feel complimented. I felt like a kid who had looked forward to getting a certain toy on Christmas and gets two other toys, neither of which he wants. That was the way it was. Sure, I wanted Dana. But not this way.

The dinner was not a startling success. Dana and Candy were apparently having a grand time, which only served to irk me more. I contributed my ten cents worth to the conversation, but what I said didn't rate being written down for posterity. I felt like a dope, and probably acted like one. But it was still the best I could do under the circumstances. The whole thing was a mess.

TIME passed faster than I would have believed possible. I didn't realize that it was almost midnight until Dana got up and reached for her coat. Candy made a similar gesture, but Dana stopped her. She said, "Don't be silly. Just because I'm a poor working girl is no reason for you to break your evening off in the middle."

Candy didn't need much persuading. She let herself be talked into staying.

Dana rejected my suggestion that I taxi her back to the club. Both she and Candy went thumbs down on the idea that we all go. I took Dana to the elevator. I said, "I'm awful sorry, honey. This wasn't the way . . ."

She gave me a sugary smile. "We had almost as much privacy as we would have had at the club, didn't we, Kirk?"

The elevator door slid open. She stepped into the cage. It dropped out of sight. I said a few profane words and started back into the apartment.

Candy was carrying dishes into the kitchen, scraping them and holding them under the hot-water faucet. Maybe she was a screwball, but she was also a pretty good kid. I pitched in with her. There didn't seem to be anything else to do.

She said, "I really loused things up, didn't I?"

I smiled vaguely and didn't say yes or no.

"Trouble with you," she went on, "is that you've got too much masculine charm, too much personality—"

"—And a few brains."

She gave me time to cool down. I didn't know what she was thinking about Dana and me, but whatever it was, I felt sure I wouldn't like it.

We got things straightened up, after a fashion. Candy found a half-empty bottle of benedictine and poured two thimblefuls. She set them on the coffee table and seated herself on the couch. She produced a platinum cigarette case with a gold inlaid monogram. She lighted two cigarettes and passed one to me. She patted the cushion alongside her, and I sat on it. She said, "Alone at last."

I thought of a bright answer to that one, but kept it to myself.

After a while she said, "May I talk?"

"Sure. Go right ahead."

"When I came over here tonight, I had an idea. I've still got it."

"That puts you one up on me."

"Are you interested?"

"Of course . . ." What else could I say.

She started, stopped, and then started again. That was unusual for Miss Candy Livingston. I glanced at her. Her cheeks were flushed.

She said, "I'm asking you a straight question, Kirk. You can give me a straight answer. But more than anything else, I want you to believe I'm serious."

I waited. I thought I was prepared for anything, and I was. For anything except what came next.

"You're a very attractive young man, Mr. Douglas," she said slowly. "How would you like to marry twenty million dollars?"

(To be continued next week)

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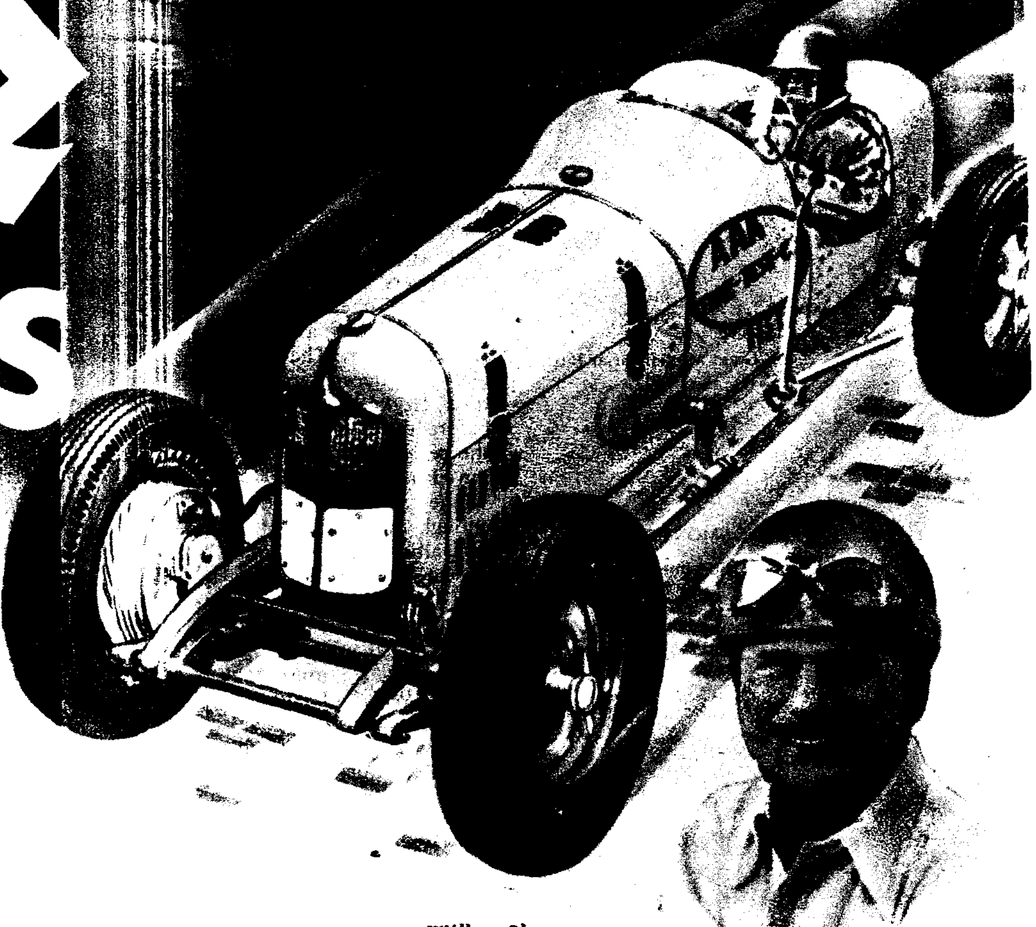

Wilbur Shaw, three-time winner of famous Indianapolis Race

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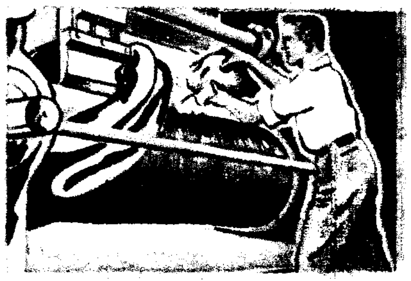
Wilbur Shaw, famous three-time winner of the Indianapolis Sweepstakes, volunteered to make the run. And on November 29, 1944, he averaged 100.34 miles an hour, hitting 90 miles an hour on the turns and more than 135 miles an hour on the straightaways.

Imagine the punishment those tires took as they pounded over the rough brick and grinding asphalt! Yet, in this grueling, tire-torturing test, not a skid or blowout occurred. Could you ask for any greater or more conclusive proof of tire life and safety?

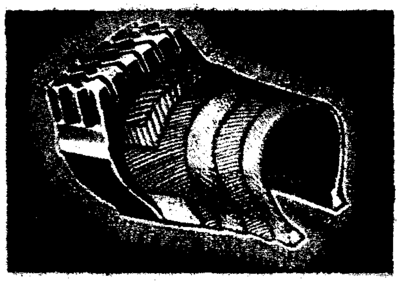
Remember this all-important fact when you get permission from your ration board to buy new tires — Firestone DeLuxe Champions are the *only* synthetic rubber tires made that are safety-proved on the speedway for your protection on the highway.

The tire shortage is more critical today than at any time since the war began. The only hope that car owners have of keeping their cars on the road is to continue to observe the national 35-miles-an-hour speed limit and other simple, yet fundamental, precautions for conserving tires which have proved so successful in keeping America's irreplaceable cars in service.

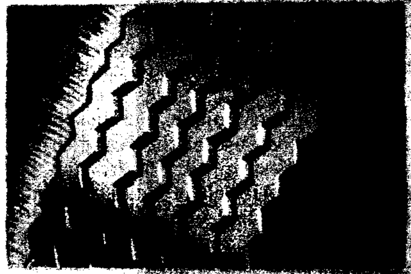
FIRESTONE DELUXE CHAMPION TIRES STAY SAFER LONGER



VITAMIC RUBBER. The rubber used in both the tread and cord body contains Vitalin, a rubber vitamin developed by Firestone, which gives extra protection against weather-checking and wear and keeps rubber live and tough.



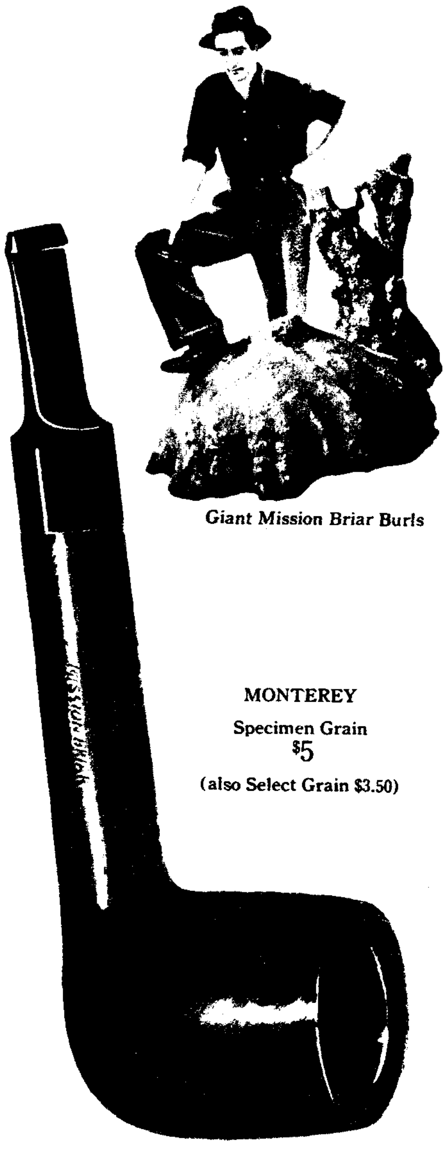
SAFTI-SURED CONSTRUCTION. There are two major parts of a tire — tread and cord body. Safti-Sured Construction means that the tread and cord body are welded together inseparably into a unit of extra strength.



GEAR-GRIP TREAD. 3,456 sharp-edged angles in the tread design provide extra protection against skidding. Greater non-skid volume of rubber in the tread and greater tread width give extra traction and extra mileage.

"KNOW-HOW." More than 40 years of experience in building quality tires and more than 20 years of working with synthetic rubber are your best guarantee of extra quality and performance in Firestone Tires.

PIPE-SMOKERS: Taste the flavor and admire the beauty of these new **MONTEREY PIPES** from California made of Mission Briar



MISSION BRIAR

A GIANT GROWTH THAT FORMS ABOVE THE GROUND —MELLOW WITH AGE

MONTEREY Pipes from California, made of Mission Briar, smoke with a special leisurely sweetness, because these big burl-growths have peculiar advantages (1) mellow with age (2) tempered by weather (3) of unusual soundness (4) with a beautiful grain which adds to the fine smoking-quality. Ask for MONTEREY PIPES, only ones made of MISSION BRIAR, at your dealer's, Select Grain $3.50, Specimen Grain $5.

The Mission Country of California where Mission Briar grows on the sunny slopes of the Pacific Coast. Next advertisement will show the "Topping" operation.

Kaufmann Bros. & Bondy, Inc.
630-5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y.

Go to Sleep

Continued from page 19

A nurse was there, setting up an enamel stand like a hatrack, and he saw the container of saline solution. She tied his arm to a board with gauze and Ellen stood back, her eyes round and anxious, while the nurse slipped the needle in and taped it to his arm.

"I had trouble getting special nurses," Ellen said. "You know how it is, with the shortage. But there'll be one tonight, at least, and I'll be here when you come down, Bob."

"Okay," he said. "I don't have to have nurses."

"It's better to be on floor care, anyhow," the nurse said. "We like to fit you into the routine, right from the first."

The orderly came in, and grinned at Bob. The nurse said to Ellen, "Will you step outside, please?"

"Got your hip boots here?" the orderly said, with a friendly smile. He turned back the covers and put the flannel leggings on Bob's legs, one at a time.

He was fully awake now, and his head felt very clear. The nurse was at his side, a glass of water in one hand, a pill in a shallow tray. He knew what it meant. Half an hour before the operation. When they gave you the pill it was half an hour to go. He swallowed it quickly.

They let Ellen return for a moment, long enough to clasp his hand and whisper, "I'll be waiting for you, Bobby." Then the table appeared in the doorway, and he was worried because the container was still nearly full of solution that passed drop by drop into his veins. What were they going to do with the container? He must have a thousand c.c., Doctor Wilk had said.

He saw the red blanket and smiled at the orderly. The smile was an effort and his voice had a distant sound. "Do all hospitals use a red blanket for the operating room?"

"I don't know about that," the orderly said. "Just take it easy, Mr. Clark." He wheeled the table alongside the bed and the nurse took the container from the rack and held it high, moving the rack aside. The orderly pulled the covers away and Bob eased himself onto the table. The red blanket enveloped him.

IT WAS time now. He lay flat, looking up at the ceiling, and felt the motion. There was a slight draft as they passed into the corridor, and he had a glimpse of Ellen there. He was no longer concerned about the container. It was going up with him, and the nurse held it high in one hand as she wheeled the table, so that the solution kept flowing. No wonder he had ulcers, he thought. He was a worrier. He noticed every small detail and worried about it.

There was a certain feeling of importance. He had right of way. Feet moved aside to make way; the elevator was waiting. The nurse said in a fretful, harried tone, "Eleventh floor, please."

Out of the elevator again, and beneath another ceiling, watching the lights go by overhead. Through a door and into a small, white room. The anesthetist frowned and grumbled as he hung the container of solution on a hook on the wall. He said irritably to the nurse, "Everything is rushed this morning."

The complaint upset Bob. In a case like this everything should go smoothly. What right did this little man have to gripe? He was getting his twenty-five dollars for the job. It was the sort of thing that made a man feel he had lost his identity. Was he Robert Clark, account executive of Smith & Robinson? What was he here? Just another case for surgery? Just another body on the block?

Bob knew the technique. He turned on his side, clumsily because of the board to which his left arm was strapped. He drew his knees up to his chest. He felt pressure, but did not know the needle had been inserted until he felt the prickles. He remembered the prickles. They began in his toes, darted in and out of his legs. They felt like bubbles in a boiling pot. Then the numbness set in and the anesthetist turned him on his back.

As they began rolling him away he frowned and murmured, "No needles? Don't you stick me with needles?"

"Needles?" the anesthetist said.

"Last time they stuck me with needles." His voice was a faraway complaint. "Said sharp or dull, sharp or dull."

"Don't worry," the anesthetist said. "You won't feel anything."

A steel framework came to view on his right and he realized they were in the amphitheater. He had a sensation of great height and breadth and turned his head to look at the rows of seats above. They were empty and he felt an odd and lonely disappointment. Like an actor in an empty house, he thought. The sense of importance vanished.

It was the operating table now, and a sensation of hard, penetrant light. He saw Doctor Wilk. The mask covered his face to the eyes and the white cap was very tight on his head. The horn-rimmed glasses seemed to magnify the eyes more than ever, and the eyes were looking down at him.

Bob murmured drowsily, "Hello, Doctor Wilk." He had a strange sensation of achievement, the feeling that he was here on time, he had kept his appointment, and Doctor Wilk should be pleased.

Something soft was placed over his eyes, but he turned his head and whispered, "No, I want to see."

"Let him see," said Doctor Wilk. "How do you feel, old man?"

"Feel fine," Bob said, but there was the urgent, worrying doubt. Doctor Wilk should know, he thought, and murmured, "I didn't have the needles."

"The needles?"

"Sharp or dull," Bob said in a tired, thick voice.

The anesthetist whispered in his ear. "Everything is all right. Just relax. Go to sleep, Mr. . . ."

"Okay," Bob said, and thought bitterly that the man didn't know his name. Didn't even know his name.

The sense of relaxation was intense because it was a numbing pressure from within. His left arm still was strapped to the board and the saline solution flowed drop by drop. His right arm was secured at his side and he felt a weight against it, a pressing, personal weight. It was Doctor Wilk, standing close, bending over him, and he felt he should apologize, because his arm was in the way. Mustn't interfere, he thought.

He felt a burning sensation, like a lighted match drawn along his skin, and remembered the needles. He moaned and said, "That hurts."

"Go to sleep," the anesthetist said in his ear. "There's bound to be a little discomfort, but it isn't pain. Go to sleep."

There was a heavy weight of fear. The anesthetic had not worked. He felt the pain. He whispered, "It burns, Doctor Wilk."

"You're all right," the anesthetist said. "He can tell by the reaction of the muscles. Just go to sleep."

They should be concerned about the needles. Why weren't they concerned about the needles? What was going on? Couldn't they see the anesthetic hadn't worked? Couldn't Doctor Wilk see that? Didn't Doctor Wilk *want* to see that? He felt the burning sensation and a tugging deep inside him and moaned.

He saw the eyes and the dark-rimmed glasses; they were searching, malevolent, and the big white body blocked out all else. This couldn't happen, today, in this world, in this modern hospital; it couldn't happen. His eyes were staring and he raised his head. His body was numbed and his arms strapped down, and white shapes were grouped around him, the faces covered. He saw only the eyes and the shining black rims of Dr. Wilk's glasses and the unspoken doubt of Doctor Wilk was there like a glaring light as he lay tricked and helpless.

"Put him under," Doctor Wilk's voice said.

A rubber cone came over his mouth and nose, and he turned his head aside. "Just a little gas," the anesthetist said. "It will put you to sleep."

"No," Bob said.

"All right," said Doctor Wilk. "If he doesn't want it."

IT WAS all right. Yes, it was all right. Hadn't Doctor Wilk offered to put him under? But he wouldn't do it. He wanted to *be* here. He wouldn't let them put him under. He closed his eyes and there was a long time of numbness, of no sensation, then the burning came again. It was like lacing shoes, he thought. His flesh was the shoe-top and he felt the little tugs and the burning pull of fiery laces and he thought that his nerves were the laces, drawn taut, and Doctor Wilk was snapping them like vibrating wires. He groaned again, to let them know that he felt pain, and again the cone came over his face. He turned his head and said, "Don't put me under."

"Please go to sleep," the anesthetist whispered. "It won't be long. For Pete's sake, will you just go to sleep!"

The burning came and went away, and always he was aware of the weight against his arm.

He saw Doctor Wilk's white figure bending, saw the dark-rimmed glasses. The big shoulders sloped compactly and there was masterful assurance in the set of the surgeon's body.

It was not agony. The burning came and went, but he could endure it. This was a tremendous experience in life. There was this sense of solitary importance, of great focus of attention on him, but up here, where his head was, there was isolation. Just himself looking on, his living self. He looked on, and saw the huge white shoulders and the bent head of the master, the supreme authority here.

He closed his eyes and waited for the deep burning and thought, *Okay, Doctor Wilk. I'm in your hands, Doctor Wilk.*

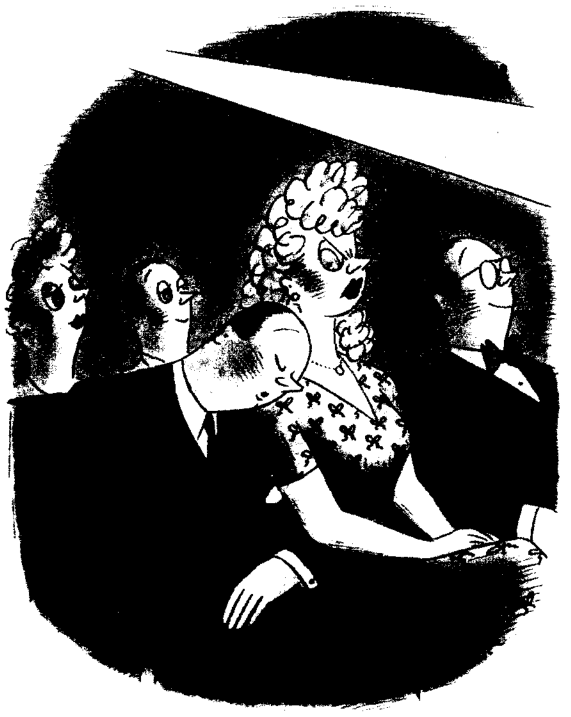
THE END

WHERE ARE YOU?

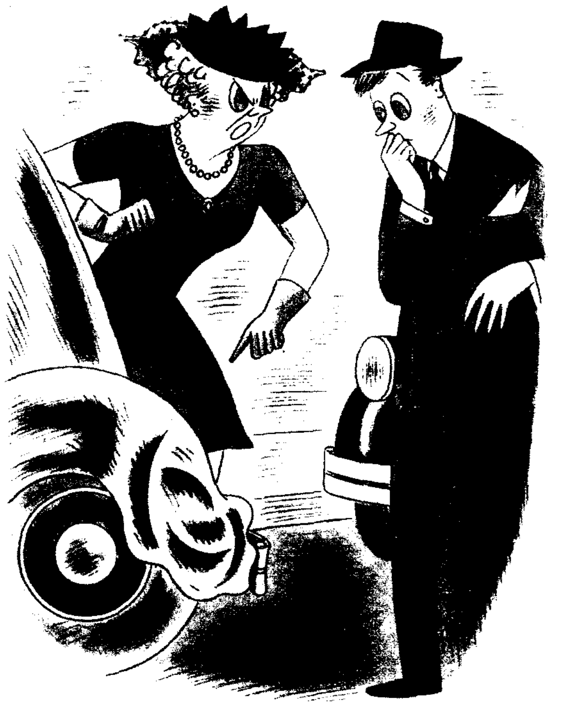
With the Grand Canyon of the Colorado heading the list, this country is dotted with great scenic wonders. Here's a compilation of twenty of America's natural wonders. Can you place them in the state of the Union in which they are found? Answers on page 80.

1. **The Painted Desert**
2. **Death Valley**
3. **Craters of the Moon**
4. **Glacier National Park**
5. **Carlsbad Caverns**
6. **Ausable Chasm**
7. **Great Smoky Mountains**
8. **Rainbow Bridge**
9. **Zion Canyon**
10. **Ice Mountain**
11. **Everglades**
12. **Crater Lake**
13. **Yellowstone National Park**
14. **Black Hills**
15. **Natural Bridge**
16. **Ancient Buried City**
17. **Sugar Loaf Mountain**
18. **The Valley of the Sun**
19. **Superstition Mountain**
20. **Devil's Sinkhole**

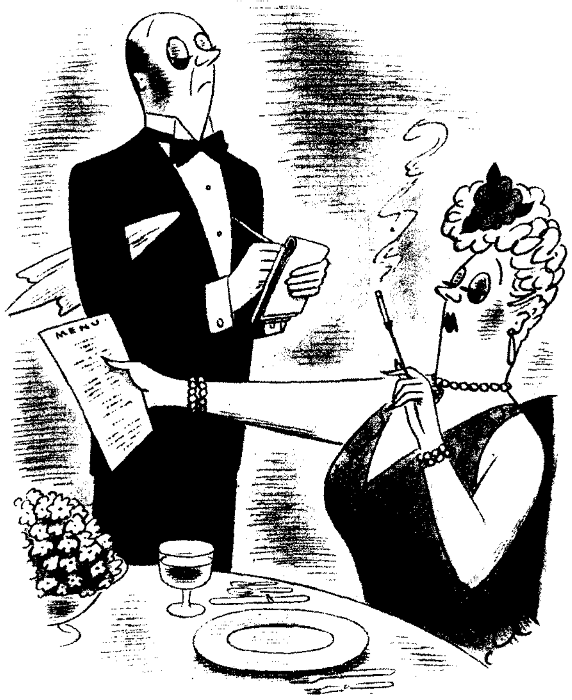
—Alan A. Brown



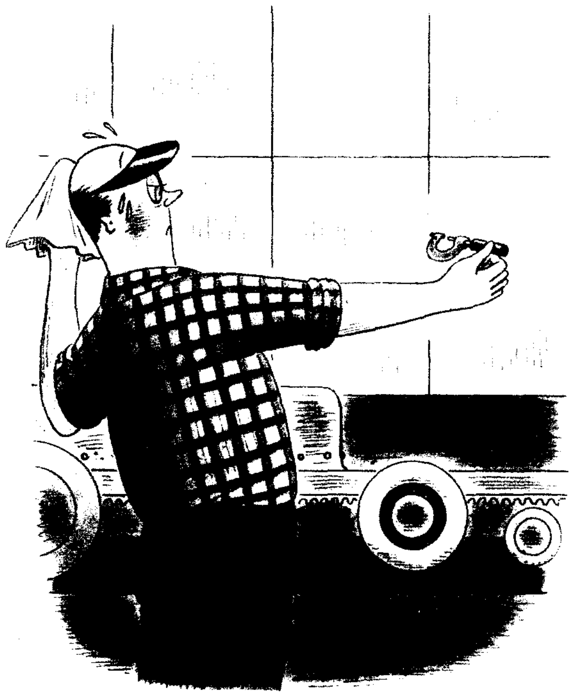
MOVIES PUT KEN IN A COMA



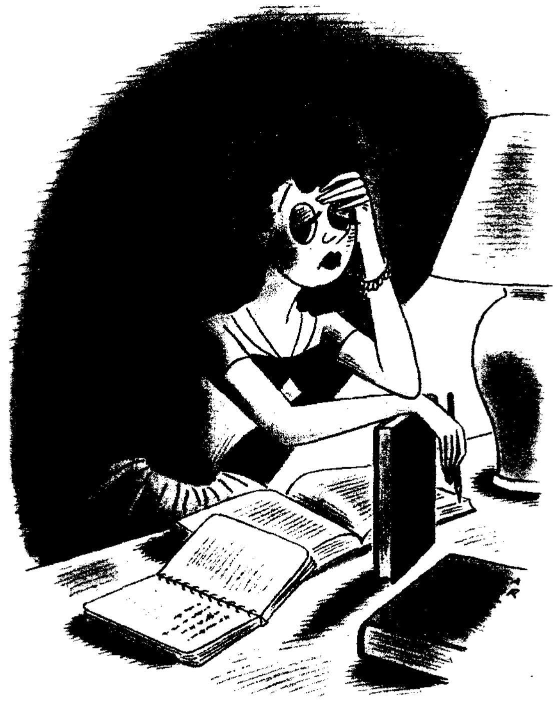
FRED IS A FENDER-BENDER



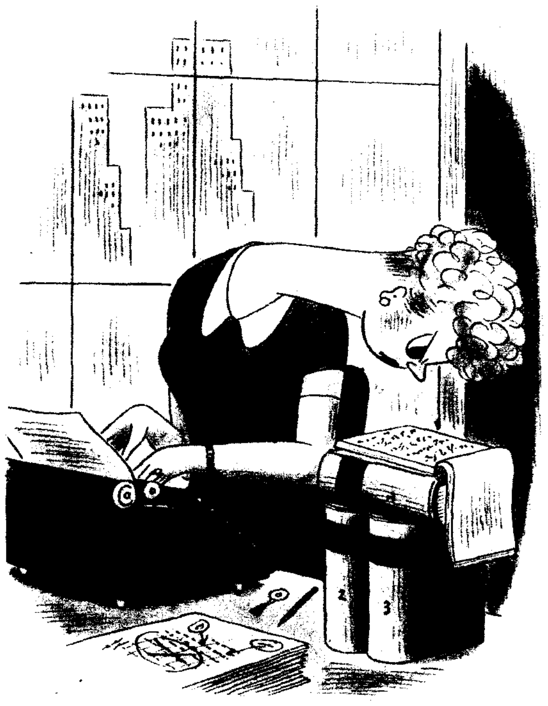
MENUS ARE MUDDLES TO MIRIAM



DIGITS DANCE FOR CHRIS



D-MINUS DIM-OUT FOR DORA



STELLA S-T-R-E-T-C-H-E-S TO SEE

LET'S SEE—Could one of these be you?...

No fooling. If your vision is poor, you too become an "arm-stretcher"—trying to read the hairline markings on a Micrometer . . . the jumble of words on a menu . . . or the numbers mirage in a phone book!!

Or a neck-craner—trying to unscramble the characters in a note book . . . A stare-y eyed student, perhaps, who can't concentrate on her studies and becomes classed as dull and backward.

Maybe you're on the receiving end of a car smash "call"—the one that popped out of nowhere and rammed *you*—remember? . . . Or maybe you're just a nerve-frazzled, sleepy guy to whom motion pictures are just muddle pictures. And one long, drawn-out headache.

Seriously, you *should* take care of your eyes. No second pairs are ever passed around. One pair has *got* to last you a lifetime and do a million and one important jobs for you . . . Jobs that bring you happiness, relaxation, efficiency and the bulk of your knowledge.

So care for those irreplaceable eyes as you would a precious jewel. Your good judgment should prompt you to see an Ophthalmologist or Optometrist at once, and regularly, for a check-up on your eyes and your seeing performance. His professional knowledge and judgment as well as the technical skill of an Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician) can do wonders in restoring and maintaining your vision at peak level . . .

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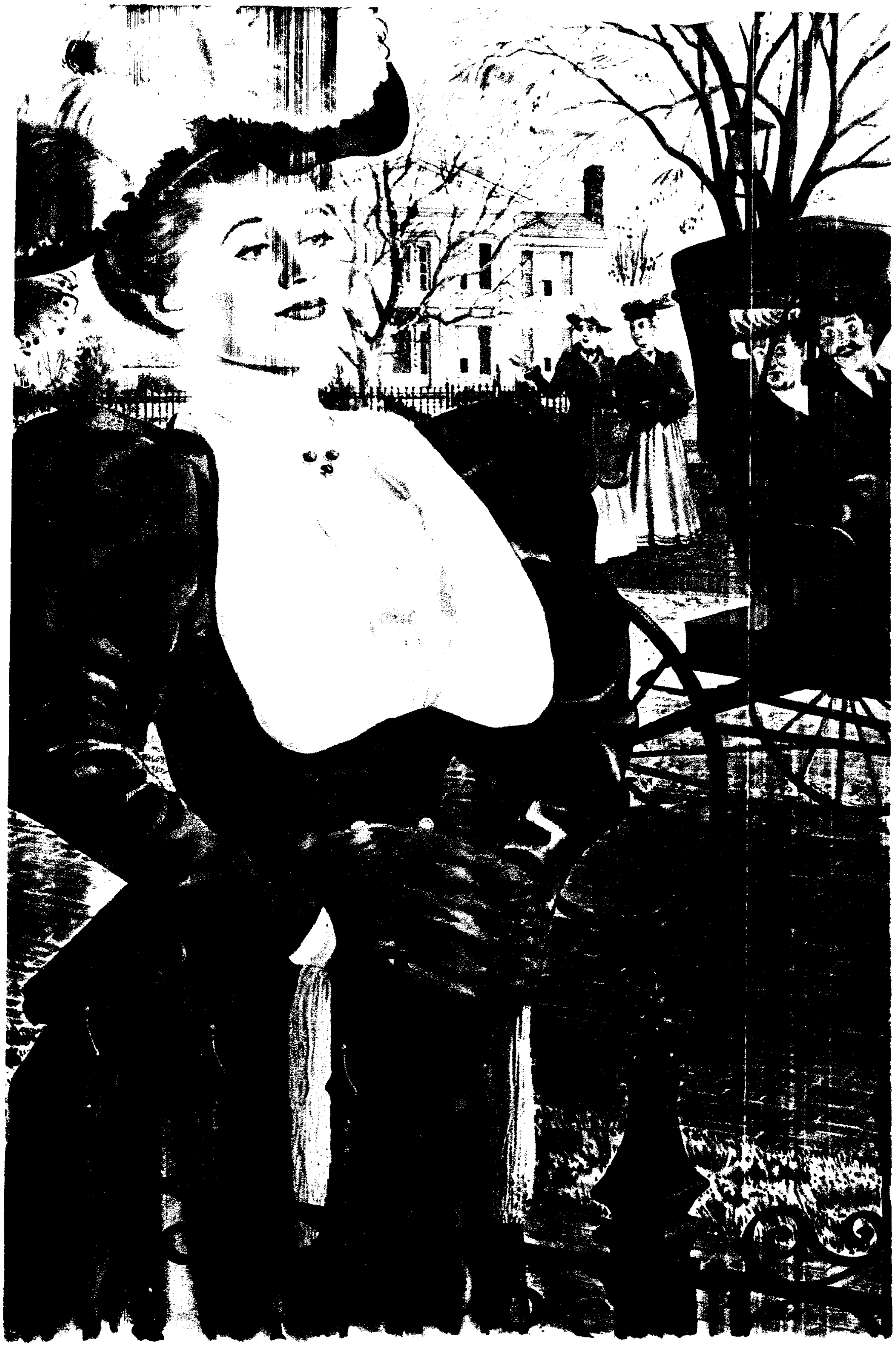


A Yankee, they said, but there was something about Mrs. Elliott that made people shake their heads

Gentleman's Town

BY FELIX NOLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL WEHR

In the sound of a man's laugh, in the shadow of a woman's eyes, Lucinda sensed strange things that her parents would not understand, and she could never explain to anyone

IT HAPPENED in the spring, when the fruit trees and flowers were in radiant bloom, and the very air you breathed as sweet as honey. In all the South, there was not a more charming little place than Greenbriar. No other people seemed as laughing and gay, my mother and father among them. But even before Mrs. Elliott came to town—before Mr. Earl Randolph meant more than just a man who sent us quail—I used to wake in the darkness, and listen. The days unfolded in a clear, languid pattern, but the nights hid some violence all their own. . . . And I remember the pear tree in our back yard, that spring, and Miss Irene Mason, who worked behind a counter, and was one of us, even so.

Miss Mason was a slim, quiet girl, and she had a way with children. Whenever my mother took me into Shapiro's, I managed to stop at her counter. "Hello, Miss Mason!"

"Hello, Lucinda," she said. Her small, white face was curiously blank, but the pupils of her eyes held a shadow in their depths, and when she spoke to me I had to edge closer. "Is there something today?" she would ask gravely. "I have some beautiful little tan kid gloves."

There are things out of that time which have never been quite clear, but I can still feel the leather-covered stool beneath my legs and the pressure of Miss Mason's fingers. They cradled my palm, seeming to cling, for a moment. Then, without a word, she turned and pulled a box from the shelf. The gloves were spread out, my mother nodded, and Miss Mason reached for my hands.

"Now," she said, and I braced my elbows while she worked the new gloves firmly down. "How do they feel?" she asked in a low, husky voice. "Are they all right, Lucinda?"

"Yes," I breathed. "Yes, ma'am."

She took my hand again, smoothing and pressing, and suddenly, it was there in her eyes—this thing that I heard and felt in the night, and I slid down and stood close to my mother. "What makes Miss Mason look so funny?" I asked later. "Why does she, Mamma?"

Mother shook her head absently. "Hold your parasol straight, Lucinda, the sun is very hot."

It was the last of summer then, and a pollenish glow lay over the town. Sprinklers flung bright, crystal drops on the lawns we passed; there was a smell of wet leaves and earth. From the screened porches, women in fresh cotton dresses waved to my mother, and I walked beside her in a lovely kind of dream. But at suppertime, when I showed the new gloves to Hannah and Pearl—when I spoke Miss Mason's name to them, they glanced at each other with meaning. . . . "I pities her, yet."

"It didn't live long, they say. The Lawd seen to that."

"Mist' Randolph sho is a case." Hannah twisted her snuff dipper. "Seem like he gets 'em all, sooner or later."

I watched their faces intently. "Who do you mean, Hannah?"

"Them country girls," Pearl giggled. "Say he meets *all* the trains. Time they see him, it's too late. He catch 'em green."

"Ain't nobody go' catch him, though. Mist' Randolph has greased feets."

My eyes slid over to the window. It was growing dark, and the pear and fig trees, now stripped of their fruit, were veiled in thickening shadows. They nodded mysteriously while the Negroes talked, and I looked down at the gloves in confusion.

"Hannah," I said, "next time you bake tea cakes, can I have some extra?"

She threw me a sharp, questioning glance. "What you want with extra tea cakes?"

"For Miss Mason," I said faintly.

"Now, don't you go tell your mamma nothing, Lucinda!"

"I'm not."

"Come out here, asking us lotta questions. Far as I knows, Mist' Randolph is a fine lawyer. He is quality, and some folks ain't, 'specially if they tattles!"

I didn't. Even if I had understood what they meant, my mother and father were out, that night, and by morning I had forgotten. . . .

THE days that followed seemed especially made for children. When school was out, we played lazy games and chewed sugar cane by the hour. Smoke from burning leaves hazed us in—the back yard was strung with winter clothes, and my father went hunting every week, and brought home a big bag of quail. "You can thank Earl Randolph for a good half of these," he said once or twice, and I remember only a vague quickening at the mention of the name.

Then, when my mother and I were on Broad Street one day, she spoke to a tall, handsome man. "Why, hello, there!" she cried gaily. "I haven't seen you in a coon's age!"

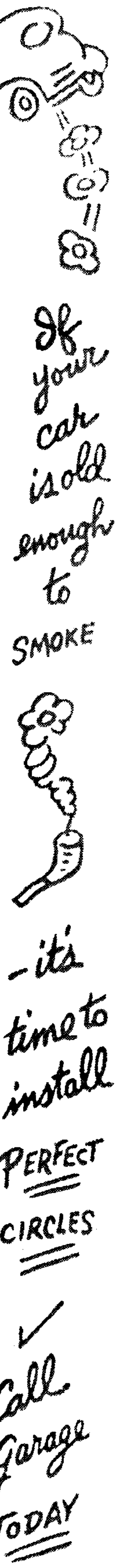
"Hunting season, Nell!" He laughed, and swept off his soft felt hat. He had skin like toasted almonds, and light, dancing blue eyes. And because I did not know who he was, at first, I felt proud when he took me by the hand. "What a charming young lady!" He smiled. "Don't tell me it's Lucinda?"

My mother nodded. "You remember Mr. Randolph, don't you, dear? *Mr. Earl Randolph?*"

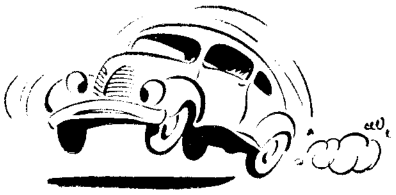
Something rang inside of me, like a warning bell. I stood there, looking up at him, and I could not say a word.

"Lucinda!" Mother prodded me. *(Continued on page 76)*

DOCTOR of MOTORS
DOCTOR OF MOTORS


If your car is old enough to SMOKE
- it's time to install PERFECT CIRCLES
✓ Call Garage TODAY

When your car has a



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England and the Boys

Continued from page 24

that I am one of the soldiers who is fighting to get home, and home is the only thing that I want out of the war. I know the war has changed me, but home just *must* be the same. That's my story. I wanted you to hear it and I wanted you to know that my war aim is home, and my peace aim is to stay there."

Just as I was leaving the hospital, I met a chaplain I knew and he invited me to stay the night with him. The day had been long and I was physically tired and emotionally tried. I gladly accepted his invitation. I went with him to his quarters in the hospital, but did not go to bed because the chaplain wanted to talk to someone and again I was grateful to be that "someone."

He had been assigned to this base hospital after two years service in the South Pacific. When first he landed in the Pacific he found an abandoned chapel nesting on a muddy hillside. In a few short months it was transformed into a church with rugs, drapes and statues, with Mary guardian in the sanctuary watching the whole night long.

The time came when the troops had to leave their little church, and the chaplain went with them into the field and jungle. Then for an altar they usually had a folding table, and for their church a grassy or muddy slope, but on that crude altar the Lord came down just the same to be cradled in the chaplain's trembling fingers to nourish and strengthen the souls of his men.

"Life in the Army has not changed me much," the padre said, "except in one very important detail: I think I'm a better priest than I was.

"One day you laugh and joke with a lad and the next you lay him to rest," the chaplain added, recalling the Sunday he saw a Jap air bomb make a direct hit on a jeep carrying three American soldiers. They never knew what hit them. He picked up parts of the men in a circle of three hundred yards from the spot, and the biggest fragments were two right hands and one left. Before he could bury these remains, he had to fingerprint them, six times each hand!

One soldier, unnerved by the sight of watching him, said, as he tagged the last hand, "Boy, you're hard," and when the chaplain looked up, and the boy saw tears running down his cheeks, he put his hand on the padre's shoulder and said, "I'm sorry, sir."

Strong in the Lord's Service

Burying our boys is one of the hardest, saddest tasks of the war, and often one of the most dangerous. The padre told me about Captain Fred Andrews of Galveston, Texas, a Protestant chaplain attached to an infantry battalion. Sympathetic, understanding, unfailing in his devotion, he was invaluable to officers, men and other chaplains. In war, the strong bolster the spiritually as well as the physically weak, and Chaplain Andrews was a constant comfort to all men whose souls were troubled. When he was awarded the Silver Star, each man of his outfit was prouder than he, who in his natural humility felt no pride except in his service to God and man. Often after midnight, tirelessly, he conducted burial services for his boys so that no one entrusted to his care was laid to rest without his ministrations.

Chaplains take great risks to serve their boys, but the boys also risk their lives to help one another. Last Christmas, in every theater of war, I know that hundreds of Catholic soldiers were enabled to attend Midnight Mass because hundreds of their non-Catholic comrades "did the turn" for them in combat! Our boys are brave, courageous and lavishly generous, and I told the chaplain that just the other day I learned from a Frenchman that an American unit, comprised of boys of every religious faith, had presented him with five thousand dollars to help repair a Catholic church that their own bombs had damaged!

The black mist-heavy night was well on toward morning when the chaplain and I fell asleep.

The next morning was the fifth anniversary of the violation of Poland, and I attended Mass for Poland's martyred dead. Archbishop Griffin of Westminster presided at the Mass in the Brompton Oratory, the church that Cardinal Newman founded through the generosity of the Duke of Norfolk and which the cardinal made the center of Catholicism in London years before Westminster Cathedral was built. Out of love and sorrow for Poland, thousands attended the ceremony, pledging their abiding faith in her resurrection.

President Raczkiewicz, tall and somber, occupied a place in the sanctuary. After the services I went with him to luncheon at the Polish Embassy. Heartrending as it is for me to condole with the father of a family bereft of his children, it was even sadder to commiserate with the head of a nation grieved by the desecration of his country and the slaughter of her sons. The question "What about Poland?" is as often asked as "When will the war end?" and the answer is as puzzling. Those who think they are burying Poland are but planting the seeds of another war! What happens to Poland will be a prophecy and a pattern of what will happen to other valiant but small and helpless nations, and the fate of Poland is the barometer which will prove whether or not in our time the principles of the Atlantic Charter are to take root and bear fruit.

Father of Fighting Men

That evening, Brendan Bracken, British Minister of Information, called for me and took me to supper at the Kemsleys'. Lord Kemsley is the publisher of a chain of newspapers. He has six sons in the military service, one of whom has been lost in action. Another boy home on furlough and Lady Kemsley were the only others at table.

I was especially pleased to be the guest of the Kemsleys because they told me about General Sir Frederick Pile, the man on whom lay the responsibility of winning the latest Battle of Britain, the battle against the buzz bombs. Londoners were breathing more freely as the robot scourge was diminishing, but the scars from the scourge will long remain on the country and its people. General Pile commands all the aircraft defense of Britain and it was he who built up the science of air-war defense to an almost invulnerable position. Men whom he trained and methods which he adopted have been responsible for the defensive measures used in Malta and throughout all the war areas. Brendan Bracken arranged for me to spend the entire next day with "General Tim," as he is called.

In midmorning of a squally day, I met the general, a short, stocky, bronze-faced little dynamo of a man of sixty autumns. Like many of England's great generals, he was born in Ireland.

We drove through the interminable stretches of south London drab with war and gored by bombings, in livid and startling contrast to the lovely and historic country along the southern flank of the Thames Valley. The road led through quiet villages and past century-old homesteads, through woods of beech trees and open country speckled with silvery barrage balloons, off duty, sheltered in hollows from the boisterous wind. We saw the great House of Knole, once the home of Tudor kings, and continued to Canterbury down the southern escarpment along the Pilgrim's Way. Driving along amid the chalk hills, through the orchards and hop gardens of the Kentish Weald, we reached the coast somewhere between Hastings and Rye.

The general explained each type of instrument in great detail. I saw the men in action and the guns in operation, and to give me an idea of the effectiveness of air defense against the buzz bombs, he told me that just two days before, 106 bombs had been aimed at London but only four succeeded in getting through the barrage. I could not understand how it was possible for even one to get through the wall of gunfire forty thousand feet high, but before this defense was

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For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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perfected, incalculable damage had been caused in this first battle in history against pilotless planes.

In the ten-week-long battle, over nine thousand flying bombs were launched, and those that did get through destroyed or damaged a million houses and killed approximately nine thousand people. But the battle against the V-1 robot bombs was ending, for in addition to the practically impassable antiaircraft defense provided by the shore batteries, there were airplanes constantly patrolling the Channel. These planes were charged with the double duty of informing those who man the gun positions that robots have been launched, and of shooting them down, if possible, over the Channel before they reached the coast.

On clear days the robots can be spotted at great distances, and once located either by radar, airplane or ground watch, everything else—elevation, speed, direction—are automatically computed, the approximate future position of the robot is calculated, and the fuse of the shell timed, so that definitely, accurately and inevitably, shell and plane meet, and every one comes down, the general said.

In addition to observing the operation of the radar equipment, I saw an impressive rocket barrage. The fuses of the rockets are adjusted so that the rockets burst in a complete cube of explosions. Some of the rockets carry strands of metal, and the plane is either struck or entangled. Finally, there is one more wall of defense; a balloon barrage which, while used principally for psychological reasons to stop bombers piloted by humans, is also occasionally effective in intercepting the robots. General Pile said they justify their use even if they stop only one bomb.

The range of V-1 robot planes is about one hundred and fifty miles, and at a distance of one hundred miles they may be launched with sufficient accuracy to fall within an area of approximately a four-by-five-mile quadrangle. Monitor gyrocompasses hold the robots straight against cross winds and make compensation for drift, but head winds impede their accuracy.

General Pile generously praised and credited American scientists, engineers, manufacturers and laboring men for developing and producing radar equipment, the instrument of victory. He made no secret of the fact that if Germany had been able to use these flying bombs some months earlier, it would have made a vast difference in the progress of the war. A scourge of these bombs during the pre-invasion months could have mercilessly increased the loss of life and property and incalculably interfered with the war effort.

Instrument of Annihilation

I saw dozens of places they had struck. Whole blocks had been obliterated, and houses in the immediate area where they landed had been completely destroyed. Other houses in the vicinity had been denuded of shingles and clapboards and left standing like skeletons. Death-dealing concussion swept over large areas, and on the bodies of some of the victims not even bruises were found. The explosive force of the bombs is horizontal. They make either no craters at all or shallow ones. One bomb fell in a field of cabbages. There was no crater and there were no cabbages—for every head had completely disappeared.

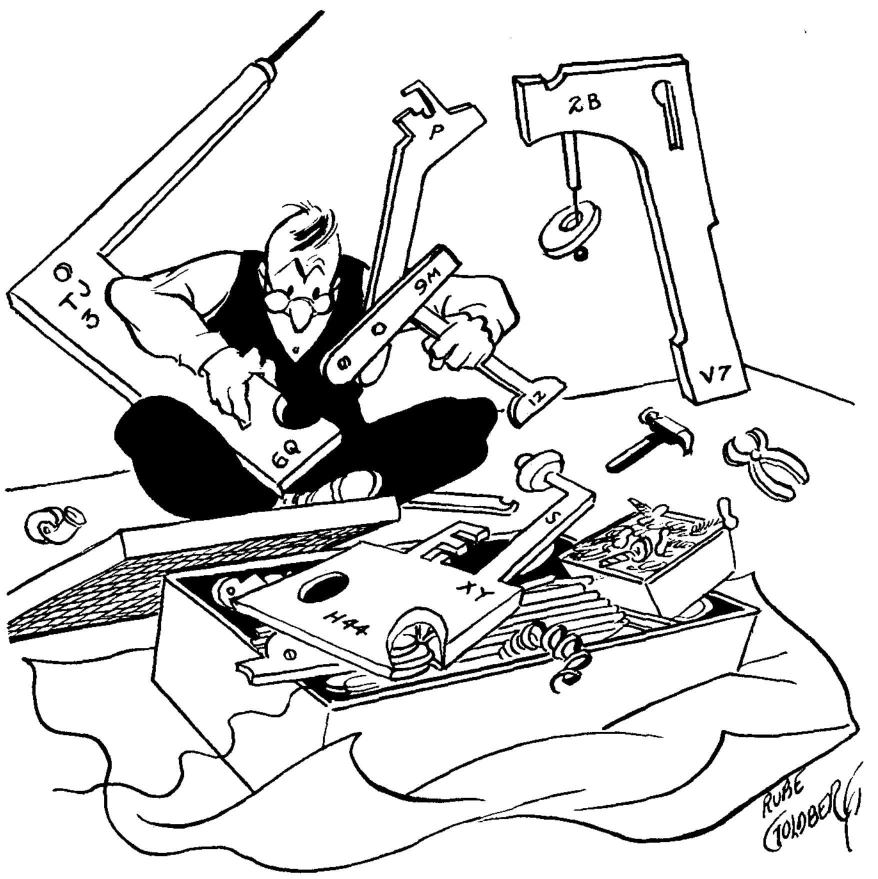
General Pile told me that a bomb exploded in a cow pasture in Hatfield, and when the cows that survived were milked, the milk was sour!

When I thanked the general for an unforgettable day, he answered, "Truly unforgettable, for if we do not gain a lasting peace, you have witnessed the first battle of the next war."

The next day Anthony Eden gave me the welcome news that for the first time in five years the blackout would be lifted and the lights would go on in London. I had called on Mr. Eden in the Foreign Office where Lord Grey on the eve of the outbreak of the first World War said, "The lights are going out all over Europe and they will not be rekindled in our time." Sadly, Lord Grey was right, but that day with Mr. Eden, it looked as if the lights turned on in London would be the pilot light of proximate Allied victory.

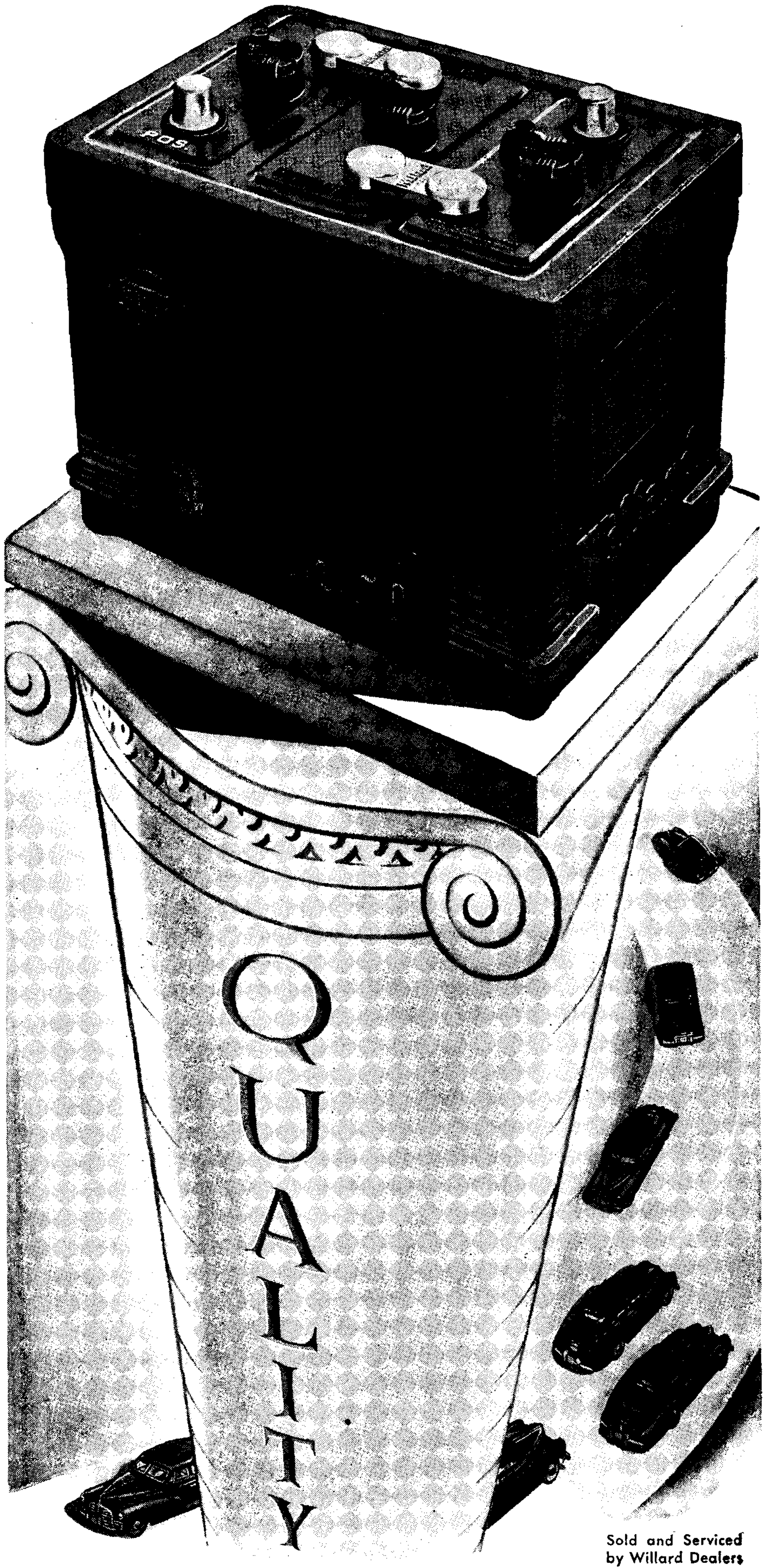
Impetus was given to my optimism when I visited General Doolittle at his headquarters and was witness to the evidence of the overwhelming power and effectiveness of our Air Forces. It was good to be with General Doolittle again. He seems never to be able to do enough for a person, and though he is a lieutenant general, one instinctively calls him "Jimmy," and he likes it. A little heavier

THE SQUAWK CLUB . . . . . . By Rube Goldberg



"What gripes me is the gadget that's delivered knocked down with no diagram or instructions for assembling it."—Harold Bruder, Bronx, N. Y.

COLLIER'S



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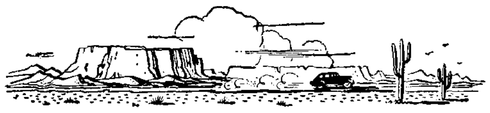

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than when last I saw him in Tunisia, he was still brimful of energy and the source of the spirit that animates his Air Force. He gets full devotion and full service from his staff and they not only work with him at headquarters—but also live with him.

General Doolittle knows everything about aviation from the ground up to the sky. He is an engineer, a scientist and an administrator as well as a great aviator and, apparently, the master as well as jack of all trades.

I visited many units of the Eighth and Ninth Air Forces, talked with many of the men, and as they showed me scoreboards of their missions and explained their successes, I saw reflected in them the same optimism that all England was feeling. For some of these airmen, I celebrated Mass in the renovated stable of an old manor near Kingscliffe, and there some mail caught up with me. One letter was from a mother whose son had been killed at the Anzio beachhead.

A True Soldier's Mother

"I am not proud of the fact that my son had to give up his very young life for greed and avarice," she wrote, "but I *am* proud that he was a good soldier. If this was his mission in life, I know he did it well. Day by day I grow more grateful thinking God must have loved Louis very much to have lifted him out of the horror and cruelty of war. It is my greatest consolation.

"Another consoling thought is that he died in Italy. If it was in one of those small old Italian towns with the cobbled streets, where the donkey carts go up and down led by a singing peasant, where the skies are bluer than anywhere else in the world, then he is right back where his roots came from. The sod may be blood-soaked now, but one day God will make it verdant and fruitful again. If he gave up his life to help my father's beloved Italy, perhaps this is as it should be. How strangely He weaves the patterns of our lives!

"Now I know why Louis wrote: 'As I get close to things, I don't think I'll make the boat home. . . .' "

From Kingscliffe, I drove out to a station hospital and spent the afternoon visiting with the patients and doctors. Some of the wounded in the hospitals are eager to talk and thus ease their physical and mental fears and calm their spiritual conflicts. Others live within themselves, unwilling and unable to be freed from the smothering silence of war's memories that imprison them. With pity I looked into the hungered eyes of those who could not talk, as inwardly they seemed to drink the tears they could not shed. Some of these were men who carried in their hearts the fear, and often the terrible knowledge, of the infidelity of their wives, and a most fantastic and pathetic story was told me by a wounded lieutenant.

During a battle in Italy, one of his men was struck down and plaintively called to him. Though he should not have left the command of his men at the time, something seemed to draw him to the dying man who exacted from him a promise.

The Reward of Infidelity

With the bleeding stump of his right arm the soldier pointed a few feet away to the hand that had been shot off, and said, "Send my hand home to my wife!"

The officer protested, but the soldier said, "You promised," and died.

After the battle, another soldier in the outfit told the officer that his buddy was neither crazy nor delirious, and that he really wished that his wife might have the hand that he had given her in marriage, because she had been unfaithful to him. That woman will never know the bitter torments she caused this boy who gave his devotion and his life *to her and to his country!*

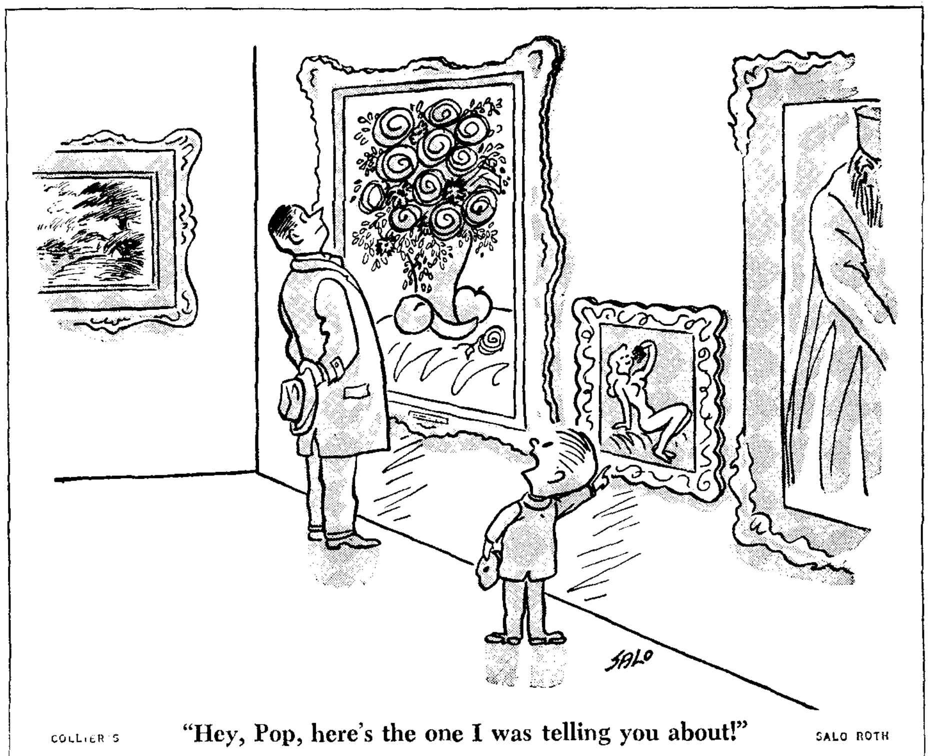
I watched the doctors and enlisted personnel of the hospital tend the sick with gentleness and understanding that could only be born of faith in God and love of their fellow men. The medics do not fight with arms, but fight they do in every theater of war, to save and soothe their men.

To the hearts, heads and hands of our doctors is entrusted God's most precious and most wasted gift—human life. Thrust into theaters of war where mass destruction of human bodies, mass snarlings and derangements of human minds are wrought with a magnitude and ruthlessness never before known, the doctor's role and his relation to mankind remain the same: to construct and reconstruct human minds and human bodies.

Medicine is one permanent pillar of peace. The vocation of a doctor prohibits him from erecting racial barriers. The doctor knows only one race—the human race—and his profession meets the challenge of ideal international brotherhood, for the services of a physician, like those of the missionary, are for all men in all places at all times. Doctors make a contract with humanity, forming a true democracy in the treatment of human ills without distinction of color, race or creed.

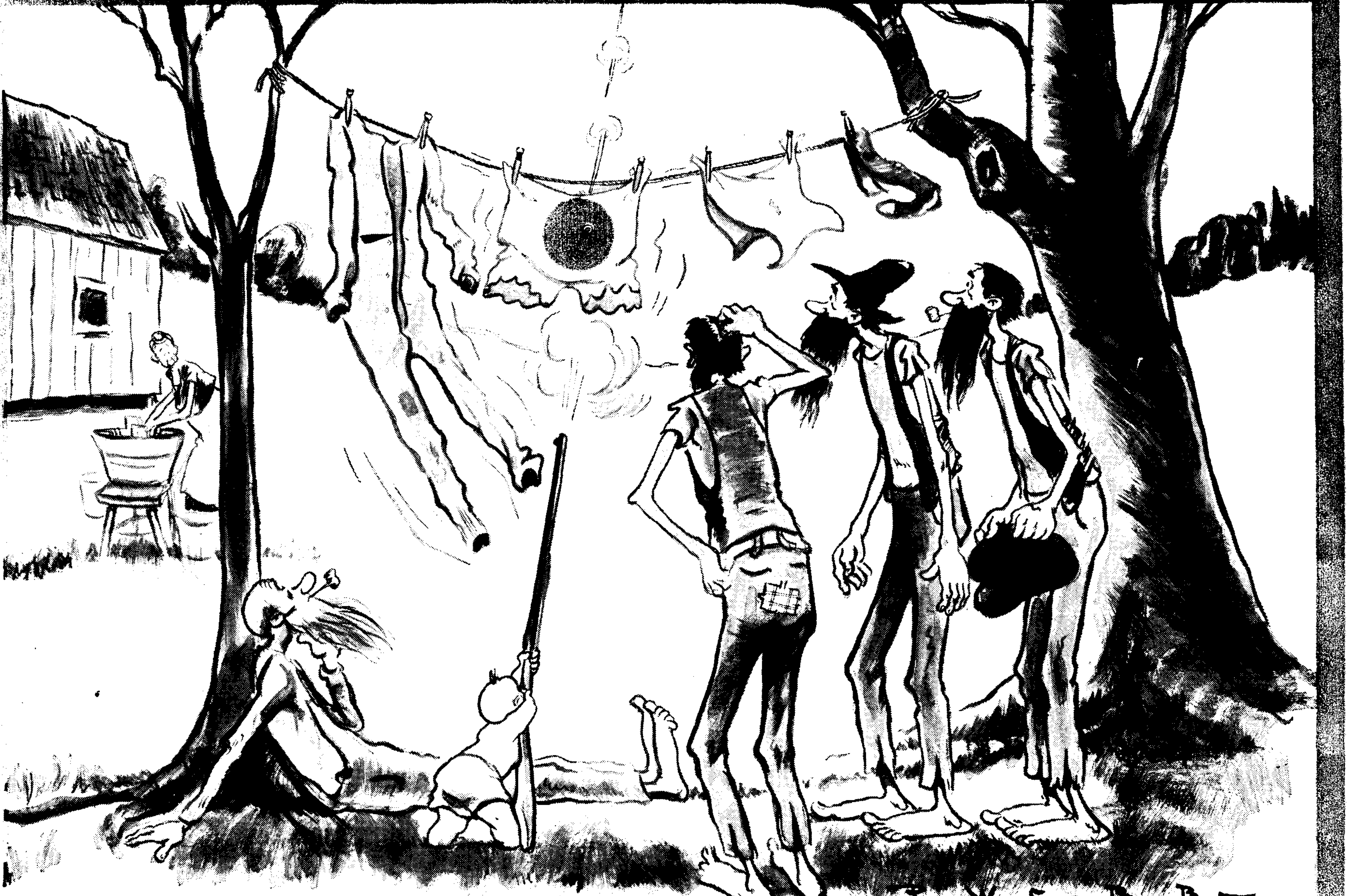
There may be world-wide confusion about the meaning of democracy, for the word seems to be a deuce-wild in the dictionary and, like penicillin, considered a specific that can cure all political diseases. But to our men fighting this war, there is no better definition of democracy, whether for nations or individuals, than the Golden Rule; and while some may call it "trite wishful thinking" or "utopianism," I know that faith, hope and charity provide the only soil fertile for freedom, the only air in which democracy can breathe, the only axis on which the world can turn in peace.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Hey, Pop, here's the one I was telling you about!" SALO ROTH

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



"Ain't thet the Jap flag Cousin Gulp tuk off'n a Rear Admiral?"

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For accurate *trouble-shooting* in helping spot faulty spark plugs . . . ask for an Auto-Lite "Plug-Chek." The famous "Plug-Chek" way of inspecting spark plugs shows what should be done to restore top spark plug efficiency, add as much as 12% to gas mileage, according to tests which were conducted by the American Automobile Association.

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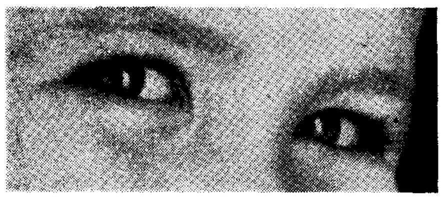

CAUTION... eyes at work

Have a care for young eyes, parents! Nature intended eyes for *daylight* seeing—very different from the reading and other close work they do *indoors.* Be sure they have the best possible lighting—free from glare and shadows, well diffused and *plentiful.* Today Westinghouse bulbs are only 10¢ for sizes up to 60 watts . . . only 15¢ for the big 100 watt size! So why not fill every socket in the home with bright, long-lasting bulbs? For better See-ability, better buy Westinghouse bulbs. Write for the *modern* lighting booklet, "The Lighter Side of Life." *Free* from Dept. R-2, Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Company, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

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Tomorrow, *light* won't be the only thing brought you by Westinghouse Lamps. You'll take a new "R. S." sunlamp—and acquire a healthy tan! When muscles ache, you'll direct radiant heat from a new Heat Lamp—and the snap of a switch will almost instantly bring soothing heat!

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WESTINGHOUSE PRESENTS *John Charles Thomas, Sunday, 2:30, EWT, N. B. C.*

Jobs Out of the Air

Continued from page 26

capabilities, and the ex-serviceman will do an above-average job."

A recent survey by the War Manpower Commission goes even further; 46% of the surveyed workers had a better than average attendance record; 66% were rarely late to work; 22% were above average in quality of work turned out, and 18% were above average in quantity of work turned out.

"I'm a little embarrassed about my disability because, in plain words, I'm a nervous wreck," Lieutenant George told the mike in July, 1944. "We're limping in from our twenty-third mission over Germany when we're forced down fast on an emergency field. Number Two engine's on fire. I jump out to extinguish the blaze and back into a propeller. After twenty-three missions, a couple of crack-ups, several forced landings, and six decorations, I have to get mine on the ground!"

"Outdoor work," the doctor said. "If he could only work around a summer camp, it would be just the thing he needs—and would enjoy." But how can one contact all the possible summer camps that might need a handy man?

Jobs for G.I. Joe provided the answer, and George now has a year-round job as counselor for a boys' camp in Wisconsin. You can imagine that George and his stories are as much a tonic for the youngsters at camp as the youngsters are for George's rapidly settling nerves.

Paul Harvey, who writes the Jobs for G.I. Joe program, interviews the three veterans each week, and otherwise acts as narrator for the series, is himself a veteran of World War II. He talks the language of the discharged man, and handles with sympathy the more delicate issues that are bound to rise in such conferences. His intimate knowledge of many of the places and battles being discussed enables the audience to enjoy a full measure of drama with each of the overseas interviews.

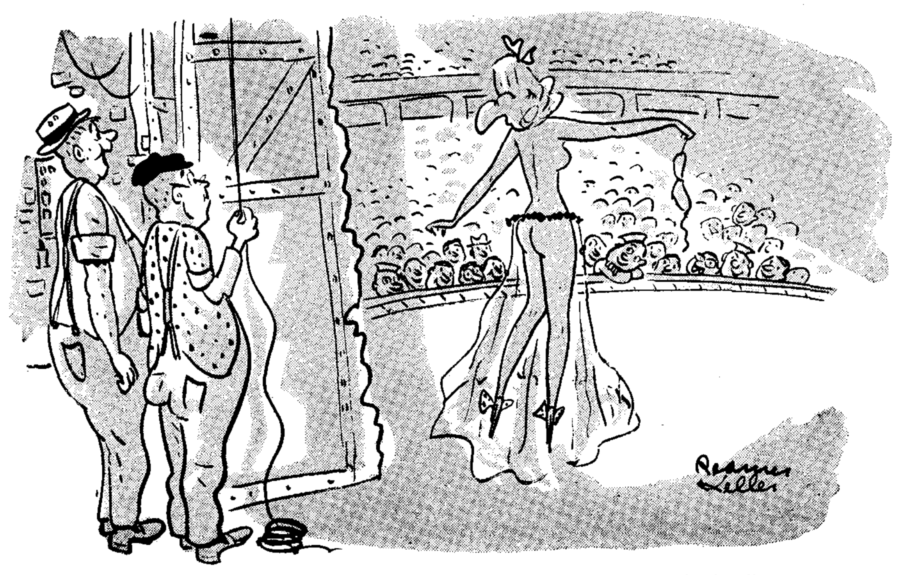
But the program is not confined to overseas veterans. For many of the outstanding tales of service to be aired on the program are of men who served long years in headquarters and shore detail. Their service record is presented as sympathetically and dramatically as if their duty had carried them to strange jungles and distant lands.

Contributing also to the success of the series has been the co-operation of the Veterans Administration, Selective Service and the various veterans' organizations, as well as the War Manpower Commission.

Paul C. Wolman, past commander of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, speaking on the program recently, gave it his whole-hearted endorsement. Dean William H. Spencer, WMC director of Region VI, says, "It is this co-operation and the public understanding of our effort that are the most encouraging signs for a systematic demobilization."

But Lieutenant Tom from the Quartermaster Corps, who is now district supervisor for a major oil company by virtue of his appearance on the program, put it this way: "I guess everybody listening to Jobs for G.I. Joe figures we represent a boy friend or husband or son who is still in the scrap, and that by giving us early veterans such wonderful support, they'll be outlining a pattern of long-range employment that'll serve their own G.I. Joe when he comes marching home."

THE END



"She's very thorough. She even takes off her eyelashes"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

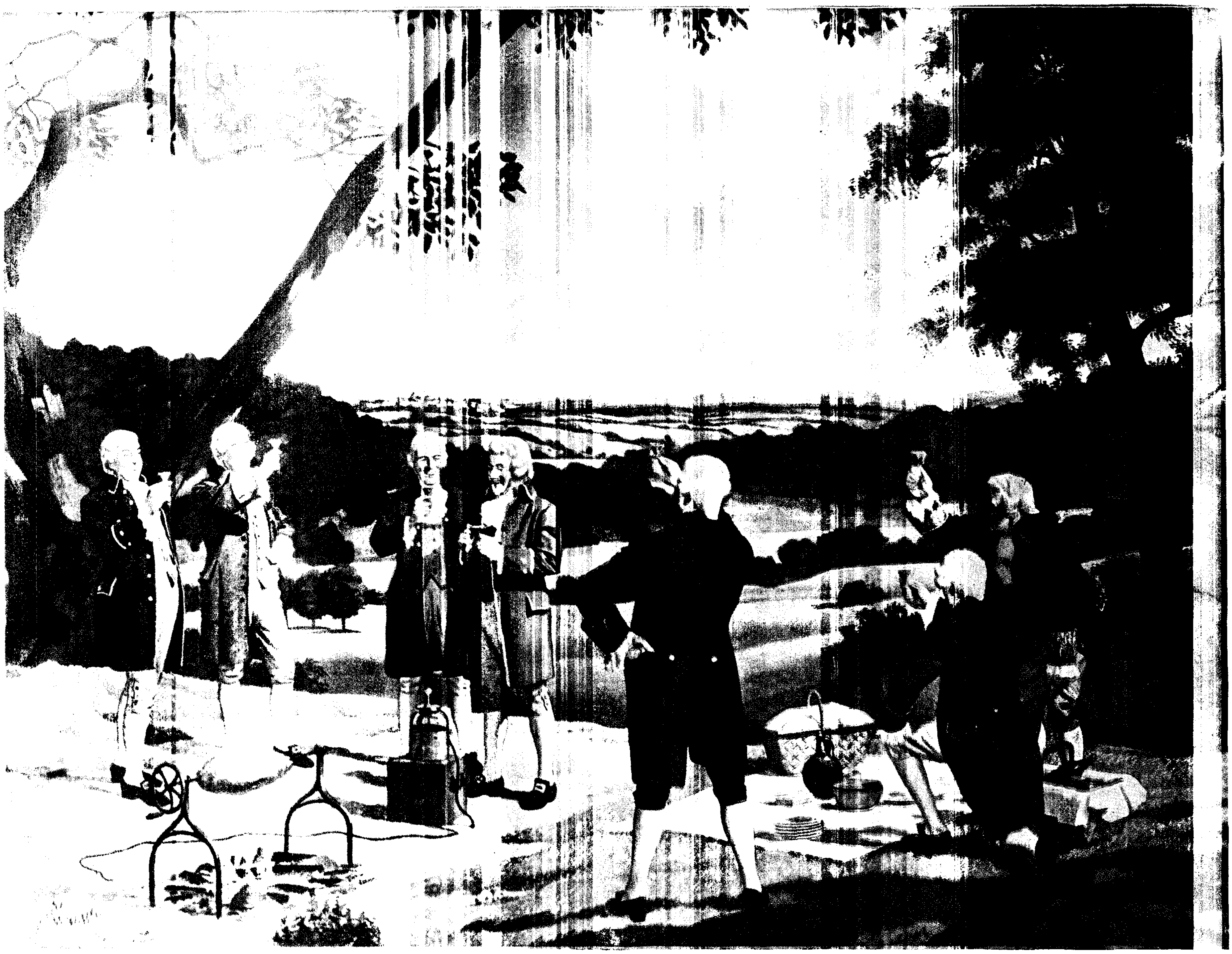
Any Week

Continued from page 4

informant hadn't been long out of a civilian establishment. "The laundry is delivered upstairs," he said, adding quickly, "I mean, it's issued two decks above." "Okay, bud," we said, moved by his obvious embarrassment. "Upstairs it is."

FROM York, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Charlotte M. Something (the last name being rather obscure) presents a squawk that's too complicated even for our Mr. Rube Goldberg. We give it to you without embellishment: "I went up to the candy counter of a department store the other day (Mrs. Something writes), and asked for two pounds of chocolate candy. I wanted one pound for my husband, home on liberty, and the other for a lady who was having me to dinner. The salesgirl seemed very sad, then fixed me with a look and said, 'No, indeedy; only one pound to a customer.' With that, she began to fill the box and pretty soon she put in a gumdrop. I told her please not to put in gumdrops; that all of my family got violent when they even saw gumdrops. 'I have to give you what we have,' she said, slipping in more gumdrops with the chocolates. When she got the pound weighed, I asked her please to take out the gumdrops; that I would pay for them but would only waste them otherwise. 'Lots of people in the world would like to have gumdrops,' she said. 'Who?' I asked. 'If you'll tell me who would like them, I'll gladly contribute *and* deliver them.' 'The boys in the foxholes!' she snapped, following this up with a lecture about foxholes and men dying. Now, then, do you think she perhaps has some real solution as to how to win the war? Do you think the generals and admirals are all wrong and that we women of America can win the war by eating gumdrops? If you'll let me know, I promise I shall eat my quota."

THERE'S little hope for the younger generation, as usual. A lady we know just called to tell us about two girls of teen age she sat behind on a bus the other day. Said one: "I've got to go to Milwaukee next week. Let me see. Chicago is in Illinois, and then there's Indiana. I guess Milwaukee is in Michigan. But then, I went to a progressive school and never had to study geography." . . . G. W.



Benjamin Franklin's "Electrical Picnic" in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 1749*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky

is to be roasted by the electrical jack,
before a fire, kindled by the electrical bottle . . ."
Letter from Franklin to a scientific friend, 29 April 1749

Coupled with an active interest in the arts and sciences the good citizens of Colonial Philadelphia entertained a hearty respect for the pleasures of the table. Natural, then, is Philadelphia's reputation for good living . . . a heritage nobly sustained today by Philadelphia Blend. Whisky of such exceptional character and flavor might justly be reserved for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia Blend . . . regularly and often.

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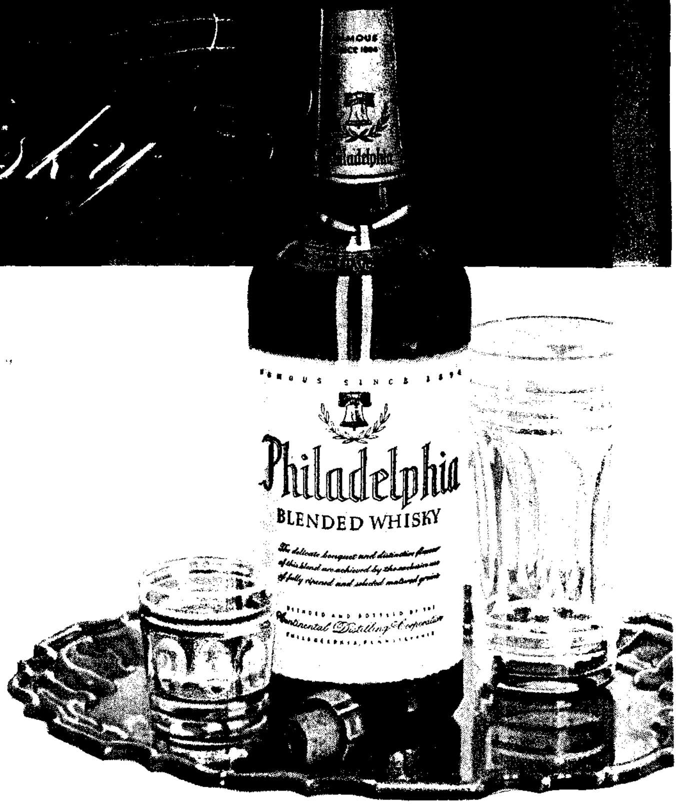

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get into 'em... and go!

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THE CLOTHES TO COME HOME TO...THE CLOTHES TO GET INTO

The Farmers They Fly High

Continued from page 21

are from Fort Reno. Their only son, Stuart, 22, will be graduated this spring from Annapolis where his entrance was competitive. He spent most of his time on his leave last summer at the stick of the family plane, because he said he had a long time ahead of him on the ocean. He has a sister, Carol Jean, 17, who, with Mrs. Chambers, also flies.

L. S. bought one of the government's auctioned planes last year. These ships have to be overhauled, and it's pretty expensive, so, being thrifty people, the Chamberses decided to do the job themselves.

They hauled the plane home to their barn. Then they called up a mechanic friend of theirs in town. He looked the job over and agreed with Chambers that they could do it themselves with some advice. So they wrote in to Washington to the Civil Aeronautics Administration and got a set of instructions. Then between chores they went to work.

They put in false ribs. They tore off old fabric and patched in new. They took the motor in to the mechanic's shop and had him do a complete overhaul and a motor magneflux.

Last month, Chambers flew to Florida with a friend who was needed to pace the corridor while his baby arrived. From Florida, he wired Mrs. Chambers that, if it was all right with her, he had a chance to trade in their tandem job for a three-seater. You can't take the swapping instinct out of an Oklahoma farmer even if he is a pilot, too. Mrs. Chambers said go ahead. They wanted to be able to take Carol Jean with them, anyhow.

Cecil W. Neville is another Flying Farmer. He lives down by Chickasha where he has a 700-acre farm and raises feed crops. Then over in Beckham and Harmon counties, he has a 7,000-acre ranch. That's about 125 miles between the two.

The Nevilles built a pretty modern hangar across from the farmhouse out from Chickasha. The hangar is in the alfalfa field, which makes a smooth runway, and the rich green legumes furnish an almost all-weather mat for take-off and landing.

Neville is another who flies over his ranch after heavy rains, looking for distressed cattle; rides his range fences in an airplane; and checks his soil erosion. From the air, soil erosion looks as if a hungry giant had taken great bites out of the earth. Even teeth marks seem to show. Terracing takes on new contours. Neville agrees with his farmer friend, Doctor G. B. Sanders, president of the Southwestern Technological Institute at Weatherford, Oklahoma, that he'll never buy any more land anywhere until he has flown all over it.

Neville checks his ranch, flies home, and calls his foreman who sends out range riders on horseback to the spots Neville has marked as needing help. In the old days, range riders couldn't make it over a 7,000-acre ranch in time to save the cattle or close the fences.

Clyde Keller of Thomas, in Custer County, is known all over the Southwest as "the Sweet Potato King." He's used his airplane in his farming business for four years. During 1944, he bedded out 6,000 bushels of seed sweet potatoes and is considered one of the largest independent sweet-potato growers in the United States.

He flies to market; makes contracting trips to selling centers; watches his soil erosion; has a registered airport, "Kel-Air-Port," on his farm. He grossed more than $100,000 last year.

Airplanes versus Coyotes

Mr. and Mrs. Forrest Watson, fourteen miles away, however, are plain dirt farmers who live in a not more than average farmhouse; have been flying since 1941; park their flivver-plane in the old barn, which proudly flies a new sock; and act as official "spotters" for community coyote hunts.

There are two methods of hunting coyotes from a plane. Watson's is to work with ten or more cars containing a driver and a gunner each. The ground men surround a designated section of land. The Watsons in the plane spot the coyotes and indicate their location and direction by circling and wing signals.

And then there's Henry Bomhoff, who has too long been overlooked in the nation's search for another Will Rogers. His is the second coyote-hunting system. Slight and seedy, with a Southwestern drawl, flavored by a slight trace of his Germanic ancestry, Henry's story of how he built his first mail-order plane, five years ago, is historic.

Henry is president of the charter group of Flying Farmers. His wife is a slight, wiry little woman, who has found no monotony in her quarter of a century of marriage to Henry.

Henry says, "I says to myself, 'Henry, what you need is an airplane.' So I sent in and got a bunch of stuff and made one. It took me two or three months. I had to write in once or twice for some extra instructions."

Henry pauses and shifts his weight. He likes to tell the story, because it tickles him. His faded blue eyes light up, and his hat slips back on his tousled yellow hair, well grayed. Even the memory of that first plane, which he promptly dubbed "the Puddle Jumper," is a delight to Henry.

"Finally one afternoon I looked my junk all over and found out that I'd used up all the parts. I walked all around the thing and it looked like an airplane. I'd fiddled with the motor once or twice, easylike, to see if it was going to work. 'Well,' I says, 'I'll just get in and taxi around the pasture.'

"I did. First I taxied real slow, but pretty soon, by golly, I got going faster and faster, and the next thing I know, there I am in the air. Well, I'm in a bad fix. Here I am flying and I don't know how to fly. The doggone thing works. But how do I get her down?"

Henry wasn't very high up. In fact, he just barely skimmed the top of the fence between his pasture and his brother's wheat field. Of course, Henry had one advantage over most of the fliers who solo their first time in the cockpit. He had put the thing together and knew what the mail-order catalogue said all the gadgets were for.

Pretty scared, he tried a few, and with the luck of babes and innocents, she sat down in the wheat field.

"Well," Henry grins ruefully, rubbing his chin, "there I was. But how do I get her home again? I get out and walk all around her. She was holding together, all right. 'Henry,' I says, 'if you got her up once, you ought to be able to do it again. And you better get home pretty soon or the old woman will be mad. Besides, you got to do the chores.' "

So he pulled some more buttons, repeated the same process and took off again.

Then he found himself faced with another problem. The longer he flew, the farther he got away from home, and every time he tried to bank for a turn, he got scared that the thing was going to turn over. But after a while, slipping her around so gradually that he must have made a twenty-mile circle, he got headed for home, lined up with the field, and made a good landing.

He admits that he pinched himself when he got out, to see if it was true. It was, so he climbed in again and this time made a quicker circle back home.

How to Fly in One Lesson

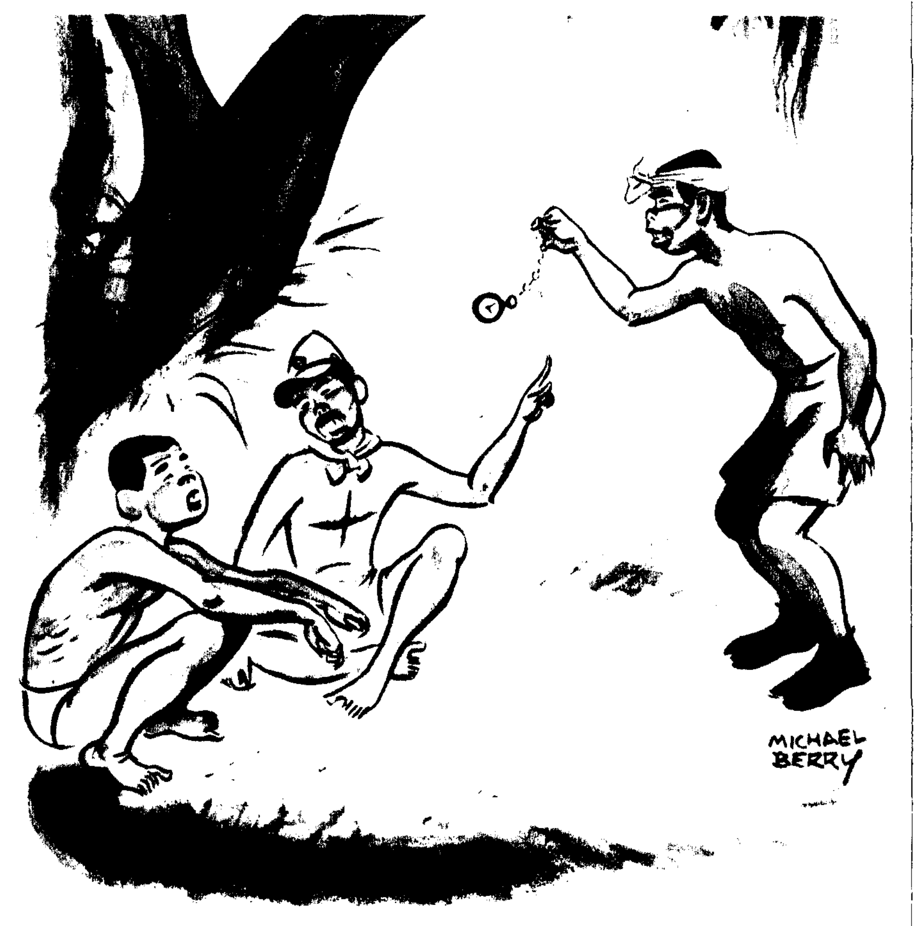
"Second time I come in, the old woman was there. 'You old fool,' she says. 'Why didn't you break your neck?' But so long as I don't break my neck, I am doing pretty well, so I give the old Model-A engine some water and spend the rest of the afternoon until chore time practicing take-offs and landings. By chore time, I can turn around one way, but just one. Next day I flew some more, and pretty soon I could get around pretty good."

After a while, Henry had been flying long enough so that the neighbors took him for granted. About that time a widow woman down the road a piece was losing her turkeys to the coyotes.

Henry tried, like a good neighbor, to shoot the pests, but to a man of Henry's ingenuity, the old method of a man with a gun was too slow. So he called in a friend from town who hunted on his place and invited him to go with him in the plane. They bagged enough that day, with Henry at the controls, to make it real sport.

But finally the day came when the friend couldn't go. So Henry, who by that time had a permit to fly his plane under 500 feet for purposes of exterminating coyotes, got out his own shotgun, took off from the pasture, and went coyote hunting on his own.

TOKYO TALKING by **MICHAEL BERRY**



"Kobayashi is justly proud of trophy he captured from American long time ago in New York subway"

COLLIER'S

Now the government estimates that a coyote will do $500 damage to food and animals in its lifetime. Beaver County Agent Walter Schnelle says that one small group of farmers over around the Mocane area lost 92 calves, 8 sheep and 500 turkeys and chickens in one season, killed by coyotes.

If that is so, Henry, who has used his plane to kill over 600 coyotes from the air, and who has individually accounted for 132 this last year, saved his farmer friends over $350,000.

Hunting by himself, Henry flies between fifteen and twenty-five feet off the ground, looking for his game. When he sights his quarry, he trims his ship, pokes his shotgun out over the edge of the cockpit, draws his bead and fires. Then he takes over the controls again. Of course, Henry is the only Flying Farmer who follows this method. The others use Forrest Watson's plan.

Three Grant County farmers, Kenneth Johnson of Medford, and John T. Krittenbrink and Ralph Beggs of Jefferson, chipped in together and bought their plane. Krittenbrink had got in more than 100 flying hours in the Army before he received a medical discharge. He's back home farming. He talked the other two into the plane purchase. Now, although they are friends and get along all right, they are looking forward to the day when each will have his own plane.

Kiowa County farmers are particularly air-conscious. Last August, fifteen farmer-pilots and passengers flew in, in eight planes, to Stillwater for the closing session of the Oklahoma Home Demonstration Council. Herb Graham, extension editor for the Oklahoma Agricultural and Mechanical College there, has been an enthusiastic backer of the Flying Farmers. B. D. Eddie, who made a fortune in feeds, and is chairman of the board of regents of A. and M., is another who has backed the movement. Ferdie Deering, editor of the Farmer Stockman, is still another who has helped spread the gospel of the agricultural use of the airplane.

"Dutch" Leonard, who owns two farms, one at Carnegie and the other at Hobart, flew Tim Morris, Kiowa County farm agent, in his plane to the meeting. Leonard has a landing strip in the pastures of each of his farms. He says it helps him get more work done sooner. He's just waiting for the war to be over to buy a five-passenger plane, so he can carry his whole family. Tom McCurdy's family is looking forward to the time when they can have a family-size plane, too.

"I think we have bought our last automobile," says Mrs. McCurdy, who is young and pretty. "Our plane is handier than the car."

Air-Coverage of the County

Now, with planes, the wives gad about the sky to visit neighbors forty or fifty miles away for an afternoon of bridge. Jim Rosson is the only county farm agent who owns his own plane. He is from Claremore, home of Will Rogers and county seat of Rogers County. He has pioneered the use of the airplane in doing county agricultural work. He makes flood surveys and crop estimates, and checks livestock.

"It seems like yesterday," he says, "when the first county farm agent who had an automobile had his picture in all the papers. My main problem with using the plane just now is finding enough farmers with landing fields near the house. A lot of my farmers are now laying out landing fields whether they have planes or not, so their friends can come in.

"Before too long, I hope my plane will be equipped with a microphone system so that I can fly over my territory and broadcast meeting data to every farmhouse with a radio. And when their farm boys begin to come back from war, after having flown over much of the world, they are going to put in that landing strip if the old man hasn't."

They will fly over the Osage country where fifty years ago wild Indians hunted buffalo from horseback, scaring the white settlers to death. This time, the Indians may have to hunt cover.

THE END

Battle Turning Point

Courage is not enough unless it is backed by firepower... unless the right munitions in the right quantity reach the right place at the right time. This is a war of *supply* as much as it is a war of combat. At Bastogne, as in a hundred other moments in this war when the issue has been in doubt, the tide of battle was turned through the speedy delivery by air transport to our fighting men of shells and weapons which an hour before were hundreds of miles away. Douglas workers, builders of planes for the world's airlines yesterday and tomorrow, are working at full speed today building war transport planes which are turning the tides of battles. Donald W. Douglas

First AROUND THE WORLD

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DOUGLAS EQUIPPED AIRLINES: All American Aviation — American Airlines — American Export Airlines — Braniff Airways — Chicago & Southern Air Lines — Colonial Airlines — Continental Air Lines — Delta Air Corporation—Eastern Air Lines—Hawaiian Airlines—Inland Air Lines—Mid-Continent Airlines—National Airlines—Northeast Airlines—Northwest Airlines—Pan American Airways—Pennsylvania-Central Airlines—Transcontinental & Western Air—United Air Lines—Western Air Lines—A. B. Aerotransport (Sweden)—Aer Lingus (Ireland)—Aerovias Braniff, S. A. (Mexico)—Aerovias de Guatemala, S. A. —American Airlines of Mexico—Australian National Airways—Avianca (Colombia)—BOAC (British Overseas Airways)—Canadian Pacific Airlines—China National Airways—Cia. Mexicana de Aviación—Cia. Nacional Cubana de Aviación, S. A. — Cruzeiro do Sul (Brazil) — Indian National Airways — K. L. M. (Royal Dutch Airlines) — K. N. I. L. M. (Dutch East Indies) — IBERIA (Spain) — Panair do Brazil—Panagra (Pan American-Grace Airways) — PLUNA (Uruguay) — SABENA (Belgian Congo) — Swissair (Switzerland) — TACA (Central America) — TATA Airlines (India) — UMCA (Central America)

G.I. Hamlet

Continued from page 14

theater, and Evans at last had an office and a place to make sets. His staff increased and he improvised barracks for them. He became a great expert at scrounging.

"Every time some camp on the island would miss something," Evans sighed, "they'd blame me for stealing it. Well, maybe they were right. I had to build workshops and fix up a place where we could rehearse and I had to build latrines. You know when you build a latrine, the first thing you do is to dig a very deep hole. Then you crack rocks and throw them in the hole. We had to go out into the country to find the rocks."

Occasionally, troop units put on their own informal shows. Whenever this happened, Evans was sure to be in the audience ready to grab anyone who showed any promise at all. He heard that there was a talented young man in a musical piece called Times Square, Hawaii. This was being displayed at a post on an island quite some distance from Honolulu. The major hustled over there and returned with Sergeant Howard Morris, who turned out to be as good a Laertes as you ever saw.

Evans heard about a rotund 22-year-old private who had attended Yale Dramatic School. His name was George Schaefer and his ambition was to direct. Today he's the No. 1 director for Evans. He even directed Hamlet, and what a pleasure it must have been for Private Schaefer to give orders to Major Evans.

"I took the orders, too," Evans says. "George is a fine director."

Talent in the Troops

Evans picked up Sergeant Paolo D'Anna, a painter and sculptor, and he became the unit's costume designer. He found Corporal Robert Harding of New Brunswick, N. J., Pfc. Roger Adams of Hollywood and Corporal Jack Goldman of Philadelphia, and they formed the major's music-writing team. He dug up Pfc. Frederick Stover of Pasadena who had had experience in set designing, and out of the grab bag came Sergeant Jack Groody who became production manager. Private Werner Klemperer became stage manager and Captain C. B. Younts (the only officer in the troupe) became advance man, actor and aide to Major Evans.

The troupe tossed together two musicals, Hey Mac and Free for All (ran eight months) and began to put on such plays as Boy Meets Girl, Night Must Fall and The Bad Man. In all, Evans and his unit produced twelve legitimate plays and twenty musical or variety shows. He had sixty men with him living in the barracks at the University of Hawaii.

But Evans never forgot Shakespeare.

"The only way I sold them Macbeth was to get Judith Anderson to come up from Australia," Evans chuckled.

Hamlet presented more of a problem because there was no Judith Anderson around to play Ophelia. Evans heard that the Honolulu Community Theater was presenting The Man Who Came to Dinner, and that there was a fine young actress named Janet Slauson, daughter of an Army colonel, playing the part of the secretary. He watched the play and then went backstage to ask the startled Miss Slauson if she would like to play Ophelia to his Hamlet.

After she had recovered from her faint, she said that she would love it except that she had practically no experience in playing Shakespeare. Evans brushed that off. He knew he had very promising material in talented Janet Slauson, and so it proved. Not one given to extravagant praise, Evans was very, very satisfied with his Ophelia, as well he should have been.

By now, Evans had acquired a secretary, Mary Adams, and he decided that she would have to double up and play Gertrude, Queen of Denmark. She did both jobs capably. He assigned Adams and Harding to write the incidental music, and they did a magnificent job.

When everything was ready and parts assigned, Evans called his cast together. He read Hamlet to them. He had cut it judiciously to about two hours. He read it from beginning to end and then asked if there were any questions. Not more than two or three of the G.I.s had ever read or seen Hamlet. They looked rather bewildered when he had finished.

"Aren't there any questions?" he asked again.

"Please, sir," one of the khaki-clad embryo actors asked plaintively, "what the hell is it all about?"

"Good," Evans said, with satisfaction. "That's the question I wanted. Now let me tell you about Hamlet. He's a rather confused sort of guy who wants to avenge his father's murder. Now he is a bit mixed up. . . ."

And he went on explaining Hamlet in G.I. talk. Hamlet stepped out of the pages of the script and became real to them. There was nothing confusing about him or the play now. These men, soldiers all, understood hatred and friendship, and they knew what it was to become a bit confused. Evans reduced Hamlet to terms they understood.

"Shakespeare was never meant to be read," he explained to them. "It was meant to be played. Shakespeare was an actor—a real ham, believe me—and he wrote for actors. That's why even the smallest part is significant, is important. Now a lot of officers think that the G.I.s won't like Shakespeare. They dismiss Macbeth by saying that Judith Anderson's name and charm drew our audience. We have to prove to them that Shakespeare can be damn' good entertainment.

Cover GIRL

The girl on the cover is a Navy Nurse ensign. She is, as you guessed, on the arm of a rear admiral. Her purpose on the cover is patriotic: she hopes to excite enough envy among registered nurses in America to overwhelm the Navy Nurse Corps recruiting drive now under way.

"There was nothing highbrow about Shakespeare," he went on. "Often we'll be interrupted in the middle of a performance by planes or bugles or guns or men marching outside. Don't let that bother you. Shakespeare wrote for an audience that was constantly talking. In the pit, in his day, hawkers sold sandwiches and beer during the performance, girls made dates and flirted with the men, people wandered in and out making plenty of noise, sometimes brawls broke out and, if the spectators didn't like something, they'd raise hell with the players. They would toss plenty of vegetables, too, if the actors forgot lines or gave bad performances. Shakespeare knew that when he wrote his plays. We won't be up against anything as tough as that but there will be offstage noises wherever we play. Just make believe they don't exist."

And so Hamlet was presented to the United States Army. The sets, which cost about fifty dollars to construct, were magnificent. So was the lighting. Evans got a lot of cans that had held coffee, embedded his electric lights in them, covered the open end with "gelatine," and he had himself some fine footlights and baby spots. If you were to get a close-up of the two lamps which light the stage in one scene from Hamlet, you would find that they were ship lights off the battleship Oklahoma.

"I'm afraid we've developed into ghouls," Evans apologized. "When the Oklahoma was raised, several of my boys were standing by to see if they could grab anything that could be used. I find it better not to ask any questions."

The sixty men who comprise the unit have a great respect for Major Maurice Evans. Except during the performance of a play, Army rank is as rigidly adhered to as it is in a combat unit, for these men are soldiers first and actors second. I saw Hamlet's closing performance. Backstage was a busy place with sets being knocked down and put into trucks, costumes folded, and swords and helmets put away.

"Hurry it up, men," Evans said crisply. "We've got thirty miles to drive and we drill at seven in the morning."

"You mean they've got to go through regular Army drills?" I asked incredulously.

"Of course," Evans said, surprised. "Many of these men have already been in combat. Others will eventually be in combat. We're soldiers, you know. We drill once or twice a week; we have weekly inspections, and last month we went through a week of jungle training. The G.I.s we play to know we aren't goldbrickers."

Evans' lot would be a happier one if he had a freer hand, but he is a major, and there are colonels and generals above him who sometimes veto his most cherished projects. Recently he produced The Mikado, after quelling a storm of protest from "rank" which thought it to be a pro-Japanese play. It took Evans some time to explain that The Mikado is a satire on Japan. He and his men wrote a few extra songs for The Mikado which gave the rather jaded old production new life—and it played to packed G.I. houses.

Then Margaret Sullavan cabled Evans that she would bring her play, The Voice of the Turtle, to the Pacific if he wished. It was a magnificent gesture on her part, but the chaplains vetoed it, which made Evans see red.

"These aren't kids we have in the Army," he stormed. "They're men and they want adult entertainment. The Turtle is great adult entertainment. It's the best, and these men deserve the best."

"The Turtle" Is Vetoed

But the higher-ups bowed to the chaplains, and The Voice of the Turtle now plays to the buyers, the college boys, the men on leave and their girls, and to date, so far as anyone knows, the morals of the audiences have not been impaired a bit, unless unrestrained joyous laughter is a sign of moral decay.

Evans has one dream. To have it come true will need some help.

"The USO is fine," he says, "but when a unit comes out here, it remains for three or four months and then returns. I'd like to have about twenty girls from the Broadway stage out here for a year. We could set up productions here in Honolulu, direct the girls in plays and shoot the companies up to forward areas. While one group was flying from Kwajalein to Guam, to Saipan, to say, Eniwetok with one play, we'd be getting another ready. We'd send that company out before the other returned.

"With a semipermanent organization of twenty girls, we could put on five or six plays at one time and we could give the men on the most distant island brand-new entertainment every week or so. As soon as a play had been seen everywhere, we'd ship the company back here and rehearse them in a new play—keep rotating them. Just give me twenty girls with some stage experience—that's all. I can always train additional actors. We've a couple of million men to draw from. But we don't have a couple of million girls."

Well, that's Major Maurice Evans. Broadway has done a great deal in this war and Broadway has a right to feel proud of its efforts. And, above all, Broadway should feel proud of Maurice Evans, the man who with his right hand gave the troops Five Jerks in a Jeep and with his left gave them Hamlet. He's a real trouper.

THE END

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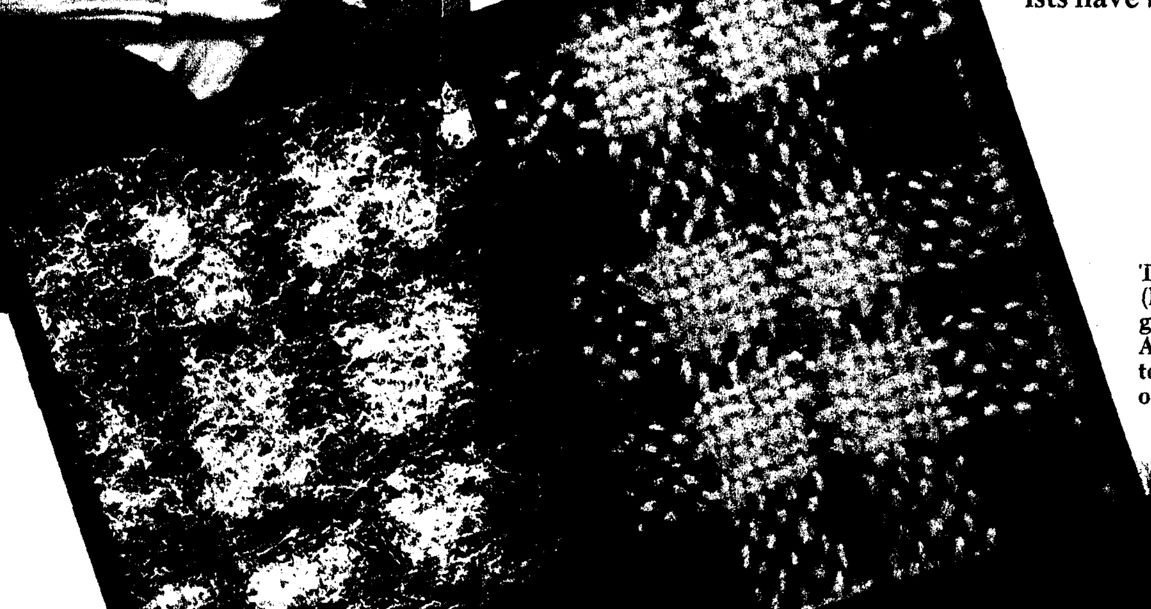
Clothes BY CHEMISTS

BY RUTH CARSON

You'll be able to walk through a downpour after the war without losing the crease in your pants. Lightweight cotton dresses won't wrinkle and stockings won't run, all as the result of the work chemists have been doing for the Army



These two plaid wool samples (left) looked alike until they got the same laundry test in American Cyanamid's laboratory. You can figure which one was shrinkproofed first

The young lady is wearing (above and lower right) two sweaters that were identical in size until one was treated with Monsanto's shrinkproofing chemical and both were dumped in a washing machine

IT MAY not be so dumb after all to stay out in the rain. If the chemist has his way with your clothes, making them shed the water and never shrink, no shower need make you scurry. When you do come in, all you have to do is shake yourself like a dog—and there you are, dry as can be and with even the press still in your pants. If your shoes should get a bit damp inside don't worry about that, either. They can be stowed away without a thought, and they won't mildew.

These are only a few of the comforts the chemist plans to provide for you, once he gets the war over. He says he'll take the shine off men's pants, and fix women's slips so they won't pull at the seams. He'll make your bed sheets and the kids' overalls wear longer, and—more valuable than nylons—he'll fix stockings so they won't run!

He was at work on some of these things before the war, but now his work on Army and Navy problems has accelerated the miracles he can create. Take that excruciating business of wool shrinking for instance. You know what happens to your best sweaters and socks, even with the greatest care. So you can guess what happens to Army blankets and socks that have to be washed in what's to be had. Unofficial guesses say Army socks bills could be cut $14,000,000 a year if wool socks didn't shrink.

Now watch this: Here are two identical-looking squares of plaid wool of the soft, fairly loose weave that might go into a scarf—a nice, shrinkable weave. Feel them. They are equally soft and pliable. Now the chemist drops them into a washing machine in his laboratory. But look what happens when he fishes the two pieces out of the machine. One has shrunk a third its size. After it has dried, it is thick and stiff, as you might expect, and the plaid pattern scarcely exists any more. It is just a blur. The other piece? It's as big, as soft, as desirable as ever. It's your guess which the chemist treated.

Last year this treatment was still in the test stage. Now it's in use by the Army. "We have actually created a new fiber," says Doctor Donald Powers, textile research director of the Monsanto Chemical Company, one of the companies which developed it. "We have impregnated wool with a resin which freezes it into position so that it can't shrink. It retains all the desirable qualities of wool but it isn't just wool. It isn't a synthetic, either."

Socks, sweaters, blankets, anything can be treated this way. It doesn't even have to be wool. You know how rayon mesh glass curtains shrink all out of shape if they are washed? No more, if they are treated with this stuff.

The process is simple. Material is dipped in the chemical solution, put through a wringer to force the solution into the very fiber of the stuff, then pinned to shape on a frame, dried and set under heat. It is set for life, then, and neither washing nor dry cleaning will remove the resin.

The textile industry was a craft, and often an art, which developed slowly over the centuries. Then rayon was created, and textiles became a science. The chemist concocted rayon and nylon and other wonder fibers you'll hear about as their uses develop. But he played no favorites. He also looked over natural fibers to see what he could do for them to meet the competition he had created.

Take cotton: They remind you at the Dan River Mills that 82% of the yarn used in this country is cotton. During the war, cotton has lost the tire-cord market to high-tenacity rayon. But now they've patented a process at Dan River for making high-strength cotton

Photographs for Collier's by Marian Stephenson and Florian DeNarde

What's so much better about...

Her Skirt?

The answer is in the neat, seam-like Talon skirt fastener. Because of the patented Talon automatic lock, the slider can't inch down. No wonder manufacturers who take pride in their merchandise equip their skirts with Talon fasteners whenever war conditions permit.

His Trousers?

The special thing about these trousers is the Talon trouser fastener. The cam lock invented by Talon, Inc., holds against interlocked scoops—not just one scoop like the ordinary pin lock. Is it surprising that manufacturers are proud to offer this extra value whenever wartime shortages make it possible?

His Luggage?

It's the special Talon luggage fastener. This fastener is specially designed for rugged duty. Each scoop has an extra strong grip on the tape to withstand the strain of closing and locking an overstuffed bag. Makes it easy to see why so many manufacturers offer you this feature whenever they can get it.

These are typical of the many features that have helped to make Talon slide fasteners standard in more than 70 industries.

Something to look forward to. Don't blame your store, or the man who makes the merchandise if the things you buy aren't always equipped with Talon fasteners these days. Until the war is won, our fighting forces naturally have first call on all the slide fasteners we make. When our war work is done, we'll be on hand again with new and better Talon slide fasteners. There'll be exciting improvements based on new wrinkles we've learned from serving the Armed Forces. There'll be the same dependability and exclusive features that make "Talon" America's favorite slide fastener today.

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There's a in your future!

➡ Here's a promise to be fulfilled only when Victory is accomplished. Then a smart, new peacetime Ford will be waiting to make those trips more fun.

... For your coming Ford will be big and roomy—youthful in action and in styling, too. Rich looking—inside and out—its smart lines will surely rate a "second look" on street and highway.

... Naturally, this new car will live up to the famous Ford tradition for economy and reliability. Into it will go all the skill and experience that Ford has gained in more than 40 years.

... When? We're going to start production plans as soon as we receive the necessary "go ahead." Meanwhile, the full Ford resources will continue to be engaged in helping speed the Victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

Ford

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yarns that bids fair to get the market back. The thread it makes is so strong and resistant to stretch that it's used for parachute webbing and for other military and industrial purposes where high performance is required.

One valuable thing about this yarn is that it can be made of our own domestic short-staple cotton and be as strong and fine as anything made of expensive, long-staple cotton from Egypt or Peru. Using the short cuts of chemistry, they don't even twist and spin the yarn. They simply compress the fluff direct into yarn, stretch it to the breaking point (which is the strongest point), bind it into position with an emulsion of synthetic resins and cure and dry it so.

This strengthened cotton opens up all sorts of postwar possibilities. Delicate-looking sheer cottons can be strong. Sturdy clothes can be made of very lightweight yarns, much cooler and more comfortable than denim and other present-day tough fabrics. Even the cop on the beat will get a break: On rainy days he won't have to be loaded down with a ton of rubber clothing. He can wear a few ounces of stout stuff which has been waterproofed with the transparent vinyl resins the Navy now uses to coat underwater cables.

But the chemists haven't stopped there. Doctor Floyd E. Bartell of the University of Michigan, one of the world's authorities on colloidal chemistry, was working on the problem of making shoe linings wear longer. He developed a permanent synthetic resin finish that did the trick. When strengthened cottons are treated with this, the Dan River people say clothes can live through more launderings. They say it's the end of frayed shirt collars, also the beginning of more durable but very fine sheets and pillowcases, as soon as a new resin is available that will give a blue-white finish. The present resin has a tendency to yellow, but a new one will be ready any minute now.

If you pack any clothes that have been treated with resin, you discover another wonderful thing about them: They don't muss so much, and the wrinkles will hang out of cotton, rayon, and even linen almost as well as they do out of silk and wool. This isn't a new idea, to treat fabrics so they won't rumple easily. After the last war, scientists in England worked for years to develop such a treatment, till finally the textile firm of Tootal, Broadhurst, Lee Company came on the market with it in 1932. But it's coming into constantly greater use.

You Can Stay Out in the Rain

At Monsanto, they have treated men's worsted suiting with their resin shrinkproofing and then given it an additional dose of chemical to make it water-repellent. It still looks and feels like any worsted—until their rain test gets under way. Then their untreated sample looks the way any man's suit does after he has been caught in a downpour. The thread is waterlogged, the trouser crease is practically gone, but when you crumple it, those creases stay in. The treated sample remains serene. The crease that was ironed in is still there, the ones you crumple in ease out again, and the fabric has soaked up no water at all. Drops sticking to it shake off like that.

Water-repellent treatments are nothing new, either. Du Pont and other chemical companies have made a big thing of them, and the Army couldn't slog along in the rain so fast without them. You already know the joy of raincoats that don't look like raincoats, but that shed all the rain you're apt to stay out in. This is a trend that will continue after the war till you'll never have to give a thought about the weather. Light, gay colors will be more and more the thing, too. The water-repellent treatment helps to shed stains, so why not? Even children's snow suits can be lighter, prettier colors and still be practical; but the weave will continue to be a tight one.

One of the advantages of water-repellent treatment over old-style waterproofing is that the fabric stays porous and therefore more comfortable to wear, but if the pores are too big, water can go through when it comes down with the force of rain. Here's a stunt to demonstrate this: Take a piece of netting that has had a water-repellent treatment—Army netting, for example—treated so it can't become waterlogged. Be gentle, and you can pour water into this netting. It will hold. But give it a shake, and the water shoots through.

That business of runproof stockings you want to know about? We saw it, so we believe it. At the Monsanto laboratory, Dolly Sylvester, one of the lab assistants, modeled for us. She sat on the edge of the table and stretched out two shapely young legs.

"Now," said one of the chemists, handing us a piece of rough wire mesh and a mean job, "will you please snag Dolly's stockings?"

We picked away gingerly, in order to snag stocking but not girl. One quickly caught—and popped the old familiar, excruciating run. The other finally snagged, popped a hole—and stopped. No run. Dolly flexed a comely knee. Still no run. The reason, said Doctor Powers, was Syton. Syton is a silica compound, so fine that one grain of the silica substance is only one four-hundred-thousandth of an inch in diameter; so fine that if you toss a bit of it up into the air, it vanishes like smoke. It takes an electronic microscope to see it.

Secret of Runless Hose

"It acts like corn meal on an eel," explained Doctor Powers, "making what was a slippery surface rough enough to catch hold. It prevents the slipping of threads and of the fibers in thread. When you break a thread, you break actually only about a third of it; the rest pulls apart. If you can prevent or delay the slippage of those fibers, you are using more fully the strength of your thread. So Syton strengthens thread as well as the material woven of it."

The problem to be solved in the first place was not stocking runs, but the slipping of thread in rayon parachutes, which were used for dropping flares. The threads would slip and pull apart at the corners just enough to mar the efficiency of the chute. Syton was the answer. The best way to apply it is to dip, squeeze and dry it till it is an integral part of the fiber. But maybe someday it will be developed so that you can buy a bottle of the stuff also and dip your stockings at home.

They're figuring out other uses for it, too. It should keep women's slips from pulling and straining at the seams. It can also take the shine off pants. They demonstrated on a dark green serge skirt one of the girls offered in the cause of science. It had an all-over sheen from hard wear. They sponged a panel of it with Syton solution, and it dried dull, like new wool. The idea, of course, is that the fine particles of sand refract the light, yet they are so fine you don't feel them.

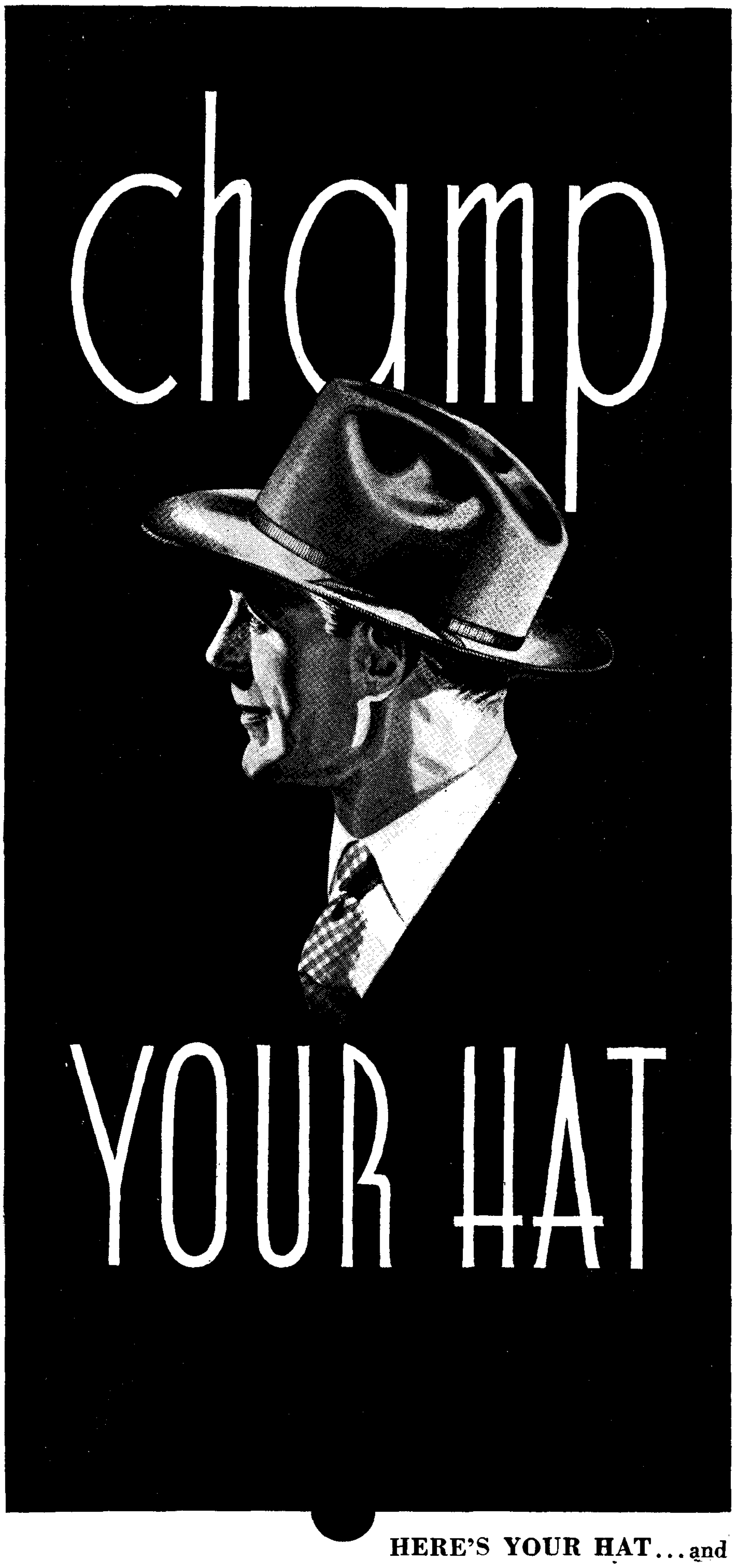
There's no end to the things chemists are thinking up to benefit your clothes of the future. For one more thing, you'll be able to stop off in the tropics in the air travel of tomorrow with none of the troubles with mildew and rot that first beset our armies there. When cotton had to be substituted for hemp in sandbags, it fell apart—till chemistry found what to do about it. Clothing, shoes, even glue and the varnish on airplanes mildewed—till nylon was substituted where it could be, and the right treatment was figured out for the rest. This is no simple job.

"There are many different problems with mildew," says Doctor Louis C. Barail of the U.S. Testing Company in New Jersey, where much research has been and is being done on mildewproofing. "They are created by different combinations of climate, materials, fungi, etc., and each has to have its separate solution." What's more, anything that can kill mildew fungus may be too toxic to put on clothing. They've got to think about and test for everything.

The chemists do, and you won't even have to go to the tropics to appreciate the results. You can use them right on your own shower curtain and other susceptible spots at home.

Collars that won't wilt, colors that won't fade, curtains the rain can't damage, wools the moths won't eat (after the first bite), rayons that are strong even when wet, bathing suits that dry almost the minute you step out of the water—it looks like an easy life ahead. The chemists even say not to worry if your hair starts to grow sparse. They can make hair and eyelashes out of nylon that look every bit as real as your own—and hold the curl much better.

THE END



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MAKERS OF SAMSONITE LUGGAGE, SAMSON CARD TABLES AND FOLDING CHAIRS

Hi! Sarge!

Continued from page 20

tip no more than a couple of inches out of the water. It wasn't proper, seeing as how a big one hitting his fly would drag the tip under and break it.

He looked up at me like he wished I were in the next county.

"Hi, Cousin Les," I said cheery as a May morning. "How're they bitin'?"

"Hi, Bunyan," said Les, sadlike.

"We missed you at the welcomin' party. Big doin's! Fine speech-makin'. Music like to drive you nuts."

"Hgh," said Les.

"Terry sure looked mighty pretty. Ain't a scar to be seen. She walks like she had wings on her feet."

Les' big fingers sort of tightened on the rod, and the muscles quivered in his jaw under his dark skin. But he didn't speak, so I shut up. Shutting up sort of makes a guy fidget, so Les fidgeted for a while, then he said softlike, like he was thinking out loud: "Sergeant Terry Doyle! Yes, Sergeant. No, Sergeant. Of course, Sergeant! A hero. A goldarned hero with medals. And me with a 4-F punctured eardrum."

I guess that told the whole story. Here was poor Cousin Les, a great big six-foot-one giant of a man who couldn't get in the Army, and here was little peewee Terry Doyle, no bigger than his arm, gone to war and come back a hero with ribbons and medals and wounds. I guess it ain't easy for a guy to stay in love with that kind of a setup. We sat there saying nothing until it got onto dark and I got up to go. I guess Les had plumb let it slip his mind that I was there, because he jumped near a foot when I said:

"Are you guidin' these days, Les? I got a party mighty anxious to do a little fishin' up the lake for bass and pike. Two-three days, maybe."

"All right," Les said. "Sure. Two-three years would suit me better."

"Two in the party," I said. "One canoe ought to do the trick. And two tents. Be down to Kendall's Landing say nine o'clock?"

"Okay, Bunyan. Guidin' a couple of city slickers'd suit me fine right now. And thanks."

"Don't be thankin' me," I said. I got the dangedest feeling he wouldn't thank me when he found out who the party was.

THERE was a bunch of cars parked outside of Doyles' house, and the whole place was all lit up like it was Christmas or a funeral or something. I could hear people talking and laughing and shouting. I sat on the porch and began to figure out my plan of action. I knew I was sticking my nose in where it wasn't wanted, especially by meddling with people out of love. But it was no use. I was beholden to a whole townful of people who've been mighty swell to a kid with no home of his own. Getting my tail feathers singed wasn't such a good way of repaying all they've done for me. But I had nothing else to give.

It was stuffy in the house with too many people and too much talk and too much smoke. I spied Terry herded back in a corner looking as scared as a kitten hemmed in by a pack of hungry hounds. Only her back wasn't up and she wasn't spitting. She was too plumb tuckered out for that. Uncle Doyle isn't much bigger than Terry and he was herded in another corner with folks twice as big as him leaning over him and pounding him on the back and pushing glasses of cider toward him. Aunt Molly Doyle was out in the kitchen, I thought, or else they had tramped her under the rug a while back.

I got up on a chair and gave one of them yells like you give when you're driving deer and have jumped a couple of big bucks. Folks on a deer watch kind of crouch down and stop breathing when they hear that yell. Well, habit is a mighty funny thing. Folks just sort of crouched with their mouths half open. You could have heard a pin drop if there had been room to drop one.

"There's a jitney out front smokin' like it's on fire!" I shouted. "Anybody here got an old jitney?" Which is like asking an Eskimo if he's got an ice igloo. In less than no time, the room was empty. Terry sagged down in a chair and brushed her forehead with her wrist.

"There's no fire," I told her.

"I'll remember you in my will, Bunyan," she smiled faintly. "Now go home and let me die in peace."

"Terry," I said like she was no older than a yearling. "Terry, you listen to me. What you need is rest. What you need is to get away from people. You ought to go fishin' for a day or two." I took a deep breath and jumped in right over my head. "What you need is a pair of shoulders wider'n a barn to keep the crowd back. A pair like—like Les Cross has."

Terry shook her head, real tired. "Les didn't even come to the welcoming. I guess he's got himself another girl while I was away. He said he would if I went off to war."

"Well, he hasn't got another girl. He's just ashamed about his not being in the Army, and your getting to be a hero just rubs it in. Why, Les even thinks of you as a sergeant now, not as a woman. If he could see how downright helpless you are with all these gladhanders here in town . . ."

Terry nodded wearily, but I could see she wasn't getting the idea so I made my last bid: "Now, you might go fishin' for a day or two . . . Les promised to guide . . ."

"Les promised to guide . . . ?" She was looking at me sort of soft and sadlike. "Bunyan, do you think if he knew how much I needed him, he'd . . ."

"Gosh, Terry . . ." I heard the pounding boots on the porch and started for the back door. "You be there, Terry. Kendall's Landing. Nine o'clock."

"Thanks, Bunyan," Terry said dreamily. "Kendall's Landing. Nine o'clock."

LES came paddling the canoe up to the landing at nine sharp. He looked sort of like he had crawled through a hole too small for him, but he had the duffle all packed neat and proper. He said, "Hi, Bunyan," and tied up and sat down on the log beside me and rolled a smoke. His lips were tight like he'd never talk again, but at nine-thirty he said, "Ought to be comin' soon." At ten, he said, "Mighty late sleepers." I whittled my way through a two-inch chunk of birch and said nothing. At ten-thirty, Les said, "I guess they ain't comin'." I didn't say nothing. I kept on whittling, wishing it was my own throat. I began to figure as to how I didn't know women like I should, seeing as how I've got some seventy-odd aunts and cousins.

Then Terry came walking down the landing. Floating, I guess you'd call it. She had on one of them light green fluffy dresses that stand out like clouds. Layers and layers of soft green clouds with a little girl in the middle of them with her copper-colored hair shining like gold in the bright sun. She was smiling and she carried a little bag in one hand and a fishing rod in the other. Never did I see a rod that looked more like a fairy's wand.

I guess I got my breath back first, being I'm only fourteen, and I said, "Hi, Cousin Terry." All Les could say was, "Terry . . ." and even that sounded like he was mule kicked and the breath was gone out of him. Terry dropped the bag and laid the rod down against it and took both of Les' big hands in her own. "Les," she said like she was going to cry, "Les, it's wonderful to see you again!"

I turned away then and stowed the bag and rod into the canoe while they was talking and looking, mostly just looking at each other. When it got kind of too quiet, I sneaked a look around and saw that both of them were watching my back.

"Well, here we be," I said cheerfully. "The best fishing guide in Squaw Lake and a party of two. Party of one, really, on account of I'm just sort of a chaperon because Uncle Doyle don't like canoes and Aunt Molly don't like fishing. Hope you brought plenty of grub, Les. I'm hungry already."

Les shook his head. "Bunyan ain't a proper chaperon," he told Terry. "He's only a kid."

For a minute, Terry's eyes got as dark as thunderheads. "What makes you think I *need* a chaperon, Les Cross?" she demanded. "I didn't need one to go overseas . . ." she stopped suddenly, the tip of her tongue clamped between her white teeth.

Les froze right up like an icicle. "Excuse me, Sergeant," he said. "I almost forgot." Terry was so plumb mad at herself and at Les and at me that the tears were standing in her eyes as she watched Les push the canoe out a bit and straddle it to keep it steady. I started to help Terry into the canoe and Les bellowed out, "Don't step down." I dang' near fell over backward and Terry stopped like she'd been poleaxed, with one foot halfway into the canoe. "You can't get into a canoe with high heels," Les said soft and polite as if to make up for the way he'd shouted. "They will go right through the bottom."

Terry giggled. Yep, she giggled. "I'm so silly!" she said. "I didn't think." She started to take off her shoes and stopped. "Shut your eyes," she said. "Both of you. I'll have to take off my stockings, too. My only nylons." She giggled again. I guess it was only when I shut my eyes and I could still see her inside my lids, all wrapped up in a light green cloud, that it hit me quick as a wink that she wasn't wearing what you might call the proper sort of fishing clothes. She was dressed more like she was going to a dance, and I don't mean a square dance, either.

"All right, boys," she said.

You couldn't help noticing how small and white her feet were. She got herself into the canoe and sat down on the kapok pillow and spread the green cloud around her and smiled over her shoulder at Les. I got in and took the bow paddle and we pushed off. Once, when I looked back, Terry's eyelid quivered quick as a wink.

"Thought of settin' up camp on North Island," Les said. "Unless you want to fish a spell."

"Oh, let's fish!" Terry cooed.

"Might be some bass over by the rock cliffs," Les said.

We paddled to the rock cliffs that come right down to the water and dip into it in ragged shelves where the big ones like to lie. Les picked up Terry's rod, looked it over real careful, tested the line and nodded. He looked pleased for the first time since he had found out who he was guiding. He opened his huge tackle box and pulled out a medium-sized plug with a rainbow trout finish.

"Fish ought to be pretty deep this time of day," he said. "This plug will dive only on the retrieve. Cast and let the plug rest on the surface, then give it a couple of jerks before retrievin'. Might pick one up off the surface."

He tied the plug straight onto the line without even using a swivel, which might spoil the action, and handed the rod to Terry. She picked up that rod like all she had thought about when she had been in the Army was to get back to Squaw Lake and the fishing. She aimed for a little dug-out cove in the rock ledges and cast. The plug curved up and over like a shooting star, smooth and straight and on the mark. A low whistle escaped Les. "Nice cast, Terry!" he praised. She didn't say anything but retrieved so slow the plug came in dragging along the surface instead of darting down. "Faster!" Les said. "Faster!" But the beautiful cast was already spoiled. Terry yanked the plug out of the water and swung it over my head so I had to duck quick. "Careful!" said Les. "What?" Terry asked. She put her hand on the gunwale to turn around to look at Les, and it took a couple of bad minutes to steady the canoe. "Sit still!" Les hollered. Terry's face wrinkled and her lower lip began to jut out a bit and quiver. "All right," said Les. "All right, Terry. Take it easy. This is no LCI."

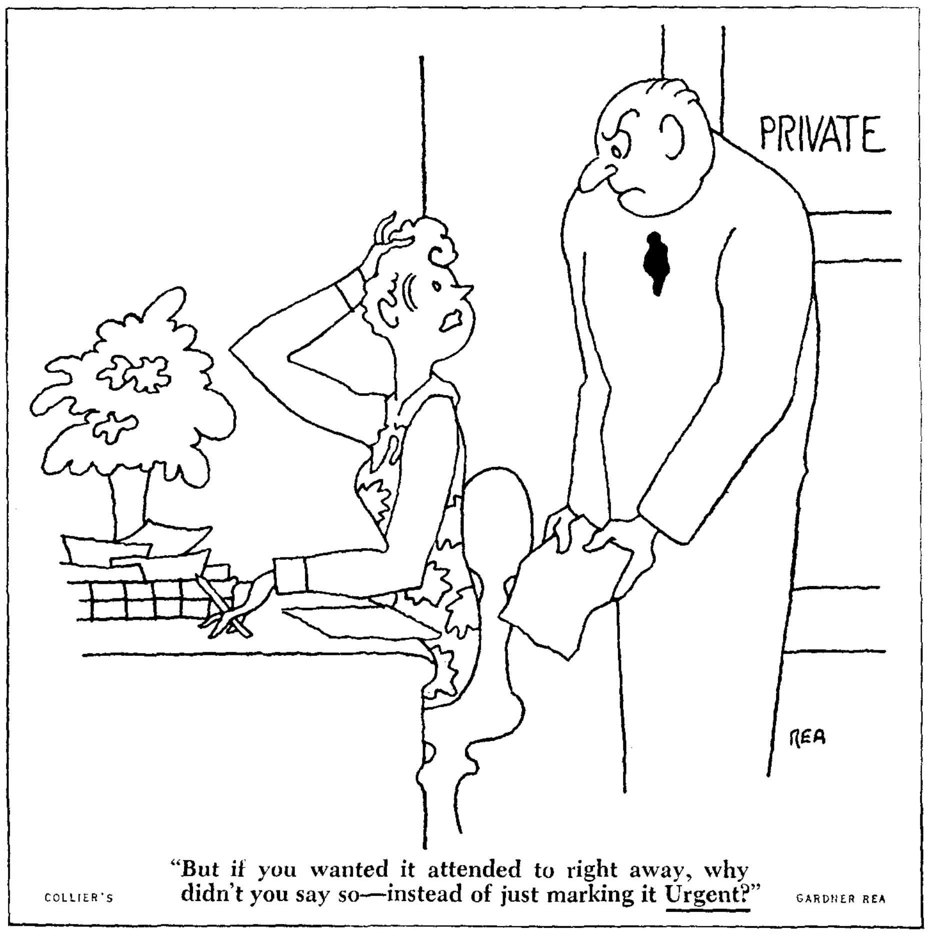
I GUESS Terry never even got her thumb near the reel on her next cast. She just whipped the rod, and the line overran and backlashed, and she had a reelful of line that looked like some of crazy Milly Searles' knitting.

"Look what I did!" Terry giggled. "Fix it for me, Les?" Les took the rod and got to work with what little fingernails he had to straighten out the mess. It didn't take no more than maybe eight or ten minutes. He handed Terry back the rod, giving good advice in a soft voice. "Thumb it," he told her. "Don't let the spool spin faster than the line that's runnin' out. Watch." He made a cast to show her how and handed her the rod.

"Oh, that's easy," Terry said and got another bird's nest in her reel. That one only took Les five minutes to straighten out, but the next one took close to fifteen. Pretty soon, he stopped giving Terry advice. He'd just hand her the rod, shut his eyes and listen for the sudden plop of the plug that meant the line had fouled again.

"I'm so dumb at these things," Terry murmured softly. Then, somehow, she got her thumb on the reel all right, and it didn't backlash. I caught a glimpse of a small bass as it came up fast in back of the plug and hit it.

"I got a fish!" Terry screamed, and darn'



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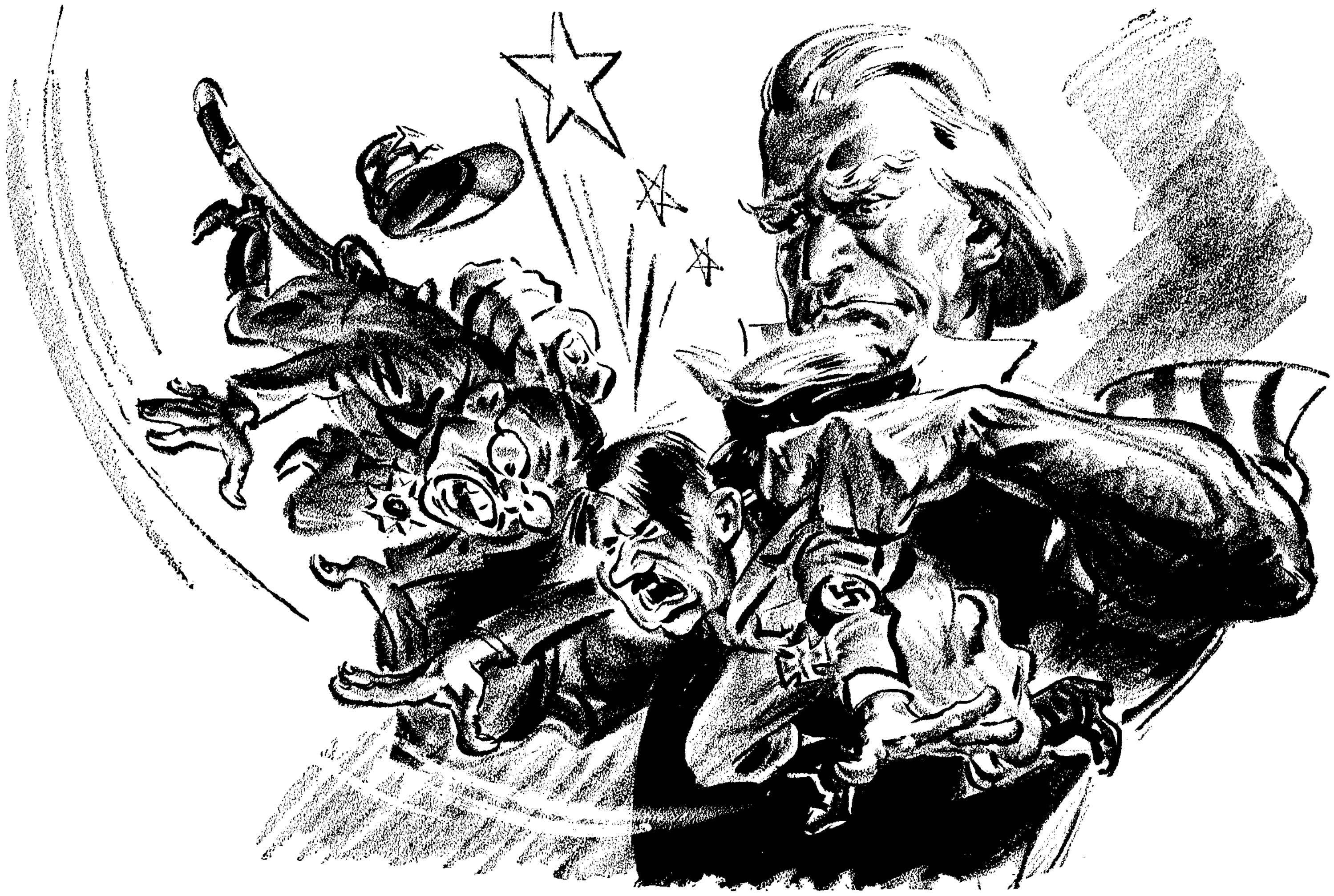

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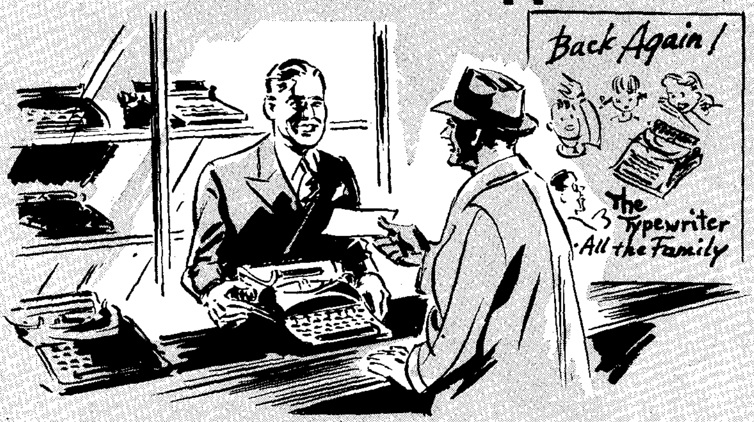
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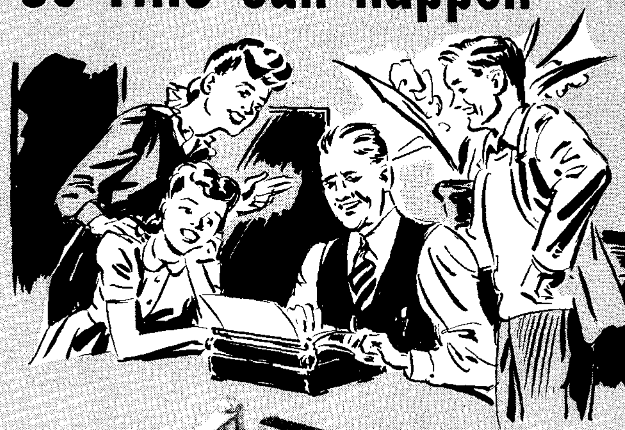

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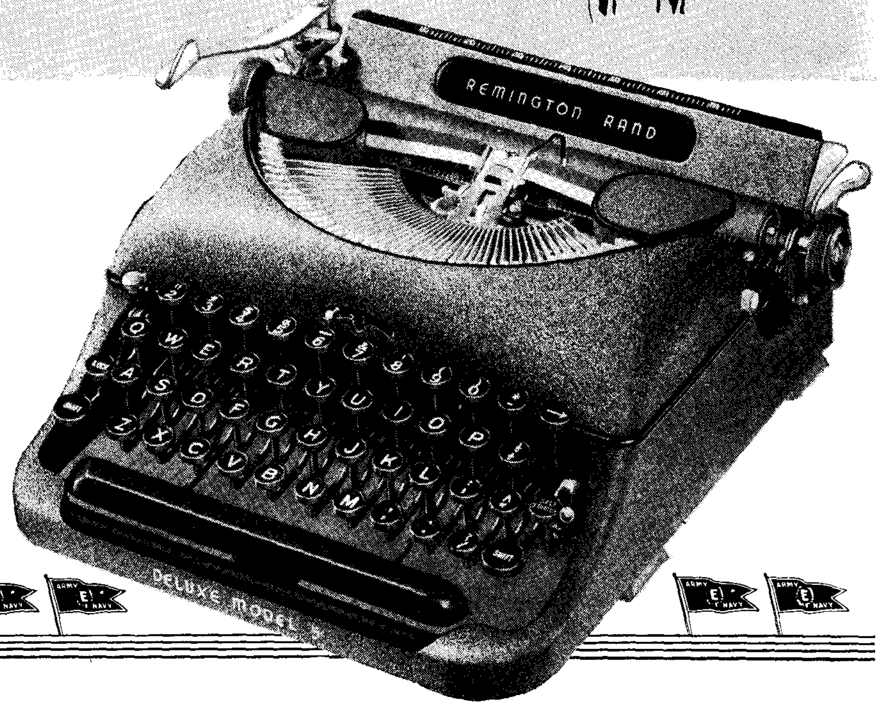
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near dumped us all in the water with the jerk she gave the rod. "Oh, I got a fish!"

"Sit still!" Les yelled. But Terry was screaming so you'd think he was killing her, and she kept winding in on the reel for dear life. The bass was no bigger than the plug when she got him alongside. Only she didn't stop him alongside. She kept right on winding until she had the plug and the bass right up onto the rod tip, then she lifted the rod up over her head. "What'll I do now?" she shrieked. "It's wiggling!"

Les took out his fish knife and snapped the blade open and handed it to her. "Here," he said through clamped teeth. "Just climb up the rod and stab him to death."

It got so quiet the drip from my paddle sounded like pebbles dropping in the water. Never in my long-born days did I see two people so darn' mad at each other. What I can't figure out is how come Terry didn't take the fishing knife and start in carving up Les.

"Can't do that!" I said quick as I could. "On account of that there bass isn't legal size. Bein' as I'm honorary special deputy game warden, I'd be obliged to arrest you for killin' that fish. You, too, Les, bein' the guide."

"Sorry," said Les. "I guess I shouldn't have said that." He frowned for a minute squinting his face all up and thinking real deep. "Seems like you forgot a powerful lot of fishin' while you were fightin' the war," he said softly.

"I guess I did," Terry said sharplike, "but it's all comin' back to me now." She had that set to her pretty lips that spells trouble in any man's language.

"I guess we'd better go make camp," I said, trying to motion Terry to take it easy without Les noticing me.

"We'll do nothing of the kind!" Terry snapped and you could hear those sergeant stripes in her voice. "We're going to fish. You're too near shore, Les. Pull out a bit and head her toward the point."

"Yes, ma'am," said Les.

TERRY took the gang hook out of the bass' mouth, put him back in the water and started to cast. And what I mean, cast! I've seen Les cast, and I'm no slouch with a bait rod myself, but if we'd been casting alongside her right then we'd have looked like a couple of city slickers. This was the Terry that I remembered. Replace the light green cloud with a pair of dungarees, a checkered shirt and a pair of sloppy old moccasins, roll the dungarees up to he knees, and you'd have Terry before the war. That would be Terry the tomboy, no bigger than your thumb, who would take any dare and outfish and outrun and outhunt, and I guess outcuss, any man in town.

I looked back at Les and you could see that he was remembering, too. You could also see he was still sore about Terry's casting act.

I didn't see Terry hook into the big one, but I sure heard it. When a small mouth bass makes up its mind to hit, it sounds like a depth charge let go under the lake. And this was a big one. I just caught a glimpse of him in the fountain of spray as he broke the surface, then he went down deep and fast, stripping line as he went.

"Easy," said Les. "Easy. Don't give him slack, Terry. Hold the pressure on him. He's heading for that log."

"Paddle ahead!" Terry ordered, playing him like her life depended on it. "Back up! Back up!" She changed her mind all of a sudden.

Les sort of held his paddle up, not knowing which to obey.

"Back up!" Terry screamed, reeling in slack line as fast as she could. "Back up, you thick-skulled, numb-brained . . ." There was a jerk under the water and the line snapped back and lay in loops on the surface. We all just sat there looking at the slowly sinking loops and saying nothing. Terry laid the rod down, real deliberate, and dug into the little bag and got out a pack of cigarettes and lit one. She flipped the match into the water and watched it floating away slowly. She didn't turn to look at Les but she started talking real soft and sweet, with every word getting a bit louder and sharper:

"There was another sunken log, Mr. Cross. It was a stump with roots on it. Long tangly roots like snakes. You couldn't see it, Mr. Cross. But I could see it. And that bass was turning right for it. I told you to back up. But because I'm a woman, Les Cross, and haven't the brains of a nitwit, you wouldn't back up!"

"Sorry, Sarge," said Les. "I didn't exactly . . ."

She didn't even notice that he called her Sarge, she was that boiling mad.

"Sorry? For two years, I've been waiting for a chance to hook into a bass like that! And you're sorry!"

"How about making camp?" I busted in. "And gettin' a bit to eat. Vittles are mighty important to fishin'."

"We're going fishing," Terry said with her teeth clenched tight. "We're going fishing until I hook into another bass like that one. If it takes a year. And then we're going home, and I'm going to break my rod, and I'm never going fishing again as long as I live."

"Them's powerful words, Cousin Terry," I tried to kid her out of it, but she wasn't in any kidding mood.

"Pull in to shore," she ordered paying no never mind to me. "I want to get out of these ridiculous clothes."

"Yes, ma'am," Les said politely.

When we pulled into a cove, Terry grabbed her bag and made for the woods, and Cousin Les and I just sat and said nothing. He sat with his shoulders hunched and his hands limp and his eyes looking past me, black-mad and shining.

COLLIER'S
ROY WILLIAMS

"Gosh! I sorta thought you two were in love," I apologized finally. Les just give me a look and said, "Ha!"

"I'm sorry, Les," I said. "It's my fault for not mindin' my business."

Les gave me another look, then he opened his mouth to say something, then he shut it again.

Finally, he said, "Forget it, squirt!"

When Terry came out of the woods she had on the rolled-up dungarees and the old flat-soled moccasins.

"I'm taking the bow, Bunyan," she said, giving orders now like a sergeant. I handed her the paddle and sat down in the middle of the canoe, and we pushed off.

"We ought to be headin' for home," said Les. "Storm comin' up."

"Are you scared?" Terry asked scornfully. "If you aren't we're going fishing."

"Yes, ma'am," said Les.

And fishing we went. I've been fishing plenty in my life, but I've never seen fishing like I saw that day. It was like being in a boat with two people so boiling mad you could hear the steam hissing. Terry kept casting as though there was nothing else in her life except casting and catching a big one.

She got a couple of fair bass, but none of them as big as the one Les had lost for her, and then the fish stopped striking. We fished Nort's Bay, then Les swung into Grass Bay where you could always get one or two no matter what, but Terry didn't even get a rise. It was the coming storm, I guess. It was piling up bad and thunder was rolling off to the west, but Les swung the canoe out of the bay and made for the ledges off Beaver Brook. It's all open water out there and no place to be in a storm. I opened my mouth a couple of times to say something, but you can't rightfully talk to people with their faces frozen like they've been chipped out of an ice cake. Les just paddled, and Terry just cast. You could hear the rain sweeping across the lake toward us. It hissed, spiteful as a snake, and forked lightning darted through it like a tongue. The wind came on ahead of the rain, heavy and solid against the canoe. In no time there were white caps where the oily slick water had been.

Suddenly Les dipped his blade in deep and spun the canoe around.

"You're a stubborn woman, Terry Doyle," he said. "You got nerve, fishing with a steel rod with all that lightnin' flashin' around. Only as a guide I took an oath to protect those I guide. I'm responsible for you whether you like it or not. We're headin' into Nort's Bay until this storm blows over. Now, change over with Bunyan. I'll hold her steady as I can."

Terry reeled in without an argument and laid the rod down. She picked up the paddle, but she didn't hand it to me.

"Too rough to change," she said. "I'll paddle."

I heard Les swear under his breath but he knew better than to argue, with the white water breaking into the canoe and the lightning hitting all around like it was trying to get our range, and the rain pouring over us by the gallons. Up forward Terry dug in and paddled like her life depended on it, which it probably did. We'd be safe once we made Nort's Bay, all except for the lightning, that is. There is just a narrow opening into the bay, and no matter how hard it blows outside, the bay hardly gets more than a ripple. I just hunched down and strained with my eyes through the rain for the mouth of that bay. I kept looking for that big hemlock on the ledges that leaned over the mouth, but I couldn't see it. We were almost on top of the bay when both Les and I spied the splintered stump that was all that was left after the lightning hit.

"The tree's fallen across the mouth of the bay!" I shouted. "I can see the branches stickin' up."

THERE was no going ahead. There was no turning to the right or the left. The waves in back of us would have us up against the ledges in no time. Terry didn't stop paddling. She just looked back over her shoulder, and you could see the fear on her face like a thin pale mask.

"Tell me what to do, Les," she called.

There was no fighting between them now, there was no anger or pride or cussedness. They were just two people fighting something bigger than either of them, something that perhaps they might lick together.

"Steady as you go!" Les called back, and even though he had to shout above the rain and the thunder and the storm, there was something soft and happy in his voice: "When I tell you, switch and paddle on the right."

Those ugly green branches of the hemlock kept getting nearer and nearer with the two of them paddling for all they were worth straight at them. When he saw the wave just the size and shape that he wanted, he shouted, "Switch over!" and dipped his paddle in and backwatered like mad. The canoe stood right up on end, and for a minute I could see nothing but black clouds and the tops of the ledges, and then somehow Terry's paddle blade hooked into the crest of a wave and pulled us down into the trough. The next one caught us quartering and spilled a barrelful in my lap, then we were turned around and headed into the wind, and Les shouted, "Good going, Terry! Good stuff!" like we were already across the lake instead of having a couple of miles still to go. She turned and grinned at him and shouted back, "Not bad yourself!" And they dipped their paddles and dug in, laughing and shouting and kidding about the lightning that was near blinding us.

We finally swamped when we weren't thirty feet from Kendall's Landing. The canoe just got lower and lower in the water, in spite of all my bailing, and finally it keeled over like it was too tired to go any farther. It went over so slow that I guess it was funny, seeing how calm the water was after what we had crossed, and I heard Les in back of me laughing as we went in. We were so rain-wet that I hardly noticed the water. I grabbed a gunwale and set to swimming for shore, with Les pulling on the other side. Seems like we didn't swim ten feet when we touched ground and walked out. We heard Terry then. She just yelled, "Les . . ." once, strangled like, frightened and hurt. She wasn't with us. She wasn't visible on the water.

I NEVER seen a man move faster than big Cousin Les as he ran back into the water and dove. He dove in and down before I had time to close my big stupid mouth that was just yelling "Terry!" and doing nothing. He had Terry in his arms when he came up. She was fighting and kicking and scratching his face and gulping air all at once. She quieted down when Les got firm footing and picked her up in his arms like she was no bigger than a doll and walked ashore with her. He put her down gentlelike on the sand, only she wouldn't let go the handful of his shirt she was holding onto, and he had to sit down beside her. She just buried her head against his shoulder and bawled like a scared kid, and Les patted her shoulder with one of those big hands of his, gentle as a bird's wing, and kept saying, "It's all right, Terry. It's all right. . . ."

Then his hand kind of slowed, and a frown made a groove between his eyes.

"You can't swim!" he said. "I remember now! You can't swim."

Terry buried her head deeper into his shoulder and bawled some more.

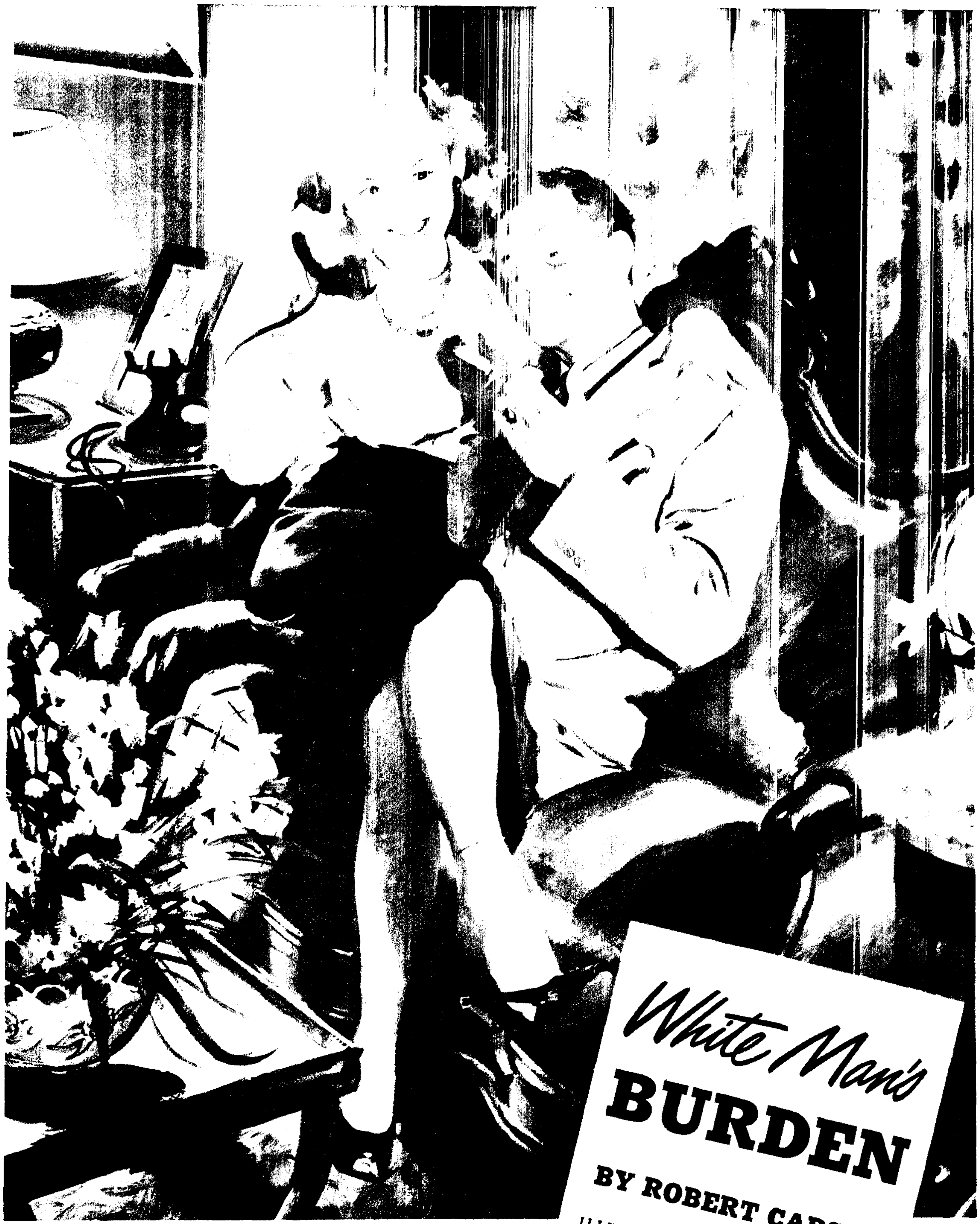
"You stayed out there on that lake with the storm comin' and the lightnin' flashin' and all hell pourin' down, and you can't swim a stroke!" he said like he was dreaming. "You're a stubborn, brave woman, Terry Doyle."

"I'm not brave!" she sobbed. "All my life I've been scared. All my life I've been scared somebody would think I was scared because I'm so little. So I've done foolish things. I climbed trees, and took all dares, and went into the woods at night, even went to war. But I'm so tired of not being scared, Les."

Les got those big arms of his around her, and she snuggled up to him. I turned away and pulled the canoe farther up on the shore. I unlashed the duffle and carried it up and laid it by the log where Les and I had sat that morning.

I looked over to where they were sitting so close you'd think they were just one person, and I got a good hunch they'd have a lot of things to talk about. I guess I could have sat around and listened in but, by the holy blue cow, as Uncle Waldon would say, this was one time I wouldn't stick my nose in where I wasn't wanted.

THE END



"Sam," Marietta said into the phone, "I wonder if you could get me out of my date tonight? I want to go out with A. Parker"

White Man's BURDEN

BY ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

She caught him gambling for love with marked cards, but when her turn came to deal he held a royal flush in hearts

WHEN Alan entered a saloon on Fifty-eighth Street, the New York winter twilight had a cutting edge, and he was without an overcoat and shivering. A big young man with mussy hair, bright brown eyes, and a left arm that wouldn't hang quite straight, Alan immediately established a beachhead at the bar. A few other customers, looking up from their drinks, noticed his mahogany tan and decided he was a 4-F fresh from Miami. The bartender, christened Joe, knew better.

"Welcome home, Mr. Parker," Joe said, and shook hands. "How long you been back?"

"Three weeks," Alan said. "Brandy and soda, Joe. I've been down in Washington."

Joe mixed his drink. "I been reading your stuff."

"Like it?"

"You ain't any Ernie Pyle," Joe said, "but for my dough you are the leading correspondent in the South Pacific thee-ayter. Going out again?"

"Right away," Alan said. "Before Pyle gets there."

Joe moved away to serve a group which had just come in. Alan stared into the mirror behind the bar. New York was very crowded. New York was very cold. Most of his friends were scattered all over the world, and time hung heavy on his hands.

Joe returned with a second drink. He looked worried.

"You won't live to celebrate V-Day," he said, "unless you start wearing more clothes."

"I put my heavy things in storage when I left," Alan replied. "I've lost the receipt, and I don't know where I sent them. Listen, Joe, what's the best show in town?"

"A musical called Situation Confused, I guess," Joe said. "There is a dame in it, Marietta Marsden, who is hotter than a hockshop watch. You would have a happy evening there, except you can't get in."

"I used to know a lot of press agents," Alan said. "Maybe the guy handling the show is a friend of mine."

He paid Joe, said goodby and took a cab to the theater, which was west of Broadway. Once there, he found Sam in a moldy room, glued to a typewriter. A thin, bald man, with a hopeless expression, Sam was overjoyed at the sight of Alan. He hugged him and gave him a cigarette.

"Sit down, sweetheart," Sam said. "You are like a foul breath from the tropics. Here for long?"

"Long enough to see your show, I hope," Alan said. "How about one for tonight?"

"It'll mean I have to disappoint one of the backers who ain't seen it yet," Sam said, "but you're in. Say, you got wounded, didn't you?"

"A little."

"I read where the general pinned the Purple Heart on you. That's quite an honor for a working newspaperman."

"Yeah," Alan said. "I lay my recovery to powdered eggs. They thought they were sulfa when they sprinkled them on me."

Sam sighed. "I wish I wasn't such a coward. It can't be a whole lot different from covering a race riot or a political convention."

"It's pretty far from being a press agent, Sam." Alan got up. "Well," he said, "it's wonderful seeing you again—especially when you have tickets. Where will I find mine waiting for me—at the box office?"

"Yes. Why not meet me after the show and we'll have a beer?"

"All right," Alan said. "Thanks a lot."

He had a leisurely dinner and returned to the show. The songs were soothing, and the jokes bright. The orchestra put their backs into it.

But Marietta Marsden gave Alan his nice evening. About a size larger than Lily Pons, she was perfectly formed, had a warm contralto voice, blond hair, enchanting mannerisms, and a face that could easily have inspired someone like Henry Kaiser to launch a thousand aircraft carriers. Alan fell hard from the eighteenth row, center. His heart kept on clapping after his hands stopped.

AS HE waited backstage for Sam, who was transacting business with the producer, Marietta came by on the arm of a flushed Pfc. Alan gazed at her and grew rigid. Although he could scarcely have been called unsophisticated, this girl had a tendency toward short-circuiting all his reflexes. It was alarming and pleasant.

Sam's tapping his shoulder brought him out of the trance.

"How'd you enjoy the show?" Sam asked.

"She was terrific," Alan said.

"Oh, you mean Marietta," Sam said. "The dame is strictly pin-up, is she not?"

"Be careful," Alan said solemnly. "You are speaking of the woman I already love."

They walked over to a famous Broadway restaurant and had sandwiches and beer. Sam was prepared to talk shop and of old times. Alan was not.

"Never mind those old, burned-out four-alarm fires we covered," he said. "You can do me another favor, Sam."

"I was afraid I could," Sam said.

"To put it briefly, I want a date with Marietta. I haven't got much time, so it'll have to be tomorrow night. Who is that child in O.D.s I saw her with backstage?"

Sam looked more hopeless than ever. "A serviceman. That's all she goes out with."

"Ouch," Alan said.

"It was my own idea," Sam said, "among others. I'm handling the kid personally, and, if I do say so myself, she's getting almost as much space in the daily prints as the war. I got her to give up dating anybody but servicemen for the duration and six months, and she pays the bills on dates herself. That's her contribution to the war effort. Kind of a cute idea, isn't it?"

"That's the word for it. Cute."

"Of course, if you wore your Purple Heart and—"

"Shut up," Alan said. "For the duration and six months."

There was an interval of silence. Sam drank his beer and lighted one of his few remaining cigarettes.

"Well, okay," Alan said. "I've got an idea for tomorrow night. You're going to tell her I'm in the Merchant Marine. They're a very deserving bunch, and they don't get much of a play, considering what they do. I've been on enough ships to be in the Merchant Marine, so it's a harmless lie. As soon as I'm in

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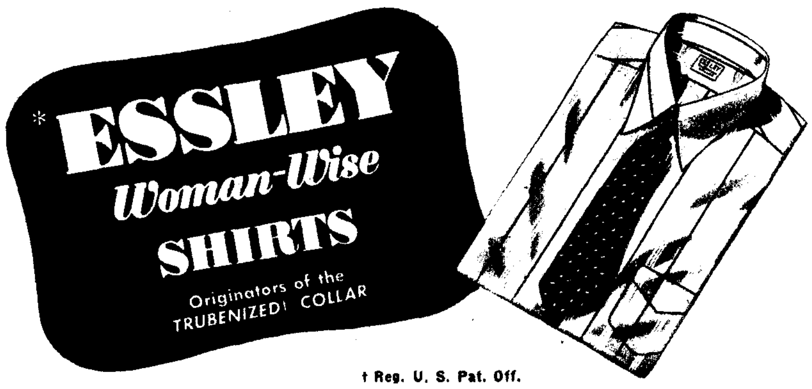

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BY THE MAKERS OF ESSLEY *Woman-Wise* SPORTSWEAR

solid, I'll tell her the truth, and then she can wait for me as her contribution to the war effort."

"Merchant Marine . . ." Sam said. "That may not be a bad angle."

"Listen, it's no angle. And there's not going to be any publicity. I'm simply A. Parker, able seaman, and I'll take her to joints where neither of us will be recognized. All you have to do is sell her on including Merchant Mariners in her program."

"I don't know," Sam said, getting more hopeless again. "She's a nice girl, and you're in a hurry. What are your intentions?"

"What I have in mind," Alan said, "is postwar planning that includes marriage, a few kids, and a house in the country. Will you buy that?"

"It's a bum angle," Sam said. "Who ever got a good publicity break being happy? But I'll see what I can do."

"My pal," Alan said. "I'm going to let you buy me another beer."

AFTER lunch the next day Alan checked by telephone with Sam. "I trust," he stated, "that there has been no hitch in lining up Toots for tonight."

"There was another client had a priority. A young fella in the uniform of his country—"

"Now, look—"

"Don't get excited," Sam said hastily. "He has been transferred without loss of grade to a kid in the chorus that wants to do her duty. The sailor is happy. But I got something to tell you."

"Make it brief," Alan said. "I have to have my hair and nails done and my eyebrows plucked."

Sam's voice had a markedly hopeless note. "Just this. You got one date, and that's all. To coin a phrase, this is it, see? Don't make any plans for the future."

"The present is enough for my needs," Alan said. "Every detail has been mapped out. Let's see . . . this is D-Day minus ten hours. D-Day plus one will see this girl eating out of my hand, at her expense. Don't worry, Sam."

"I won't," Sam said. "If you had a little self-assurance, sweetheart, you'd go far."

At H-Hour Alan was standing in front of the stage door. Sam came to meet him, and they went to Marietta's dressing room. They remained outside patiently.

"The kid is probably warming up her engines," Sam remarked.

Presently she appeared, blond, delectable, and ready to charm. She was wearing a brief, glamorous dress split up one side of the skirt, and jewels which sparkled authentically. There was an orchid pinned to her mink coat. Only a face like hers could have supported such a hat. She spoke to Alan in her warm, deep voice, and shook his hand in a comradely fashion.

"Sam has told me so much about you," she said, lying in her perfect teeth, "that I'm rather excited in meeting you. I hope I won't bore you this evening."

"I hope not," Alan said.

"I mean," Marietta said, "I'll be pretty dull after some of your experiences."

"Well, let's wait and see," Alan said. "There's no use getting discouraged until we have to."

There was a pause.

"By the way," Marietta said, "I always pay the bills on these little expeditions. It's a whim of mine. I hope you don't mind."

"Not if you don't make a gesture of it."

Marietta's lovely lips were slightly parted by now. Sam also seemed to be having trouble in getting his dentures back together. Alan waved to him carelessly and took Marietta's arm.

"See you later, Sam," he said.

Outside, the doorman called them a cab. Marietta paused before she got in.

"Where to, sir?" she asked. "The Stork, Twenty-One, Copacabana? I'm agreeable to anything."

"We'll go to your apartment first," Alan said. "I—"

"When I said I was agreeable to anything," Marietta interrupted firmly, "I didn't mean anything. We're not going to my apartment."

"Wait a minute till I finish, will you? I want you to change clothes, and I'll wait outside. A whim of mine is that I don't like flashily dressed girls. I want you to get into something loose and simple. Then we'll go somewhere."

Marietta stared at him. It was a dangerous moment, and Alan was taking what is known to the military as a calculated risk. Finally, she climbed into the cab and gave the driver her address. They rode for a time in grim silence. But Marietta was fundamentally a gracious, forgiving girl unspoiled by success. She wasn't going to be small about it.

"Most servicemen like to have a girl dress up when they come home," she said. "I'm no clotheshorse, but—"

"Tonight," Alan replied, "you are with a simple seafarer, not a serviceman. Women in every port in the world, hung with jewels and daringly dressed, pursue the wanderers of the deep. That's what I want to get away from. If this date is going to be any relaxation for me, you'll have to stop looking like the girls who are always chasing me somewhere east of Suez."

"Oh," Marietta said.

At her apartment house, she hastily disengaged herself and darted inside, forgetting about the cabman. She gave him a long, cold wait, which Alan realized was deliberate. When she did at last reappear, a complete transition had been effected. She was hatless, and her hair was hanging loosely to her shoulders. She wore a wool skirt, a sweater, a short camel's-hair coat, bobby socks and rather dilapidated shoes with saddles on them. Alan had started out with a glamor girl, and was now with a promising senior from a Brooklyn high school.

It was obviously a nasty shock to her to find him with the same cab. The meter had been ticking for a long while. She looked at the score on the dial and paled.

"Holy Moses!" she said.

"Cabs are hard to get these days," Alan said. "I thought you'd want to keep this one."

"Buy it, didn't you mean?" Marietta said, her voice no longer warm. "Where are we going? It had better not be far."

IT WAS farther than the driver, already rich, had hoped—a spaghetti joint in a cellar down in the Village. Marietta paid him off in greenbacks, and descended a dark staircase with Alan. They sat at a secluded table with the traditional red-checkered cover and were illuminated by a candle stuck in an empty wine bottle. Moe Greensalm and his Jive Five were entertaining. The spaghetti, the salad, the garlic bread and the red wine were excellent. Marietta thawed a little, and after they finished eating, she bought them a package of cigarettes. The place was filled with other girls in sweaters and men in and out of uniform, and she wasn't the object of a second glance. She seemed almost to think it rather pleasant not to be on parade and having to watch herself.

"Tell me," she said, "what your life is like at sea."

"Cold, wet and dirty," Alan said. "No creature comforts, no good food, no women."

"What else?"

"No good books, pleasant conversation, or music. And no women."

"Yes . . ."

"Sailing through treacherous, black oceans, waiting breathlessly for the torpedo to come. In the daytime it's the planes you wait for. No rest, no clean linen, no women."

"Are there any women?" Marietta asked.

"No women," Alan said. "Could you let me have five dollars?"

She gave him the bill, and he went and gave it to Moe Greensalm. The Jive Five stopped kicking the gong around and began playing Noel Coward songs, followed by Jerome Kern stuff, and some of Sigmund Romberg. Alan came back and asked Marietta to dance.

"You throw my money around like a drunken civilian," she said.

They danced cheek to cheek, which seemed to be a local ground rule. Alan was slightly entangled in Marietta's long locks, and they often bumped into other couples.

"I won't hurt you," Marietta said. "You needn't keep that hammerlock on me."

"This is a dream to me, Marietta," he said. "A fantasy. Later on, in some low dive surrounded by nautch girls, I'll remember our date as an idyll."

"Do you go out a lot with—with nautch girls?"

"Only when I'm ashore and trying to forget."

"Forget what?" Marietta asked.

"Other nautch girls I have met," Alan said. "Do you think you can afford a couple of good liqueurs for us when we sit down?"

When they returned to the table, Marietta somehow got on the subject of herself. Alan sat and sipped his liqueur and appeared enchanted.

"Then I graduated from Hollywood High School," she said. "I went two years to the University of Southern California. But I wanted to be in pictures. My sister, Jacqueline Marsden, is a movie star."

"Oh, sure. Funny I never thought of the connection."

"Most people don't, thank goodness."

"Why? What's wrong with that?"

Marietta shrugged. "Well, she's younger than I am, and she sort of skipped school. By the time I realized it, I was the idiot older sister and she was the Cinderella of the family. It wasn't her fault and it wasn't mine, but there it was. Every time I tried to do anything for myself, I found I was in her shadow. People weren't going to take two sisters seriously."

"So you came to New York and made a hit on your own," Alan said.

"Not until I'd done a great deal of stumbling around in Hollywood first, trying to break the jinx. And not until I'd made a nuisance of myself." She looked at Alan with very large, very honest blue eyes. "I suppose I didn't really win friends and influence people, either. I think I was pretty annoying, and I know I was jealous of my sister, who didn't deserve it. . . . That's a bad business to confess, but I have to be honest. If I'm going to be honest with myself, I have to be honest with other people, don't I?"

"Certainly," Alan said, and felt his conscience give him a pinch that would undoubtedly leave a bruise. "Practically always be honest."

Marietta paid the check and they took a cab to her apartment house. They lingered in the doorway, chatting of this and that, neither of them quite wanting to break it up. Suddenly Marietta's teeth began to chatter.

"Gee, it's cold," she said. "I've got to go before I freeze my feet. Good night, ah—what's your first name?"

"Just A. Parker, able seaman."

"Good night, A. Parker. This has been expensive and nice."

"Good night," Alan said. "Tell me something, Marietta. What do you want most in the world?"

She hesitated, wadding a tip of her coat between her hands with the nervous indecision of a little girl. "I suppose I ought to lie and tell you success, or money, or a big contract in pictures. But I'll tell you the truth. I'm like any other girl you ever met. I want to fall terribly in love with someone and live happily ever afterward."

"In that case," Alan said, "it's a good thing you're in this doorway. Where do you have breakfast?"

"In my apartment."

"What time?"

"About eleven o'clock."

Alan kissed her good night, on the mouth. "See you at breakfast."

"That'll be wonderful," Marietta said. "Listen, am I losing my mind?"

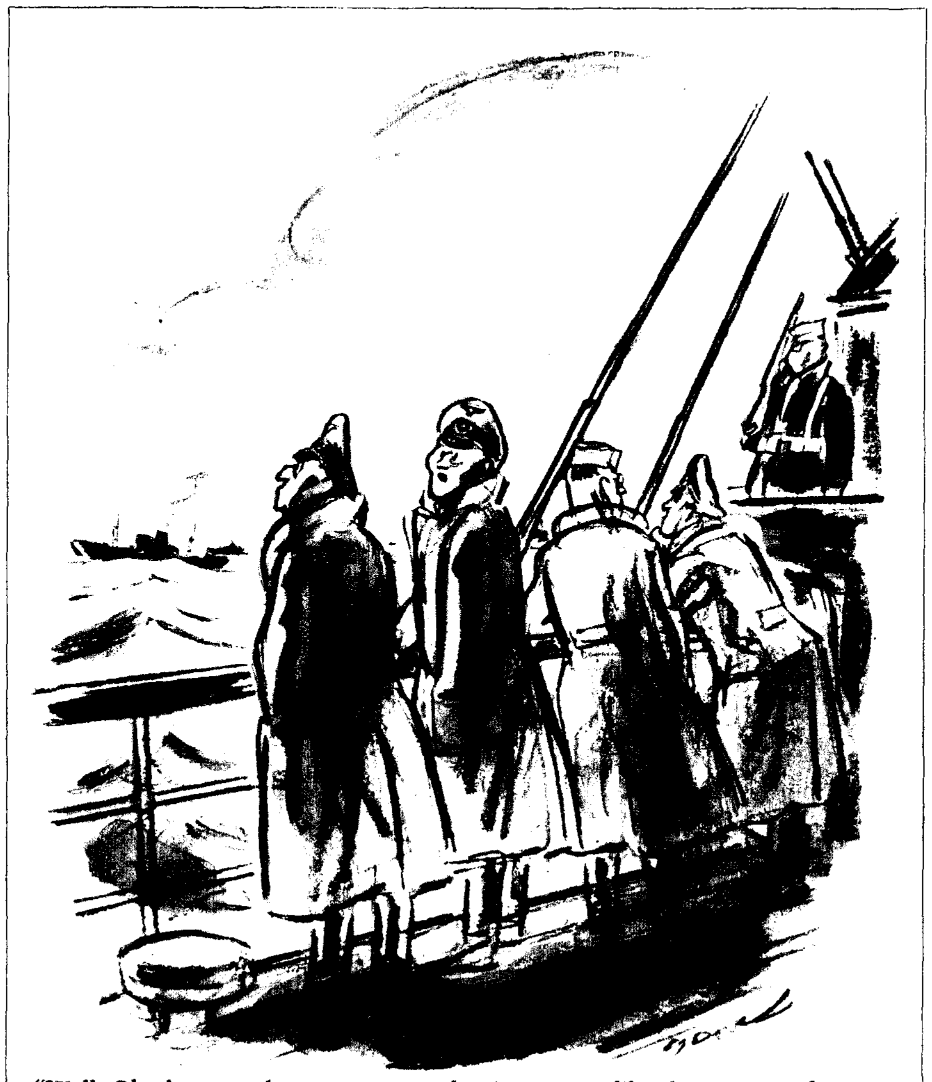
THEY breakfasted in the morning as scheduled, which was D-Day plus one. Alan was well satisfied with the progress of operations. Mostly they just ate and read the newspapers, not talking much. Marietta's maid seemed surprised, but a good cook. The whole episode was a little like being married, which pleased them.

"I didn't put any make-up on this morning," Marietta said. "Are you satisfied?"

"You look dreadful," Alan said. "Let's not overdo this."

Later on they went out, with Marietta in an old suit, a hat with a veil, and unobtrusive furs. Nobody noticed them in the Museum of Natural History, where they carefully inspected the slow evolution of man.

"You will notice all the trouble and work,"



"Well, Oberkommandant, on a transatlantic crossing like this I must admit to a certain feeling of relief that our submarine campaign has failed so thoroughly"

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Alan said, "that has gone into the making of a man like me. A girl ought to think twice, getting such a prize. I am not an object to be lightly cast aside."

"No, indeed," Marietta said, honestly.

Eventually he took her to the saloon on Fifty-eighth Street without qualms, for Joe was a man of the world and gave away no secrets. He served them Tom and Jerries, and they held hands under the rim of the bar.

"Joe, this is quite an occasion," Alan said. "With me this afternoon is the future Miss Marsden."

"Mrs. Parker, you mean," Marietta said absently, and then grew cerise.

"She's proposed," Alan said.

"Miss Marsden," Marietta said. "You were right. I could bite my tongue off!"

"I hear it ain't bad," Joe said imperturbably.

"What?" Alan said. "Marriage?"

"No," Joe said. "The show she's in."

They returned to Marietta's apartment. Certain decisions had been arrived at en route. Alan got Sam on the telephone.

"Sam," he said, "this is A. Parker calling from Miss Marsden's apartment. In just a moment Miss Marsden will be on the wire with an important announcement."

"You're a card, sweetheart," Sam said. "Where are you? I've been calling you all day trying to find out how you did with gorgeous."

"Here is gorgeous," Alan said.

"Sam," Marietta said, "I wonder if you could get me out of my date tonight? I want to take on A. Parker again. . . . Yes, I know it's breaking the rules. I'll make it up to the Armed Forces somehow. . . . A. Parker is telling me about how he shot an albatross and got into trouble. I'm going to hear the end of the story tonight."

AND so it went. Alan went to the theater that night at the usual time through a chilly drizzle and was ushered promptly through the stage door. Marietta appeared promptly from her dressing room, resembling an out-of-work chorus girl in oxfords, slacks, and a plaid raincoat with a hood. Sam, who appeared on the side lines, had trouble once more with his face.

"If I were you, Sam," Alan said, in a kindly tone, "I'd have my kisser wired up. It is developing a tendency to sprawl all over your chest."

They left him thus, and went out to a night of innocent gaiety in obscure restaurants, ending again in the cold doorway of Marietta's apartment house. Alan kissed her good night.

"I don't know how long I can afford this," Marietta said, "but it's simply terrific. I'm getting so I wait for night to fall so I can kiss you."

"Have you diagnosed your trouble, madam?" Alan asked.

He got that honest look. "I'm in love with you. What did you think it was—a desire to wear old clothes?"

"I may kiss you in the morning at breakfast," Alan said, "if you'll apply a little make-up."

Back at his hotel, he lay for a while before going to sleep and considered D-Day plus one. He was worried. Marietta's outstanding quality was honesty, and she expected it in the people she liked. This four-years-before-the-mast business was apt to prove a boomerang. He was beginning to wonder how to alibi himself when the big moment came, other than joining the Merchant Marine. He fell asleep before reaching a conclusion.

D-Day plus two dawned fair and bright. Breakfast was as usual. They sat silently, reading the newspapers. But they were awfully silent, and slowly growing rigid. Finally Alan handed the sheet containing their pictures over to Marietta, and she gave him her newspaper. The silence continued as he read a second gay story about the well-known newspaper correspondent who had posed as a Merchant Mariner and won the heart of a Broadway favorite. The girl who had dedicated herself to the Armed Forces for the duration and six months had broken her vow. She was in love, and with a civilian. It made a cute story, but it should have been on the obituary page.

Alan smiled weakly at Marietta. "Nothing like a little publicity."

She was pale and thin-lipped, and looking extraordinarily honest. His heart sank.

"So you're Alan Parker," she said.

"And you're the future Mrs. Parker."

"No," Marietta said. "I'm the future Miss Marsden. You've had your fun and given the town a good laugh and your name is in the papers. I suggest you finish your coffee in the hall."

"Marietta, I swear I had nothing to do with planting those stories. It's as much of a surprise to me as to you. I can explain everything—"

"Not if you have to keep ducking when I start throwing things. You're a liar, a thief and a bully, and you've obtained my money under false pretenses. Get out of here!"

"As long as you've asked me to go," Alan said, "I'll go. But I leave my heart here."

"It's all right," Marietta said. "I'm going to have the place fumigated anyway."

They exchanged a few more incoherent words, but this was unquestionably the end. Marietta was only trying to get rid of him before she burst into tears, and Alan had sense enough to leave. He visited his boss, called San Francisco long distance, packed his bags, and arranged to take the six-o'clock train to Washington. Then the condemned man ate a hearty lunch and taxied to the theater.

Sam was sitting at the typewriter in his moldy office. Alan entered, removed his coat, and rolled up his sleeves. Sam gazed at him like a pedestrian at an approaching truck.

"As it must to all men," Alan said, "death came to Sam Ball today in the form of slow strangulation. Do you have anything to say before your lousy puff-factory is stilled forever?"

"Yes!" Sam said, and the spell broke. He leaped up and put a desk between them. "Sweetheart, how did I know she was going to get so sore? I can't help myself. I got to break stories when they're hot. I hated myself this morning, but what could I do? Her name was in every column in town. Will you ever forgive me?"

"No."

"This is breaking my heart, Alan. How can I ever forgive myself? Sweetheart, I want you to think of me as someone too lost and degraded to ever mention in decent society. Think of me as dead."

"I'd love to," Alan said. He dropped his sleeves and replaced his coat. "Well, you've talked me out of it. I'm just a hollow shell anyhow. From now on I'll stay in the jungle where I belong. After the war I'll go on, swinging from tree to tree."

"Say, that's an interesting angle," Sam said. "If you ever decide to come out, let me know in advance. I'll get you a nice ape-man break in every sheet in the country. We ain't had one in a long time."

A WEEK later Alan was in San Francisco. Comparatively few hours later he was at Pearl Harbor. A couple of months passed. The end of them found him at Port Frederick, in the heart of the atabrine and sniper belt. He had grown dark and thin, and his big brown eyes contained a lost-dog look that attracted the sympathies of mess sergeants and Red Cross workers. Some people tabbed him for malaria, others for psychoneurosis. But it was just love. It might have gone on until Tokyo was reached, except for a kindly admiral who had grown to like him during previous tours of duty. The admiral took him aside.

"You're not the man you were, Parker," he said. "What's the matter? Have you seen too much war, or are you getting dysentery again?"

"No, sir," Alan said. "I just have the white man's burden, that's all."

"I don't understand."

"It's all over the South Pacific, Admiral. The white man's burden is white women. I'm in love with a white woman who doesn't love me. She'll probably marry some soldier while I'm away on active service."

"I see," the admiral said. "This is the result of your last trip home, eh? Met one of those pin-up girls in the flesh, I presume."

"Pin-up girl . . ." Alan said. A bazooka seemed to fire inside his skull. "Admiral,

"Everything right on time, Captain!"

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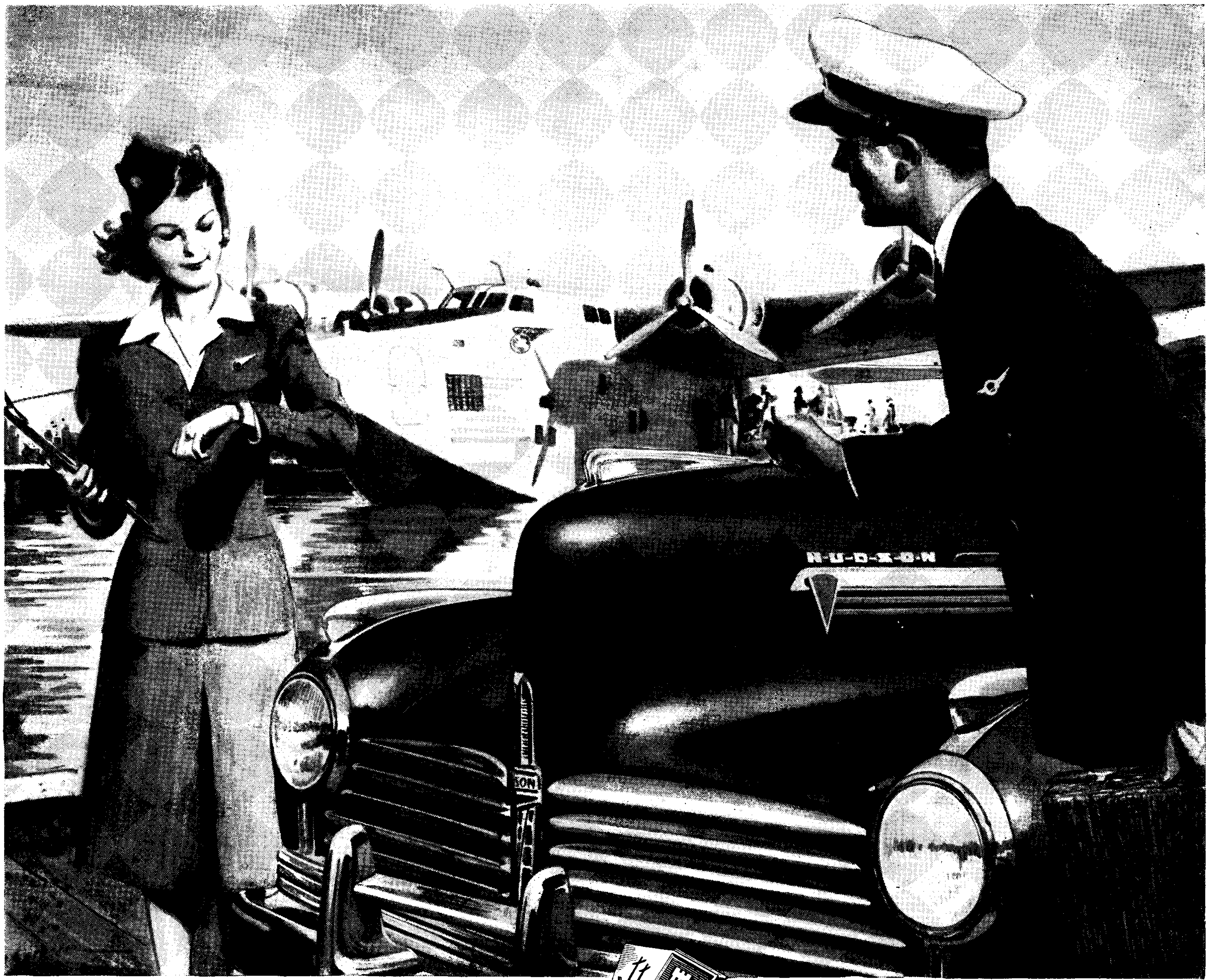

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you have unwittingly given me an idea which may revolutionize the war—for me."

It took him a little while to organize his campaign, but the going was great once he began. First he wrote a piece reporting that the admiral was the greatest mind doing business in the war, and then a succession of articles on how a comparatively unknown girl, Marietta Marsden, had become the pin-up queen of the boys in the equatorial foxholes. The jungle G.I., he stated in print, was pining for the sight of the girl of his dreams and photographs. They wanted to know why Miss Marsden, notably patriotic, didn't toss everything aside and visit them. In addition, Alan sent letters to various friends influential in the New York newspapers to help apply the heat. Marietta was going to be barraged.

THEN he sat back to wait for things to cook. He waited on PT boats, on beachheads, in BPYs, in bombers, on LSTs. Weeks passed. One day a cable arrived from his office. Miss Marsden was on the way, and Port Frederick was a stop. He was to cover that part of her tour of the malaria circuit.

Panic struck Alan. He had never been sure that his scheme would work, and he had told himself it wouldn't for fear he'd be disappointed and have his heart suddenly break up like a Zeke hit by a P-38. Now the deal was clinched, and he was in a trap. This had to be legitimate if he was ever to reinstate himself with the girl who would have admitted cutting down the cherry tree, had she ever been in the same position.

He had another inspiration: Sam Ball. He cabled him that all was forgiven, and that Sam was to lay hands on every available glamor portrait of Marietta extant and send them to him by air, with the aid of his office if necessary. Good old Sam. He quickly cabled acknowledgment and said the pix were practically on the way. His cable bore a Hollywood date line. He must have accompanied Marietta to the Coast.

There followed an agonizing wait. Marietta had a lot of stops, but unless Sam acted with dispatch all was lost. She was due any day when a bulky package addressed to him and marked "pictures" came. Alan didn't even open the package. He hurried with it through murky weather to the commanding officer of the base. The general listened to him sympathetically. Yes, there was no objection to more pin-up pictures. The men would be glad to get them. The general was sure they'd be prominently displayed when Miss Marsden arrived. He'd temporarily hang one in his office himself, if it'd make Alan any happier.

In the midst of this conference, a message arrived from operations. The weather had socked in for keeps at Port Frederick. The transport on which Marietta was coming had radioed that it was going to Aloa instead. Aloa was four hundred miles away.

Clutching his package, Alan left the general on the run. In the Officers' Club he found a colonel of tender years who had no objection to risking his life in dirty weather if he could see a real, live girl. Together they found a copilot and a crew chief of like mind. Alan was issued a parachute, and climbed with them into a medium bomber.

They landed before the transport carrying Marietta arrived. Alan had an interview with the commander at the Aloa air base. Things worked out perfectly. The provost marshal was called and handed the package. M.P.s were to distribute the pictures to all ranks. They'd be pinned up everywhere within half an hour.

A helpful naval lieutenant gave Alan a slug of rum, and he was allowed to use a shower. Somebody near his size lent him a clean khaki shirt. He was ready.

The C.O. and his staff went out to meet the plane. Alan moved after them at a sedate pace. He was careful not to perspire because he wanted to look his best when Marietta first saw him. On the way, he was stopped by a mechanic. Alan was pleased to see he had a picture in his hand.

"Say, Mr. Parker," the mechanic said, "I hear we're getting visited by a movie star."

"No, no," Alan said. "A stage star. You see, there are two sisters, and—"

"Nah," the mechanic said. "I got this picture here. They just passed them around. It's Jacqueline Marsden. Says so on the picture."

Alan stretched out a trembling hand for the photograph. He had difficulty focusing his eyes. The camera, he presently saw, never lied. It was Jacqueline Marsden, and it said so. The picture was from the studio, and it also said that. Sam Ball, a man to go down in history with Hitler and Himmler, had struck again. Alan stood perfectly still, waiting for what fate had in store for him next. He was really sweating now.

"What I wondered is," the mechanic said, "if you could get that picture autographed for me, Mr. Parker. I'd appreciate it."

"With pleasure," Alan replied. "And let me know the next time you are warming up a ship. I want to walk into the prop."

He had no thought of flight. The situation was past cowardice. On dragging feet, he joined the happy throng.

Marietta was there, somewhat pale under her tan, but rising magnificently to the occasion. She was, after all, an actress, and capable of dissembling her rage at being addressed as Jacqueline Marsden and hearing comments that she was now a blonde and didn't look quite like she did in pictures. She smiled happily, autographed the stills of her sister, and presently looked upon Alan with cold eyes.

"Miss Marsden," Alan said dully, "it is a pleasure to have you with us. I knew your sister in New York, and I wish you'd give her my regards next time you see her. Tell her it is worse to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all, and I'm not kidding."

"Neither am I," Marietta said. "A louse is a louse, anywhere in the world."

Alan extended the picture. "May I have your autograph?"

"Only," Marietta said, "if I can carve it on your back with a bolo. Step aside."

She was the toast of the post, and there was revelry that night at Aloa. In Marietta's troupe was a guitar player, a dancer and a comic. They gave their show in a hangar, and later on there was a dance.

Alan attended nothing. He sat under mosquito netting in an obscure hut, alone with his thoughts. When the colonel, the copilot and the crew chief, all in high spirits and having danced with Marietta, returned to him, he asked to leave at once for Port Frederick.

"I'm alone in the world," he said, "an orphan. Port Frederick is not much, but it's home to me. Take me out of here, fellas."

THEY got the ship and warmed it up. As they taxied down the runway and turned into the wind, a jeep with a red light on it raced up. The colonel throttled back. The crew chief yelled in Alan's ear; a dame wanted to see him. Alan dropped through the front hatch, avoided the whirling props and went over to the jeep. Marietta was waiting for him.

"Listen, I've made a terrible mistake," she said. "These people have been talking all evening about you. First-Wave Parker, they call you. You've got a Purple Heart."

"It's busted, too," Alan said.

"It needn't be—everybody thinks you're wonderful. They say you're just the kind of guy who would arrange to have a movie star visit a remote place like this. They say you're always doing things for them. A. Parker, I'm glad I came. I don't care whether they know me or not. You don't know what it does to them, and to me, to see somebody they think is a real, live movie star. Listen; I think you're wonderful myself. Where are you going?"

"No place."

By this time they were in each other's arms. The colonel cut the switches on the bomber.

"Now I look like you always wanted me to," Marietta said tenderly. "I think I've got an itch—a tropical itch."

"I don't care," Alan said. "I'll love you anyway. Honey, where is Sam?"

"Working for a studio," Marietta said. "He has been for a couple of months. It's the studio my sister is in."

"Good old Sam," Alan said. "He brought us together. He'll be the best man at our wedding. Maybe we can give him the itch."

THE END

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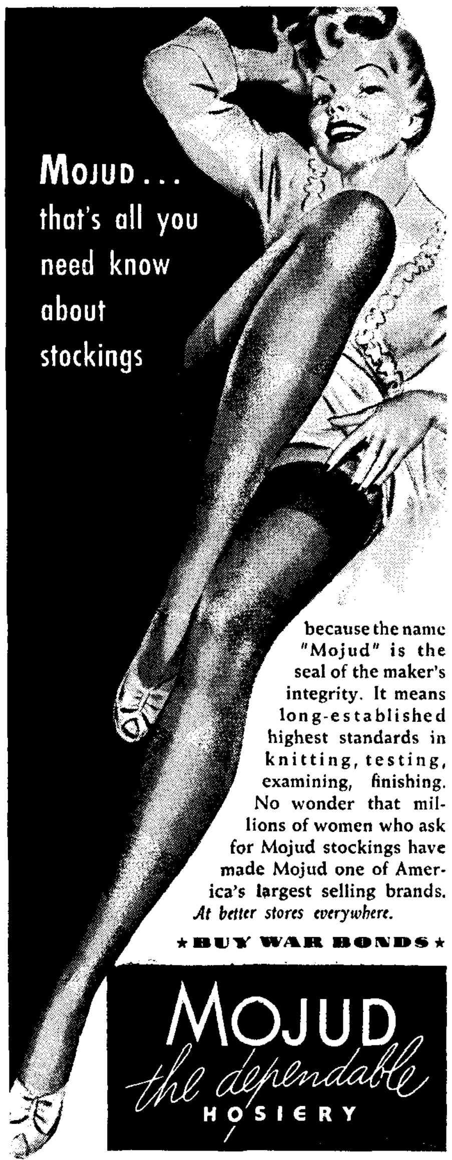

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Liberation at Amiens

Continued from page 17

Amiens had its underground political organization called *Triangle de Direction.* This organization had three divisions—one *politique,* another *organisation manifestation,* a third *mouvement de masse.* The first was in contact with the outside and a committee of the FTP called *Camps et Prisons,* which planned escapes, particularly of men or women who had been sentenced to be shot. How this contact was made cannot be told, because the same methods are still being used at prisons inside Germany. But it can be said that it was often done by using the German guards, of course, without their knowledge.

The second division of the *Triangle de Direction* organized protests inside the Amiens and other prisons to obtain more to eat and better living conditions. Very few of these were ever successful, and they usually resulted in some of the prisoners being shot, but they were valuable because they irritated the Germans and kept them more or less confused. The duty of the members of the third division was to persuade people arrested for minor offenses to remain in prison rather than swear an oath of allegiance to the Vichy government, which they were always asked to do by the Germans.

Men and women who worked in the three divisions of the *Triangle de Direction* were chosen, when replacements became necessary because of escapes or executions, during the daily five-minute walk in the courtyard, the prisoners voting on names given them by the leaders. It was during these walks, too, that news of Allied naval and military operations was circulated. If the news was favorable, it was shouted triumphantly to the German guards, who could never understand how the prisoners obtained the information.

The FTP organized several escapes from the Amiens jail, and some of them took months to plan and carry out. In the early part of January, 1944, the FTP committee on *Camps et Prisons* began working on an ambitious liberation project involving the co-operation of the Royal Air Force.

The committee made contact with the RAF and supplied detailed information about the height and thickness of the prison walls, the number and size of the various buildings, the location of the guards' quarters, where the different classes of prisoners were confined, etc. The attempt was to be made on February 18, 1944, and forty-five men, including seven who had been sentenced to be shot on February 20th, were selected to escape. Arrangements were made to help them once they were outside the prison walls.

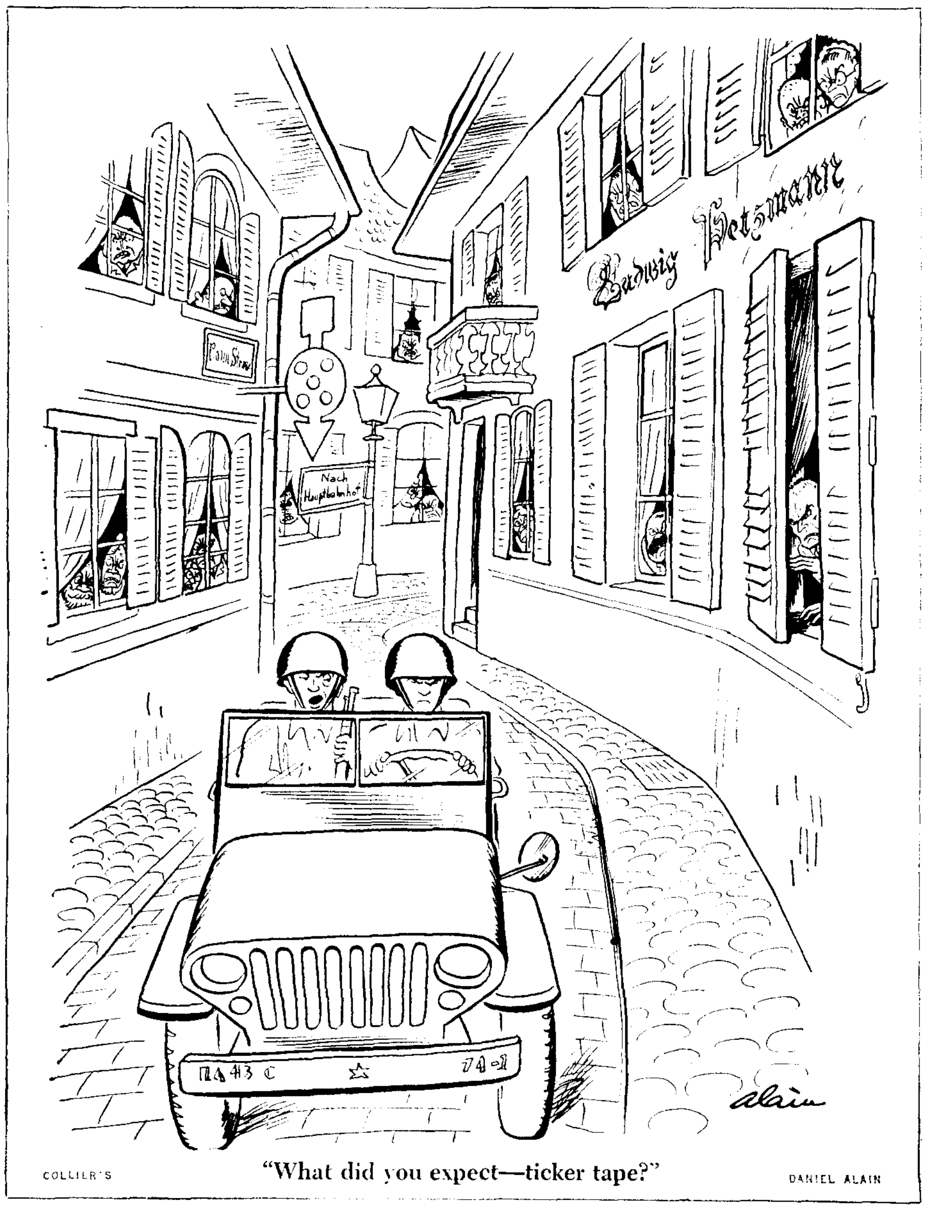
Preparations made by the RAF for the raid were extraordinarily elaborate, and were carried out with the utmost secrecy. The two score young fliers huddled in the closely guarded briefing room an hour before dawn on the morning of February 18th hadn't the slightest notion what their mission would be.

Something Wizard Was Cooking

But as Wing Commander R. W. Iredale, an Australian, put it, "They knew that something really wizard was cooking," because any ordinary mission would probably have been canceled on account of the weather.

Snow was falling, and a hard, squally wind was blowing. That the group was to attempt one of the most hazardous and difficult bombing feats in history was known only to Wing Commander Iredale and Group Captain C. P. Pickard, who was to be in command of the mission. Captain Pickard, better known as "Pick," was a 26-year-old Yorkshireman and one of the RAF's most famous pilots. He is familiar to American movie audiences as the captain of the Wellington bomber F-for-Freddy in the British documentary film, Target for Tonight.

No man was permitted to enter the briefing room until his name had been carefully checked on a list held by an armed military



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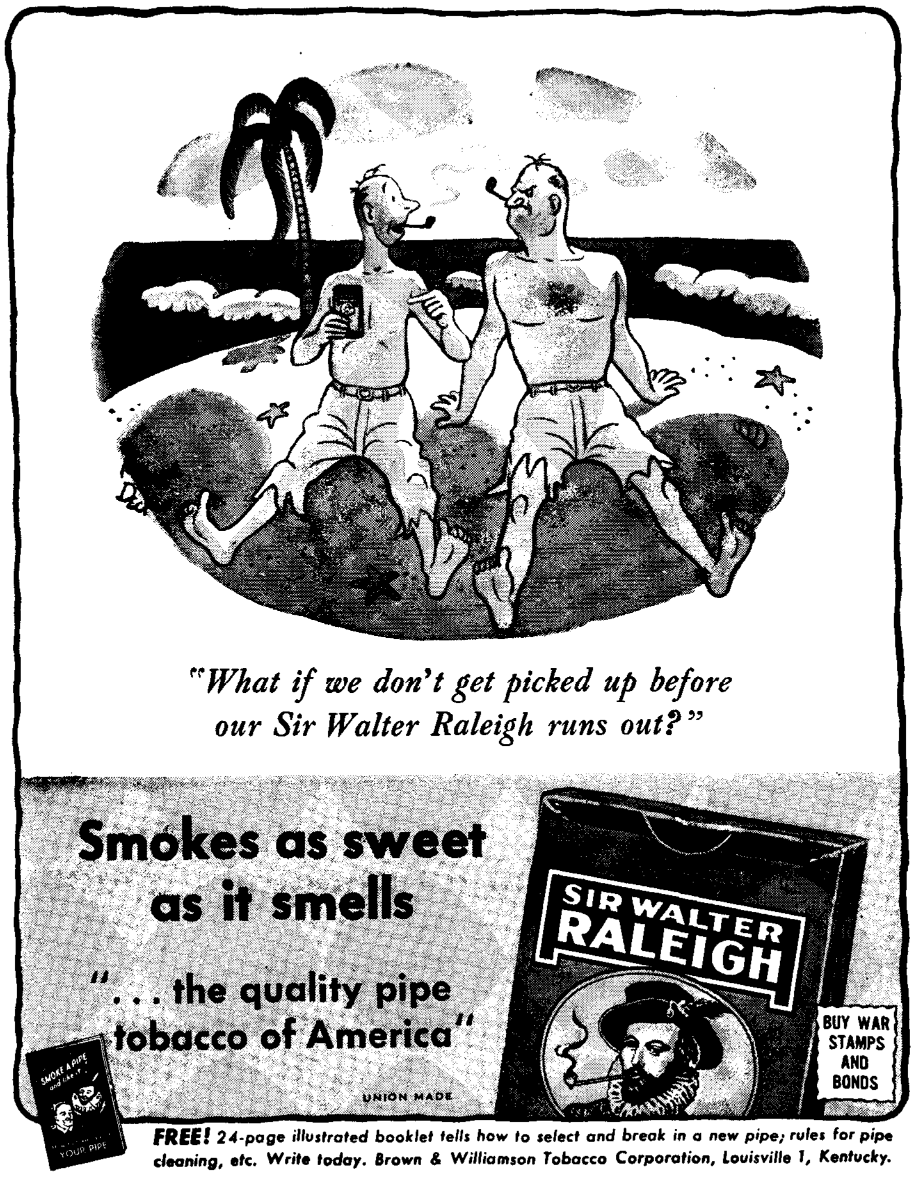
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policeman at the door. When all had been admitted, the room held forty men, pilots and navigators for eighteen Mosquito bombers, plus an extra ship detailed for photographic work. They were a mixed lot of Englishmen, Scots, Australians, Canadians and New Zealanders, all picked men of experience and exceptional skill. Waiting for Captain Pickard to arrive, they sat in silence, staring at a mysterious box on the commanding officer's table beneath the route map on the wall. It was a large box, at least five feet square and many inches deep; clearly it hid some important object.

When Captain Pickard came in, accompanied by the air vice-marshal commanding the group, he made a few quiet remarks about the special nature and importance of the mission. Then he lifted the cover of the box and disclosed a model of the target—the prison at Amiens, a large three-story building in the form of a cross, with various smaller structures, the whole surrounded by a wall twenty feet high and about three feet thick. He explained that in the prison were confined several hundred French patriots who had fought the Germans, and that some of them had been sentenced to death for "helping our fellows who have been forced down in France."

"Pick went on to say," said Commander Iredale, "that it was up to us to help them, and that bombing the prison was the only possible way to do it. It was a dangerous, tricky way, but the only way. Unavoidably, some might be killed by our bombs or by the German guards, but that would be preferable to death before a Gestapo execution squad. They would all have at least a fighting chance to get away, and upon our accuracy would depend the number who escaped unharmed. We must hit the right places with the right amount, and to do so, we must go in extremely low, 'on the deck.' That would bring us within the range of small-arms fire and light flak, and it would be fierce. Typhoon fighter escorts were to take care of enemy aircraft.

"We were to run up to the target in three waves of six planes each. The first must breach the walls. The second, three minutes later, must not only open up the ends of the main building so that the prisoners could emerge, but must also destroy those parts in which we knew the German guards had their quarters. The third wave, ten minutes after the second, would be in reserve, to knock off anything the others missed.

An Assignment for Every Plane

"If the first two waves did their jobs well, the third would have nothing to do but lug its bombs home. They would get their signal from Pick who, after bombing with the first wave, would stick around to watch and judge. All others were to start for home as soon as they had dropped their bombs, except the film ship, which would make as many runs as necessary for its pictures between the second and third waves.

"Here was a raid most exacting in precision, most stringent in timing and co-operation. Above all it was probably the most intimate use of airpower ever attempted; they would have to put their bombs down as daintily as the toes of a ballerina. I saw the lads hurry out to their planes with great determination and keenness, and take off into the beating snow and zero visibility. Each plane flew at three hundred feet, and the pilot was unable to see the other planes or even the ground until the rendezvous on the English coast was reached. There they made formation and were joined by the Typhoons. Properly spaced in waves, they raced all out for the point on the French shore which had been chosen as the most feasible for their hazardous, low-level entry."

The bombs carried by the Mosquitoes were fixed with 11-second delay fuses, to give the planes a thin chance of getting clear. Wing Commander Iredale, leading his six Mosquitoes in the second wave down the main highway which runs through Amiens, could see the bombs of the first wave going off against the prison walls and the planes streaking away for home. Heavy defensive fire was now coming up, and German fighters had appeared and were trying to dive through the protecting screen of Typhoons.

"It was a very intricate pattern of planes and bombs over that target," said Commander Iredale. "We could not arrive too soon over the prison after the first wave, because we had to give their bombs time to go off. We couldn't arrive too late, because smoke and dust would then obscure the target. Lastly, since I had to divide my wave into two groups in order to hit both ends of the building, we had to cross the prison at right angles to each other, with a real chance of collision in the smoke, speed and confusion.

"Our calculation of time must have been just right; at any rate, we could plainly see the main building through the dust and smoke, and from our study of the model we knew exactly where to put our bombs—and we did. The other three planes of my wave, crossing under the one behind us, smacked their end of the building properly, too. Then we formed up and went for home.

The Final, Fatal Decision

"Captain Pickard, as planned, had remained behind after bombing with the first wave, to observe results. These were so good that when the third wave arrived on schedule, he signaled the planes to scat for home. However, one of the planes of this wave was hit by flak and knocked down, and seeing this, Pick delayed leaving with the final wave and its protecting Typhoons, as he should have done. Instead, he flew back to see if he could learn the fate of the crew. Caught alone, he was jumped by two German fighters and shot down.

"Meanwhile the film ship had made several runs over the target, and had obtained its pictures—good ones, too. Members of this ship's crew told us afterward that after the bombing, they had seen figures running through the gaps in the wall. Some of the runners, obviously Germans, flung themselves to the ground when the planes approached; the others just kept on running. On its last run, the film ship saw Captain Pickard circling, but he was not seen again by any of us."

The raid cost four planes and the lives of six British fliers, and killed an undisclosed number of the prisoners, most of them women. But for many of the patriots the bombs opened the way to freedom. Jean Baudoin, who is now dying of tuberculosis brought on by torture and hardships in prison, said that the reaction among the prisoners was surprise and terror, but that they didn't stop to seek an explanation; they just ran for freedom.

Once outside the walls some climbed into automobiles which the FTP had waiting for them, and others ran into the town, where they were given shelter by the people. The last time that Baudoin and other prisoners saw Fullsman, the American parachutist was standing atop a pile of rubble in the courtyard, gesturing at the departing planes and shouting.

Monsieur Vivant, the punctilious sous-prefect, had a whole series of adventures after the bombing. His plate of "dishwater" had been placed in his cell, and he was carefully removing his hat preparatory to eating when he heard the noise of motors. The sound was so near that at first he thought an Allied plane had been shot down by German anti-aircraft fire.

"Then there was an explosion," he said, "and I emerged covered with plaster. When the dust settled, I saw that one wall of my cell had disappeared, and I stood facing the wall a few feet away, which separated the prison from the street. Then there was a second explosion, and this wall also crumbled away. I wondered whether I was not Moses reborn, dividing walls instead of water. Immediately I hopped through the opening in the wall, with people around me running in all directions. I heard swearing in German, but continued to run. I became aware of somebody jogging along beside me, white with plaster dust.

"'Where are you going?' I asked him.

"'I am escaping,' he said. 'I was in the prison. I want to get to the cemetery. The dead are always good cover.'

"He seemed to have had experience, so I followed him, but as we approached the cemetery, we noticed a German patrol and threw ourselves in a ditch."

Monsieur Vivant then decided to return to Amiens, where he knew friends of the resistance movement would hide him. Seeing a Frenchman on a bicycle, he asked for it, in order to avoid being suspected because escaped prisoners seldom have bicycles. The man thought it over.

"I would like to help you," he said, "but I am bringing bread for my children. They have had nothing to eat for two days, and I have to be back at work at two o'clock."

So Monsieur Vivant left the Frenchman, and a little farther on met two girls, who brushed off his suit and wiped his face with their handkerchiefs.

"There were now groups of people walking along the road," he said, "the usual curious crowd going to the scene of the bombing. I mingled with them and re-entered the town. I watched the Boches with great interest as they searched the buildings, when suddenly a woman shrieked something in German to the soldiers, pointing at me. I recognized her. She had been in the office of the *Kommandantur* when I was arrested. The Gestapo also employs women.

"They arrested me again and I was taken to the nearest guard post where German soldiers were watching over the recaptured prisoners. It was a garage requisitioned for that purpose. About an hour later, I asked to be taken to the men's room, and was accompanied by a German guard who remained in the hallway. This room had a small round window opening on the courtyard, and it was no mean feat in view of my corpulence to wiggle through it. I couldn't avoid making noise, and I still don't understand why the guard didn't take notice of what I was doing.

"On the other side, I fell on my nose, and was helped to my feet by a girl who worked in the garage office. She whispered, 'Are you crazy? They will catch you again, but you can't go back now, you must continue. Try to get over this wall. If you get away, go and see my parents. Here is the address. Tell them Yvonne sent you.' "

Monsieur Vivant borrowed a cap from a French workman, and after slipping carefully through side streets and alleys, arrived at the home of Yvonne's parents. They didn't know him but, at great risk to themselves, they hid him for ten days. During that time they took a message to a friend of Monsieur Vivant's at the sous-prefecture of Abbeville, who gave them a forged identification card for him. This friend also went to see Madame Vivant, telling her that the sous-prefect was alive.

But Madame Vivant would not believe it. "No," she said, "that cannot be. They found his hat in his cell. Under no circumstances would Monsieur Vivant go out of doors without his hat. My husband is dead."

The Germans, however, unable to find either the rest of Monsieur Vivant or any traces of blood in his cell, continued to search for him. Finally he had an opportunity to make arrangements for a permit that would enable him to take a train. A friend of Yvonne's father had to attend the funeral of his mother, and had received from the Germans a pass for himself and his funeral party. Monsieur Vivant was presented to the others as a dear friend who wanted to be with him during these trying moments and thus was permitted aboard the train.

A Report of the Bombing

During the trip Monsieur Vivant regaled the members of the funeral party with a detailed account of his adventurous life as a truck driver, at the time unemployed because of the gasoline shortage. He also listened to much voluble talk about the bombing of Amiens prison, and from his companions he learned that the sous-prefect of Abbeville had escaped, leaving behind him silk pajamas, several dozen dressing gowns, and the lace tablecloths on which his meals were served. With natural curiosity Monsieur Vivant inquired what sort of man the sous-prefect might be.

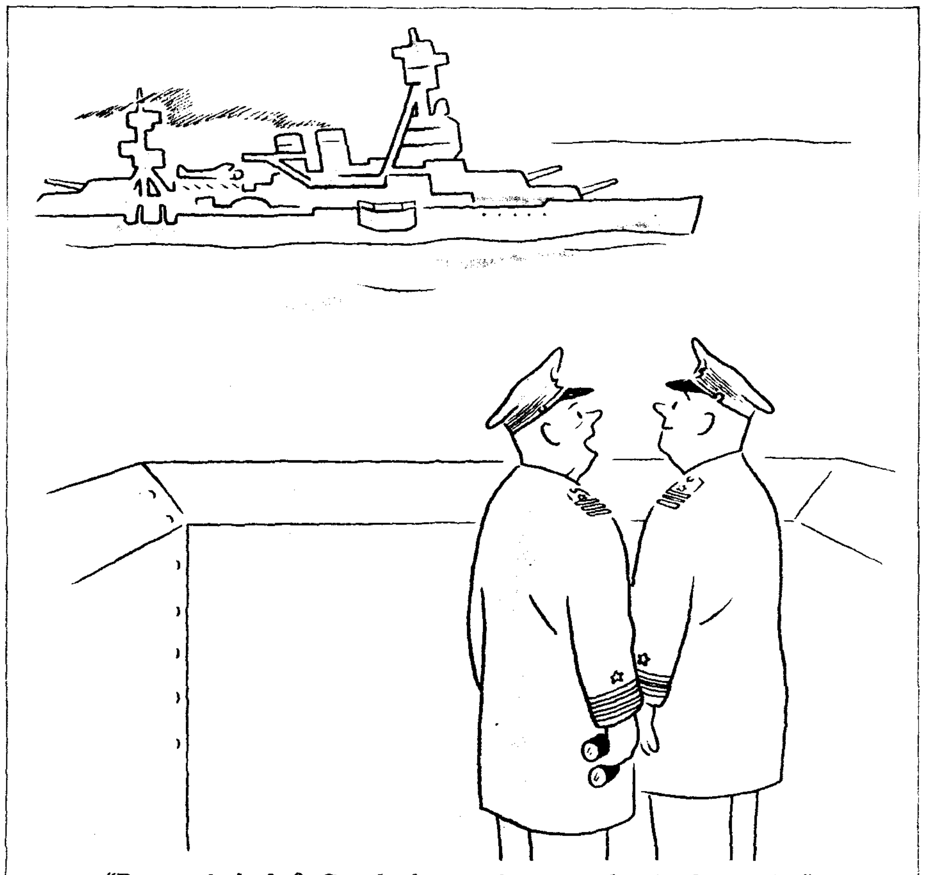
"I had the disagreeable surprise," he said, "to hear the youngest member of the party reply pertly that the sous-prefect was a fat little man, completely bald.

"In Paris, I took my leave of the funeral party and was hidden by other friends. My wife and daughter came to join me. I still have the cap the Frenchman gave me, but I have since bought a new hat."

Two hours after the bombing of the prison, the Germans searched every house in Amiens, but the escaped patriots who had fled into the town were so well hidden that none was found. Later, however, a few were caught when they became overconfident and appeared in the streets. The Germans also announced that any prisoner who returned would have his sentence reduced by one half. Most of the common criminals then returned to the prison, because they were in no danger of being killed. But none of the patriots who had been sentenced to death surrendered voluntarily.

As one of them expressed it: "I'd as soon be wholly shot as half shot."

THE END



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"Never mind," he said in his rich, wooing voice. "I tell you what, Lucinda. How would you like to have a nice soda with me?"

Still, I said nothing. It was as if I stood in the presence of some bewitching danger, and silence was my only defense.

"She has these occasional little spells," my mother laughed. But afterward: "Rude. Rude, and ill-bred. I was ashamed, Lucinda!"

"Mamma. . . ."

"To behave that way before Mr. Earl Randolph—one of the nicest people I've ever known. What must he think of you?"

I shook my head, blinking. "Mamma, are we going to Shapiro's?"

"No, we are not," she said shortly.

Broad Street was crowded that Saturday afternoon, and the carriages and automobiles wound in an endless procession around the square. I remember that my mother wore a tan princess dress, and as we walked along, women in bedraggled skirts turned their heads to gape, and I wondered why they eyed us so sharply. They were South Side people, though I did not know it then, or that Miss Mason had rented a room over there, and lived with them in loneliness and sorrow.

IN THE fall before Mrs. Elliott came to town, I used to lie awake and listen. The nights were black and still, and when the wind blew, the fragrance of pine came in from the woods, and the air was smooth as velvet. Yet even then I was afraid. Strange, muffled noises denied the quiet—the stealthy pad of feet on the road just outside, a siren's thin wailing, the sudden wolf howl of police dogs and hounds. Hearing them, I would long for the bright, hot sun, and all the known, familiar things that I loved. It must have been the same with other children in the South—this feeling that underneath the slow, drowsy living, something fierce lay in wait, and the darkness exposed it like a threat.

"Mamma," I would say, "who was that screaming, last night? I heard somebody just *scream*."

"Now, Lucinda," she smiled. The sleeves of her wrapper spread like cream on the warped mahogany table, her blue eyes were cool as the morning. "Probably something you ate, dear."

"No," I said. "It woke me up."

"Maybe one of the Negroes back of us. Laughing," she finished softly. "They are so full of life."

"But, this—"

"Lucinda, you have entirely too much imagination." And to my father later, "It's ridiculous. She even asks questions about people's eyes!"

He looked up from his reading. "What people?"

"Well—that Miss Mason, for one. The girl at Shapiro's. You know who I mean."

"Oh!" He handed me the funny papers. "If Lucinda is going to ask foolish questions, maybe we'd better keep her at home."

"No, I don't, Papa. I was just joking!" This was an answer I had already learned, and maybe I believed it at the time.

The calm Sunday air was blue with cigar smoke, an early fire pulsed on the hearth, and Father and Mother laughed and yawned. Their eyes disarmed me with perpetual mirth, but Miss Mason's bared a darkness that stopped the heart, and whenever I saw her, I listened afterward. . . .

"I guess I don't need any gloves, Miss Mason," I told her one day when my mother and I were in Shapiro's.

"That's all right, Lucinda. I'm glad to see you, anyway."

I stood before her, without moving. "My mother is buying some slippers for the dance tomorrow night," I said. "She didn't notice when I left."

"Maybe you'd better run along, then." Her face was expressionless as a china mask, but this pool of shadow lay in her eyes, and seeing it spread, I held my breath. "Your mother will be worried about you," she said in that strange, muted way. "She won't understand."

I tried to ease the elastic under my chin. "She doesn't bring me down here very often," I said.

"No."

"Papa said maybe I couldn't come at all, any more."

Gentleman's Town

Continued from page 46

"Then you'd better hurry, Lucinda." Suddenly she bent down behind the counter. When she straightened, her eyes were so wide and tarry black, that I turned around without another word and hurried upstairs to my mother. . . .

Now, when I think back on it, I can understand how people felt about Mrs. Elliott. For one thing, she came to Greenbriar in early winter, when the leaves were brittle, and all the town seemed buried beneath a thick layer of dust. The equinoctial storms were late that year, and Mrs. Elliott, with her shining red hair, must have been a substitute for the open change they brought, and really, twice as dramatic.

A Yankee, they said—a young and beautiful widow, who wore hats with sweeping ostrich plumes, and could not be quiet for a moment. Back and forth and around, she drove, in a rented victoria with two gleaming horses, and her eyes were as bright as their manes. Even when she walked, there was something determined in her step. Her long silk skirts whipped the stagnant air, and people sat forward at the click of her heels, and shook their heads in wonder.

"An attractive girl, though," my father said one day at noon. "Really very handsome."

My mother smiled sweetly. "Very. We've decided to put up her name at the club."

"I understand Earl Randolph is on her trail," my father said, with a sly grin. "Somebody had better warn her."

"Mrs. Elliott?" The flesh around my mother's eyes crinkled delicately. "I'm sure she can take care of herself—anybody with her energy. She says she *enjoys* walking!"

"Well, she's from the North," my father drawled. "Give her time."

"I like Mrs. Elliott," Mother said. "I admire her very much. But nobody could call her a modest violet. She walks because she wants to be noticed."

It was warm for November, and their voices were smooth and pleasant as the buttermilk in my glass. Sunlight poured through the half-closed blinds and the rattle of dishes in the kitchen had a faraway, dreamy sound. I had to blink hard to stay awake.

But then at night I closed my eyes to listen. The darkness breathed like a living thing; it was quick all around me, and secret. I thought I heard glass shatter in the distance, there were low, threatening voices, and a shriek. Then I was awakened by a ringing shot, and the silence that followed chilled my blood. "Mamma," I called. "*Mamma. . . .*"

"No more fried chicken for supper," she said the next morning at breakfast. "It makes you have bad dreams."

"I wasn't dreaming," I said. "I heard a gun!"

But she and my father only laughed. Nothing like that ever happened in Greenbriar. It was the quietest, most orderly town in the state. A little place where money had been scarce ever since the Civil War, but people lived graciously, all the same. "Why," my father said, "this is a gentleman's town, honey!"

There was a twinkle in his eye, but he meant what he said, and my mother agreed with him solemnly. "Even strangers recognize that. Mrs. Elliott says she expects to live here always."

"H'mm!" My father took a sip of his coffee. "Do you see her very often, Nell?"

"Not any oftener than I can help. She wears me to a frazzle."

Still, when my mother entertained at cards the following Saturday afternoon, Mrs. Elliott's carriage was among the first to arrive. Crouched at an upstairs window, I watched her step briskly over the muddy walk, her long gray skirts held up behind, and her bosom thrust out like a dove's. It was raining hard, but even beneath the dripping umbrella, her pompadour cast a flaming light, and the moisture seemed helpless against it.

There was scarcely a droop to the veil on her hat, but when she paused at the steps to snap her parasol down, my mother cried out as if stricken, "Oh, this nasty weather! I'm *so* sorry, Mrs. Elliott!"

"My dear, it's nothing. To tell the truth, I enjoy these fresh Southern rains."

THE front door closed after them, and I glanced behind me. Here in this room it was almost as dark as night. A clinker fell through the grate, the rain made a strange, whispering sound. . . . But in the kitchen, everything was different. Fluted patty shells stood in long rows on the table, the potato puffs were browned and delicious.

"Fancy," Hannah grumbled. "Everything gotta be special, on account a Northern lady come here, puttin' on airs."

"Hand me the cream," Pearl said. "Is you heard her talk yet?"

"No, I ain't."

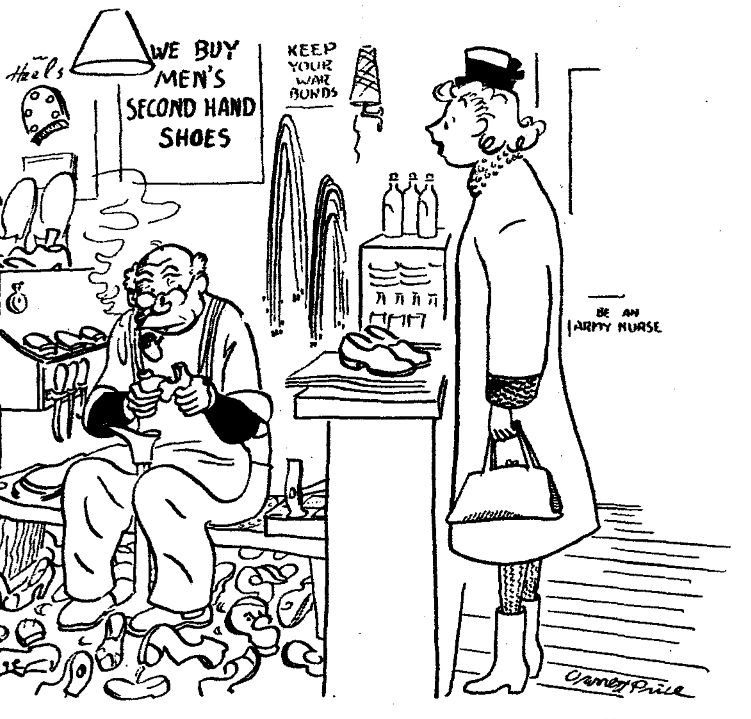
"Well, listen, then. Go yonder to the door. *Ssh!*"

From the parlor came a steady buzz of voices, and strong above the others you could hear Mrs. Elliott rolling her *R*s so distinctly that Hannah put her hand to her mouth. "Is you *ever*—"

Pearl shook her head, grinning. "Seem like Mist' Randolph admire it, though. That's what I hears."

"Lucinda," Hannah said, "how come you standin' 'round under our feets thisaway? I never seen such a child!"

They let me help with the ice cream, though. Hannah and Pearl were really kind. You knew how they felt about things, and



"I suppose all the good leather is going into steaks, isn't it?"

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"Well," my father asked that night, "who won the first prize?"

"Who do you *think?*" My mother was nibbling a leftover mint, and her voice was as sweet as the candy. "Somebody very charming," she hinted.

"Don't tell me!" He put his hand to his forehead, and frowned. "Let me guess, now—let me think . . ."

"She is lucky in love, too."

"Too?" He dropped his hand to the table, and smiled. "If you are referring to Mrs. Elliott, I am forced to the conclusion that you're like all the other women in this town."

"In what way, Tom?"

"In thinking that Earl Randolph is such a catch," he said lightly. "And let me tell you something else: He knows when he's well off! This affair is purely routine."

MY MOTHER'S laugh was quick and innocent. "Maybe he thinks so," she murmured. Then she looked at me with shining eyes. "Eat your supper, honey. I declare," she said to my father, "Lucinda begins to lose her appetite the very first week in December."

"She'd better look out," he warned. "Santa Claus might be watching!"

I picked up my fork. No matter if I was too old to believe what he said, Christmas was still such a magic time, and I thought of nothing else from that moment.

In the woods that edged the town, holly and mistletoe grew wild. Bundles of fat pine were stacked on the hearths, and all the mantels and pictures wreathed in green. A haunting fragrance stole through the house, and lent a kind of wonder to the darkness. Even when it stormed, at night, the wind rocked the street light toward my room and gave the ceiling a skyrocket brilliance.

On Christmas Eve it was drizzling rain, but the tinsel star shone high in the tree, and my mother took me shopping as she'd promised.

"Of course, the stores will be crowded," she said. "I hope you know what you want to buy, Lucinda."

"Well—" I said. The list of names in my pocket had been carefully written, but that was as far as I'd gone.

"Oh, Lucinda!" Half laughing, she stamped her foot. "Give me the list," she said. "Now, let's see . . . we'll go by the dime store, then we might get your father some gloves. . . ."

That was how we happened to be in Shapiro's late in the afternoon, when the Salvation Army band was singing. The rain had changed to a cold, sharp mist, but the swinging doors stood open, and even above the noisy crowd, you could hear every word of the carol:

Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright. . . .

There were a dozen people waiting at the glove counter. The cash basket went zooming back and forth, and though a gray-haired woman worked beside her, Miss Mason looked so tired, so thin and white, that my mother clucked her tongue and glanced away.

"Poor thing," she murmured. "This last-minute rush—I don't see how they stand it."

At that moment, Miss Mason raised her eyes. They were darker than ever I'd seen them before, and her lips barely moved when she spoke. "Hello, Lucinda."

"Hello," I said. I remember that a little hush fell over the crowd, a kind of listening. But if Miss Mason noticed, she gave no sign. She moved mechanically between the counter and shelves, and, when my turn finally came, she reached for my hand, and her fingers closed gently around it.

"I suppose you're all excited about Christmas," she said, very low. "Is Santa Claus going to bring you a doll?"

I nodded. "With real hair and eyelashes."

"Tell Miss Mason what you want to buy, Lucinda," my mother said hurriedly. "She's very busy."

"Some gloves for my father, please."

"I'm afraid you'll have to get those on the men's side." Miss Mason released my hand and brushed a wisp of fine, dark hair from her forehead. "Right through that door."

She started to point, then her eyes grew wider, and my mother glanced backward, caught at my arm and cried in an exasperated voice: "Of course, I knew that!" Somebody stepped in front of us. I tried to say goodby to Miss Mason, but my mother kept pulling at my arm. "Hurry, Lucinda—please." We were swept along with the crowd, past the ribbon counter, and through the entrance to the men's store. "Now," my mother said, "we won't waste any more time—why, hello, there!"

She paused abruptly. I caught a whiff of strange perfume, the sound of a stranger's voice. A brown broadcloth skirt twirled around and hung straight, and beside it two long, trousered legs took a stance, as if to ward off the crowd. "What are you-all doing downtown in this awful crush?" My mother laughed. "Haven't you finished your shopping, either?"

"Oh, long ago, my dear. I just happen to like the excitement."

It was Mrs. Elliott, of course. I knew it before I looked up the satiny length of her coat and saw the mistletoe pinned on her collar. Nobody else would wear it so boldly, I thought: Mistletoe was for kissing. I glanced at my mother to see if she had noticed, but her smile was friendly and guileless, as always.

"Such a lovely costume," she said. "You look the very spirit of Christmas."

"All she needs is a little snow." Mr. Randolph had a deep, teasing voice, but when he turned his head toward Mrs. Elliott, the gleam of her hair seemed reflected in his eyes. Now he bent them full on mine and suddenly reached in his pocket. "Lucinda," he said, "I have a little Christmas present for you. Here." Before I could draw back my hand, he had caught it and pressed a coin against my palm. "That's for your bank, honey—from your Uncle Earl."

I dropped my hand to my side and nodded.

"Well, Lucinda?" my mother urged.

I opened my mouth, but no words came. The money was like ice against my palm, and my fingers were frozen around it.

"Lucinda, has the cat got your tongue?"

"No'm." I swallowed, and without looking at Mr. Randolph, said, "Thank you very much."

"You're more than welcome, Lucinda. It's a very small gift for such a charming little lady."

"Ah," Mrs. Elliott laughed. "Be careful, Earl. I'm a jealous-natured woman."

"Lucinda's rather young yet," my mother purred, "and shy, in a crowd. But I know she appreciates your gift, Earl. If you have time tomorrow, stop by for an eggnog. Both of you," she finished.

Tavern
Bo Brown

"We have to take Larry with us. He's the only one who knows how to drive!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

Mrs. Elliott bowed. "Thank you. We've already accepted several invitations, but we'll try." She took Mr. Randolph's arm, waved her muff and started away. "Christmas gift!" she called.

This was the traditional thing to say, but my mother's lips twitched at the corners. "Merry Christmas," she answered softly.

The Salvation Army band was still playing when we left the store. I did not see Miss Mason, or even think of her again. It was Christmas Eve, and in the gathering mist the street lights shone like iridescent balloons. I stopped under one of them and looked at the coin in my hand. "You can have it, Mamma," I said. "It's gold."

"Tsk!" she said. "And you behaved that way. In front of a perfect stranger, too. What will Mrs. Elliott think?"

"Mrs. Elliott is a Yankee," I said.

"And you are a very rude little girl!" My mother shifted the bundles in her arm. "It wouldn't surprise me at all," she said, "if Santa Claus left you a stocking full of ashes."

But in the morning the doll was there, propped like a living child against the mound of skyrockets and Roman candles. My father blew the horn that I found in my stocking, and my mother's laughter was so warm and real that the tree ornaments seemed to dance.

It was a wonderful, believing time—not lost in a day, but fading out slowly through the brief winter months, while sleet glazed the last of the roses in our yard, and the nights were hushed, as if waiting.

Then, in the spring an answer to the waiting came, and in a way that I have never quite forgotten. In March, when our pear tree was a mass of white rosettes, the darkness bared its fangs with scarcely a sound and struck a blow that was a challenge to denial.

ON THE night that it happened, there was a minstrel show at the Royal Opera House—the first of the theater I had ever seen, and the last that was ever quite so perfect. I remember how gay and handsome people looked, under the crystal chandeliers.

I sat very still on the red plush seat, but my mother glanced around her with sparkling eyes, and spoke to her friends in the audience. "Hydy, *do?*" She bowed. "*Hello,* Mary Kate!" and under her breath: "She's beginning to show her age, poor thing, and Lucinda is the only child in this theater."

My father crossed his long, slim legs. He appeared to be studying the ceiling. "Well, it's a minstrel show. Nothing could be more innocent."

"Yes, but look at her cheeks. They're scarlet, Tom." She touched me with white-gloved fingers.

"No harm done. Nothing could possibly happen . . ."

"Oh, I know *that.* Look—there's Earl and Mrs. Elliott!"

"Where? I don't—"

"Across the aisle and down, about three rows. Can't you see red? And furs, on a night like this."

"Umm . . . very flattering. Old boy looks like the cat that ate the canary."

My mother made a little cooing sound. "It seems to have given him a touch of indigestion," she said. "He looks decidedly bored and she isn't talking. I believe they've had a tiff!"

"Tiff?" My father laughed. "He's just getting tired of her, and she knows it."

I sat forward, unnoticed. There, in a seat next to the aisle, lounged Mr. Randolph. His face was turned toward our side of the house; there was a lazy smile on his lips. Beside him, Mrs. Elliott towered stiffly, the curves of her pompadour an angry red and her furs thrown back from her shoulders. She put up one hand to adjust them, and I noticed her gloves, long and white like my mother's, and fastened at the wrist with a pearl. At the same instant, the lights began to dim, and an unaccountable shiver went over me. "Sit back, Lucinda," my mother whispered. "There's the music. . . ."

THE curtain gave way to black-faced comedians, all rolling their eyes in unison, as they sang, and strutting across the stage. They fanned spangled coattails over the two rows of chairs; their exaggerated mouths drooped mournfully, and the audience began to laugh. I was laughing with them—not understanding the jokes that were told, but taking my cues from the people around me, and holding my hands to my sides.

"Yes," my father said, at the end of the first act. "They are very good this year." He dabbed his eyes with a fresh handkerchief. "Really funny."

My mother's smile was radiant. "Do you like it, Lucinda?"

I nodded eagerly. "It's really funny!"

"Not sleepy, yet?"

I shook my head. My eyes were glazed; I stared entranced at the crowded gilt boxes, the musical instruments in the orchestra pit, and, behind them, long, glittering rows of people, whose voices merged to a high, sweet hum, while they waited for the next act to begin. Only a few men had straggled out, and when I noticed the two vacant seats down the aisle, I turned to my mother in amazement.

"They're gone," I said. "Mist' Randolph and Miz Elliott went home in the middle of the show!"

"Ssh—not so loud." She lifted her chin. "Sure enough, Tom."

He smothered a yawn. "Probably stepped out for the intermission," he said. But when the last curtain fell, they had not returned.

The night was breathlessly still and close. You could hear the lonely shuttle of trains in the distance. A dog howled, and all the people in front of the darkened theater grew quiet. By the time my father found a cab, most of them had disappeared. The low brick buildings on Broad Street looked ghostly in the moonlight, with windows like enormous, sightless eyes. I remember, too, the ornate façade of the Windsor Hotel, and how my father craned his neck as we passed it. "Funny. His lights are burning."

My mother cried out in mock dismay. "This early? You must be mistaken!"

"Probably has a guest."

"You don't even believe that. Her intentions are more serious."

"So were the others'."

"She is not like the others, though."

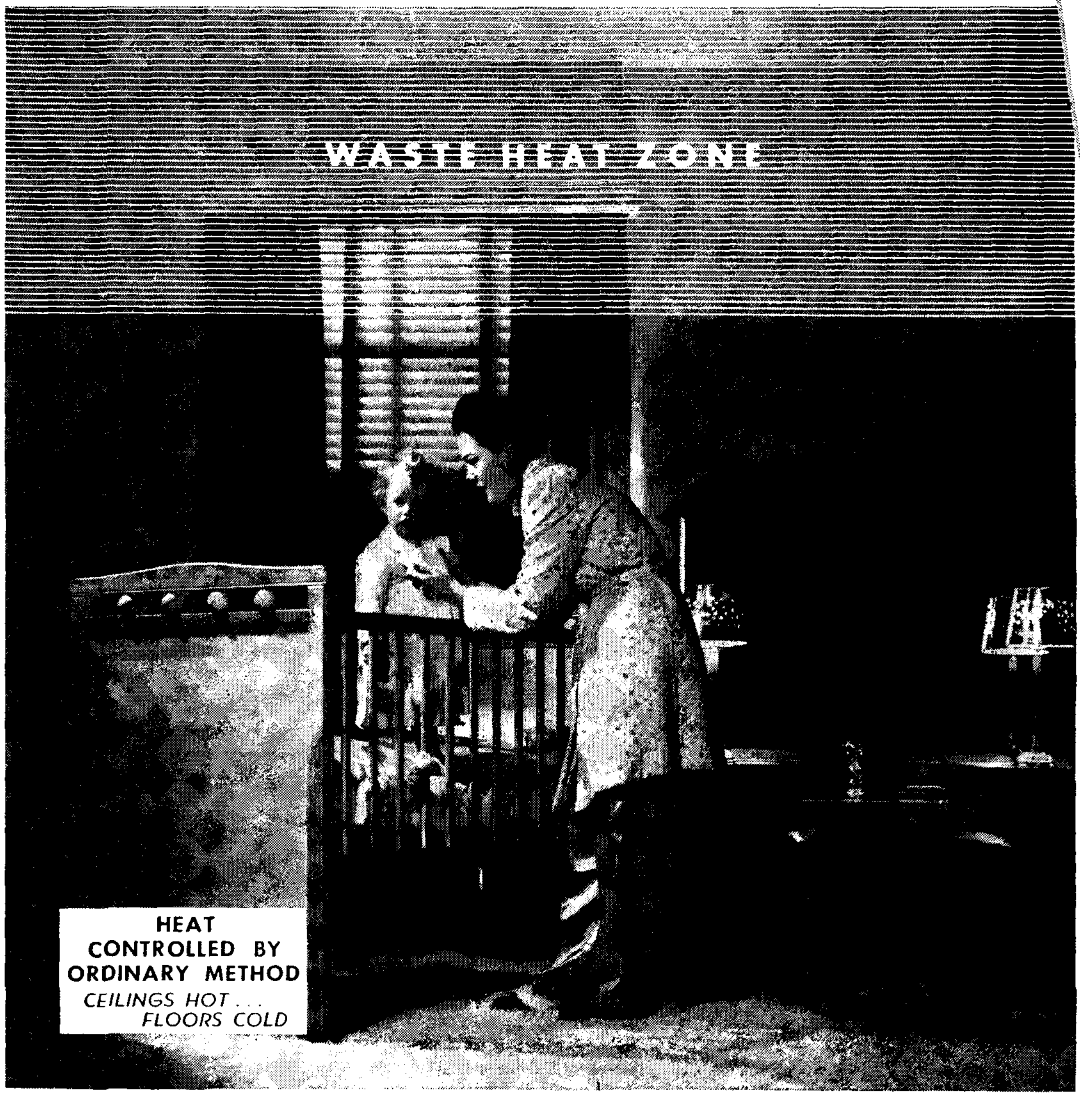
"No, I grant you that. I wasn't really talking about her. A woman like that knows when she's beaten, but there are several others around town—one, in particular, who still telephones him every chance she gets."

"You mean that girl at Shapiro's?"

"Never mind. Little pitchers . . ."

I drew farther back in my corner. Now we were skirting a new part of town, where small frame houses hugged the earth, and the porches were strung with vines. Chinaberry

How is Your COMFORT CONSCIOUS ZONE?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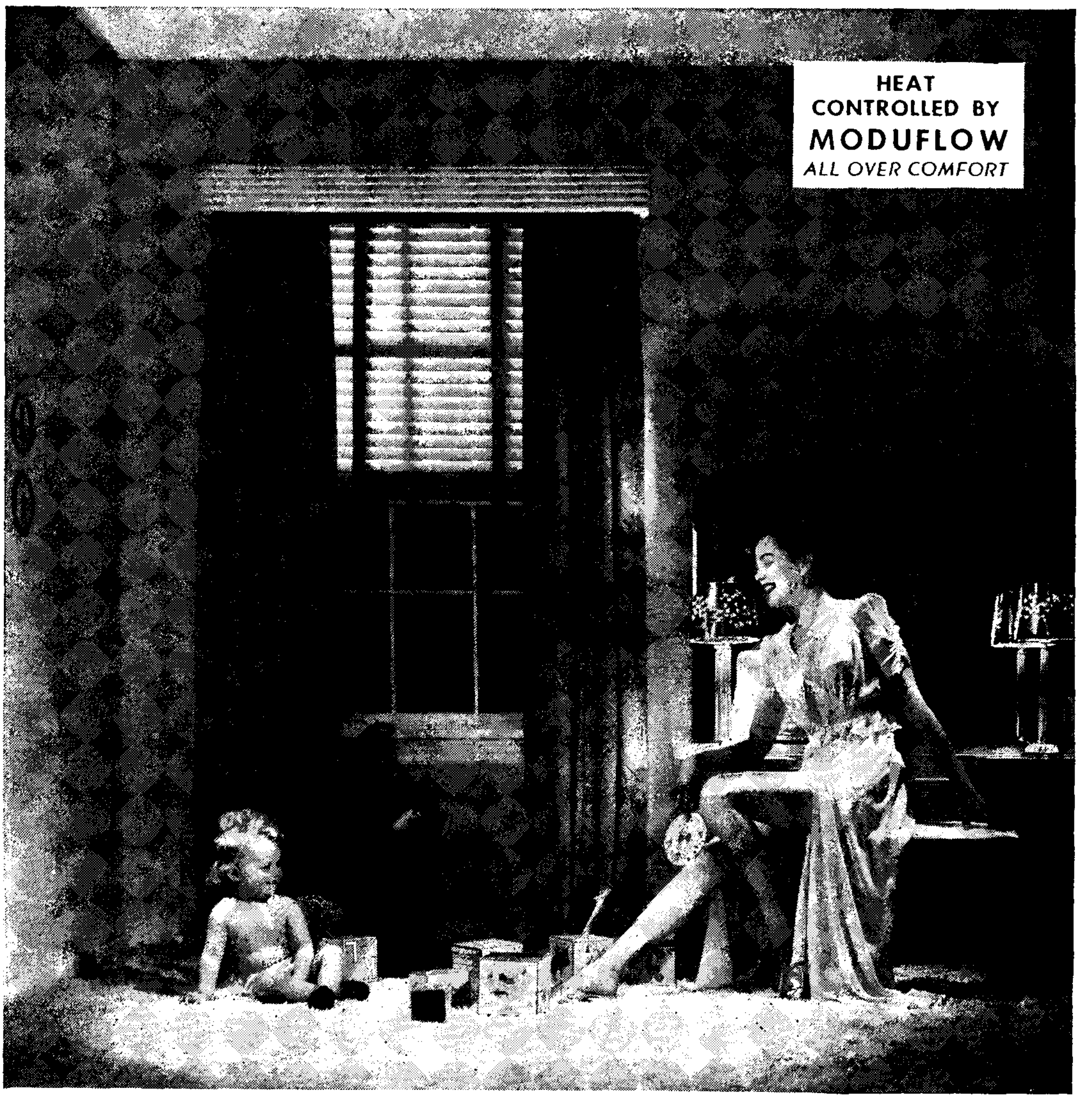

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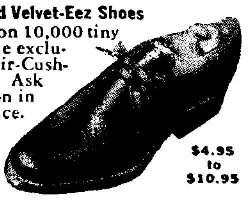

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trees grew in thin, spindly rows, but the shadows beneath them were sable dark, and once they moved like a woman's form, and I thought I caught a glimpse of human eyes.

"Papa," I said suddenly, "does Miss Mason live over here?"

He clipped the end from a cigar and slowly lighted it. "I haven't the faintest idea," he said. "I don't know who you're talking about."

"Miss Mason," I repeated; "the one who sells gloves."

My mother twisted the pearl at her wrist. "Good heavens, Lucinda! What ever made you think of her?"

"Nothing," I said quickly. "I just wondered."

"Well, it really isn't important." My father laughed. "What matters is that this is where *we* live."

The cab stopped then, and he opened the door. I can still smell the violets that bordered our walk and see the pear tree shining in the moonlight. Tall and candle-slim, it grew, the top branches reaching up to my window and delicately feathering in the wind. I went to sleep watching it, because the night was too quiet, and the blossoms held some promise of the sun.

WHEN I opened my eyes, a thick yellow blanket lay over the world and warmed every living thing beneath it. Mockingbirds split their throats in song, the pear tree was crawling with bees. There was a fragrance of sun-heated earth and pine, and of ham broiling sweet in the kitchen. But I knew, the minute I skipped through the door, that something had happened. I could tell by the gleam in Hannah's eyes, and the way that Pearl warned me to be quiet.

"Let your ma and pa sleep while they can," she said. "They is waking up to trouble."

I stood very still and looked at her. "What you mean, Pearl?"

"Mist' Earl Randolph is been shot!"

The floor sagged oddly. I leaned against a chair. "You mean he's *dead?*"

Hannah shivered. "Murdered in his bed."

"No . . ." I put my hand to my mouth. "He's not! I saw him last night, with Miz Elliott!"

"Don't make no difference. He's dead now, and she ain't the one done it, neither."

"*Somebody work at the hotel told me,*" Pearl said. "It was the other one done it."

Their faces merged and spun like a black disk.

"*What other one?*"

"Miss Mason, that's who. She shot him with a gun!"

I must have screamed, for Hannah caught me by the arm. "Hush your mouth, Lucinda! Don't you be hollering thataway. Ain't nothing to cry about, anyhow. She had the right—"

But I had already jerked away from her, and was racing blindly through the house. Up the wide, creaking stairs I flew, and straight to my mother's room. "Mamma!" I cried. "Oh, Mamma!"

She sat up and reached for her wrapper. "Lucinda, what on earth . . . ?"

I flung myself across her knees, babbling hysterically. "Mist' Randolph—he's killed, he's dead, Mamma . . . with a gun . . . she had a gun . . . !"

Her hands on my shoulders were suddenly still. "Who had a gun?"

"Miss Mason," I sobbed. "They said it was her!"

"Lucinda." My father came in from the next room. He lifted me off the bed and set me on my feet. "Now what is all this nonsense? What's happened?"

"Something the Negroes told her," my mother said quickly; "about Earl Randolph."

"Earl? What about him?"

"Tell your father, Lucinda!"

I gulped loudly. "He's—dead, Papa. Miss Mason," I said, hiccuping, "she shot him with a gun."

"Pshaw!" My father swung around abruptly. He stepped to the window and began to adjust the blinds. "You mustn't listen to darky tales," he said in a strange, tight voice. "There isn't a word of truth in them!"

"Lucinda was up too late last night." My mother gave a little broken laugh and suddenly dropped back on her pillows. "Hadn't you better get the morning papers, Tom?"

ANSWERS TO WHERE ARE YOU?

(Page 44)

1. **Arizona**
2. **California**
3. **Idaho**
4. **Montana**
5. **New Mexico**
6. **New York**
7. **N. Carolina-Tennessee**
8. **Utah**
9. **Utah**
10. **W. Virginia**
11. **Florida**
12. **Oregon**
13. **Wyoming**
14. **South Dakota**
15. **Virginia**
16. **Kentucky**
17. **Arkansas**
18. **Arizona**
19. **Arizona**
20. **Texas**

"I'm going right down." For a moment, he stood motionless. Then, with his head lowered, he walked quickly from the room.

There was a long silence, while the front door opened and closed. My mother stared beyond me as if she were half asleep, but the braids over her shoulders seemed to jerk with each breath, and at the first sound of a step on the landing she turned her head. "Well?"

My father held the open paper in his hand. He reached behind him for a chair. "It's true in part," he said, as if choosing his words. "Earl died last night."

"Oh, *Tom!*"

"From undetermined causes."

"Undetermined—"

"Probably his heart. It's never been too good." He glanced in my direction, looked at my mother and frowned. "You remember you were saying last night that he didn't seem so well."

"Yes . . . I do remember."

"Well, he took Mrs. Elliott home at ten o'clock. That's been established. His lights were burning when we passed the hotel, so he must have gone straight back to his room, and—had this attack soon after." He folded the paper, slapped it against his knees and sighed. "You can read it later," he said. "*There's quite a eulogy, of course. Well, well*—old Earl. I'll miss him."

"Everybody will." Mother's lips were pale, but she smiled. "Lucinda was fond of him, too," she said. "Poor child—I had no idea."

MY FATHER beckoned to me. "Come here, honey." He drew me close and smoothed the hair from my forehead. "If I were in your place," he said quietly, "I'd stay out of the kitchen. You're getting a big girl now—too old to be hanging around the darkies. Hannah and Pearl can't read and they talk too much. Don't repeat what they told you, Lucinda. It isn't true and it might get Miss Mason in trouble. You wouldn't want to do that?"

My mouth was shaking. I said, "No."

"Neither would Mr. Randolph," he said. "It would be the last thing he'd want. He was a gentleman, Lucinda. Always remember that."

"Yes, sir," I said. But somehow I could not look at him. So many times, he had denied the truth, and always before, I had wondered.

Now, the room and everything in it—all the dark rosewood furniture, my mother's white gloves lying crumpled on the dresser, even the thin yellow light that stole through the blinds, made a swelling ache in my throat. It was linked with the town and our whole way of life and, young as I was, I sensed it. . . .

The difference between night and day was never again so clearly marked, and if I avoided the kitchen it was not through obedience but for fear of what the Negroes might reveal.

Still, I heard it in some way: That Mrs. Elliott left Greenbriar in a frenzy of shock, and nobody tried to stop her. She had never belonged with us, you see, but Miss Mason had been born only a few miles away, and even the police understood her. Whatever they found, it was quickly hushed, and though her eyes were heavy as two metal slugs, she worked in Shapiro's the same as before, and her hands were just as gentle and as cool.

THE END

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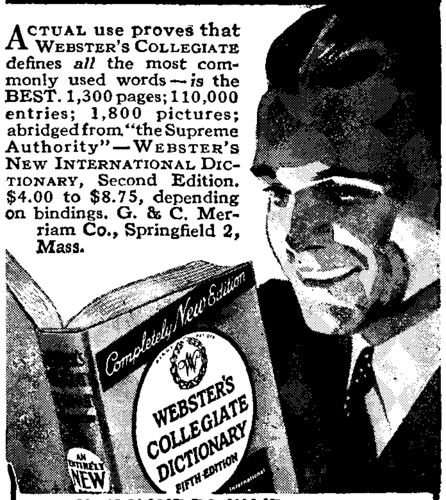

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The Week's Work

Felix Noland

MRS. FELIX NOLAND, the Southern-talking lady who wrote Gentleman's Town, p. 46, paraphrases at line you see at the beginning of novels. f the characters in my stories bear no remblance to actual persons," she says, "it rtainly isn't my fault. I lift most of them ·aight from life. Usually they are mem-rs of my own family, my mother or father aunt or somebody. The little girl in this ›ry, though, that's me, and the situation a distortion of something I heard the ownups talk about when I was a child. I n't just make things up out of whole cloth, d I don't understand how other fiction ·iters do it."

Mrs. Noland always tells her models when e is using them in a story, and they never em to mind. In fact, half the time after ey read what she has written, they don't cognize themselves. "That's not me," her other protested last time. "I wouldn't ever t that way."

Mrs. Noland is a thoroughgoing Southner, although she has lived in Minneapolis ost of the time since her marriage to Rich-d Noland, now an Air Force major. Born d bred in Meridian, Mississippi, where her ·rents also were born, she is saturated with e Southern traditions which she examines tically in her stories. A great many Southners, even young ones, she says, still cling a sort of reconstruction philosophy which lds back their development. As in this ory, they like to keep things nice on the rface, and never mind what the surface conals.

As for professional Southerners in the orth, especially Southern girls in New York: Vell, they embarrass me," she says, "bragng about their grandfathers, and clinging to sort of helpless feminine attitude that they agine constitutes charm."

ROBABLY not more than a half dozen people in the country make a living by iting poetry, and Sarah Litsey (author Elephants with Skirts, p. 15), in spite of considerable success at versifying, was one of these.

Aiss Litsey has written and sold poetry r since she was nine. She published a ok of poems, For the Lonely; her work has peared in many anthologies, she has won etry prizes, and colleges have asked her to eak on such subjects as "Trends in American Poetry." But the highest price she ever eived for a poem was $30.

'I never hoped to get rich writing poetry," says, "but it did seem to me sort of ainst union rules to put in so much work something that was rated so low in price. aybe that isn't a good reason to desert your , but I shifted to fiction, where the pay by comparison, magnificent."

Miss Litsey's father, the Kentucky novelist d small-town banker, Edwin Carlile Lit-, frowned on her first ambition—to be a ncer—and suggested what he called a comomise: that she go to a physical education ool; which she did, and later taught physil ed, writing poetry all the while.

Her shift to fiction occurred after her marge to Jim Nye, a publisher of trade papers. e encouraged her to see plots in the things that happened around them, and to set aside definite hours for writing. Now the family lives near Norwalk, Connecticut, and Miss Litsey abides by a strict housekeeping-and-writing schedule: up at seven, get seven-year-old Christopher off to school at 8:30, household chores till 9:30, then to the typewriter pretty steadily until 4 P.M., except for two afternoons a week when marketing has to be done. She does all her own work, other than a weekly cleaning.

On week ends, the Nyes both play badminton and tennis, or go skiing, in season, and in the summer she raises vegetables—a year-round supply—while he works at building a little stone house which will be a combination guest house and workshop for Miss Litsey.

All he knows about building he learned from the Encyclopedia Britannica and some Boy Scout books, Mr. Nye says. He figures his wife's schedule wouldn't work out if she didn't have curly red hair. She saves several hours a month by not going to beauty parlors.

She says she can't write poetry any more, that prose and poetry don't mix, but she still cherishes this love lyric, written by her, which was published in Good Housekeeping several years ago:

These are the eyes and this the brow
That house the many-jeweled mind;
This is the mouth that shapes from thought
All that a word may bind.

These mortal hands because of love
Have lain like music on your throat;
And yet the music of the mind
Is delicate, remote.

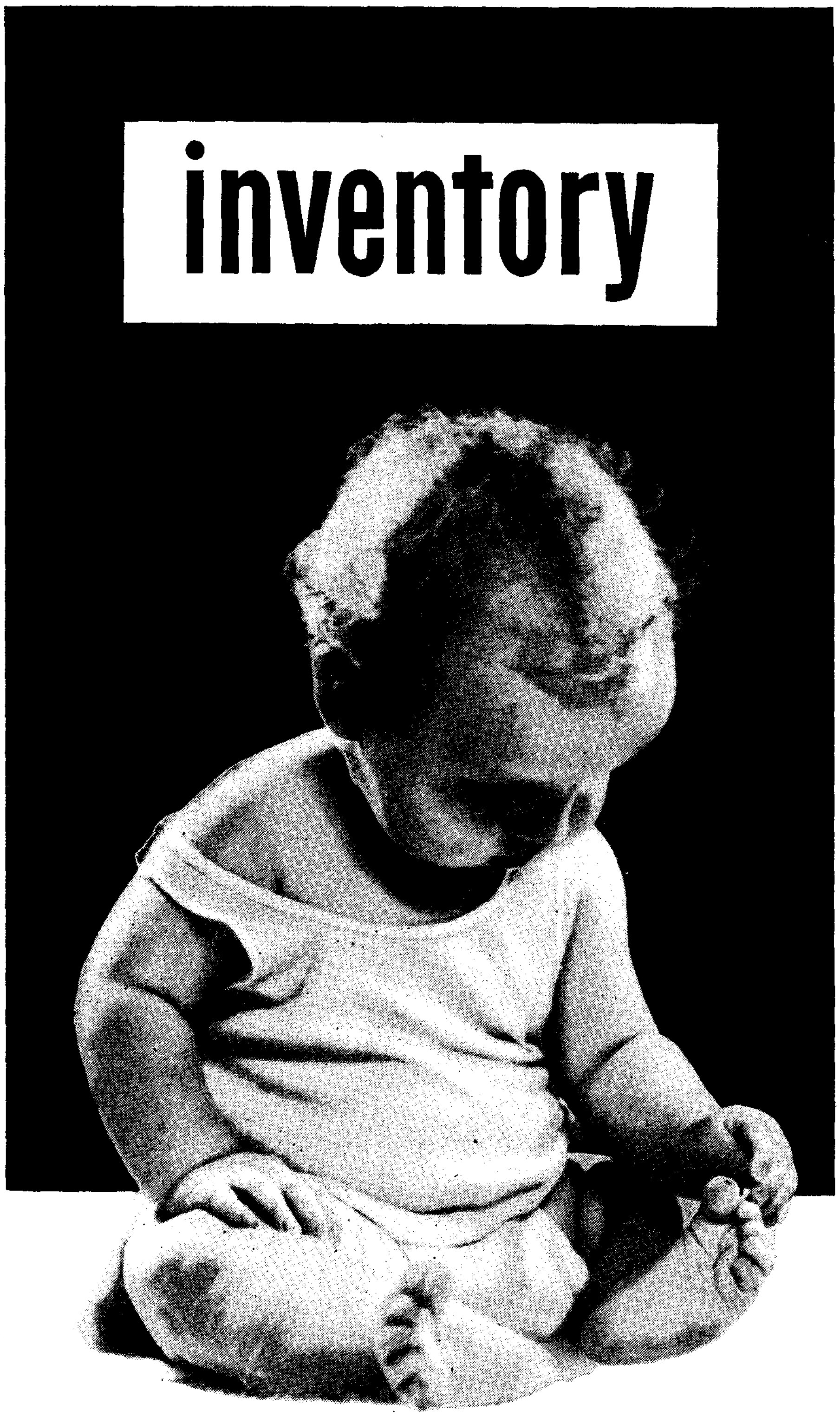
Bright to your touch are brow and lip,
Lighted the eyes that your eyes see,
But hooded is the secret mind
That loves you hiddenly.

Miss Litsey's first novel will be published soon by Bobbs-Merrill, under the title, There Was a Lady. . . .

A. P.

Sarah Litsey

LEJA GORSKA



THIS inquisitive young 'un has just made the happy discovery that he owns ten toes. Also ten fingers. Which is standard equipment, and as it should be.

But if his earliest ancestors had come into the world with *twelve* of each instead, life would be simpler for such lads when they start to school.

For one thing, there'd be fewer fractions to worry about. Because twelve is divisible by four numerals . . . 2, 3, 4 and 6 . . . while only 2 or 5 "goezinta" ten. Nevertheless, the fact remains that his great-great-great-etc.-grandpappy, counting on his pinkies, bequeathed us a system of arithmetic based on the latter number.

So business and industry deal in the decimal system, rather than 12's, and for that system there is one bright note at least. Namely, the Comptometer . . . a figure-work whiz that adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides not only by ten, or twelve, but what-you-will.

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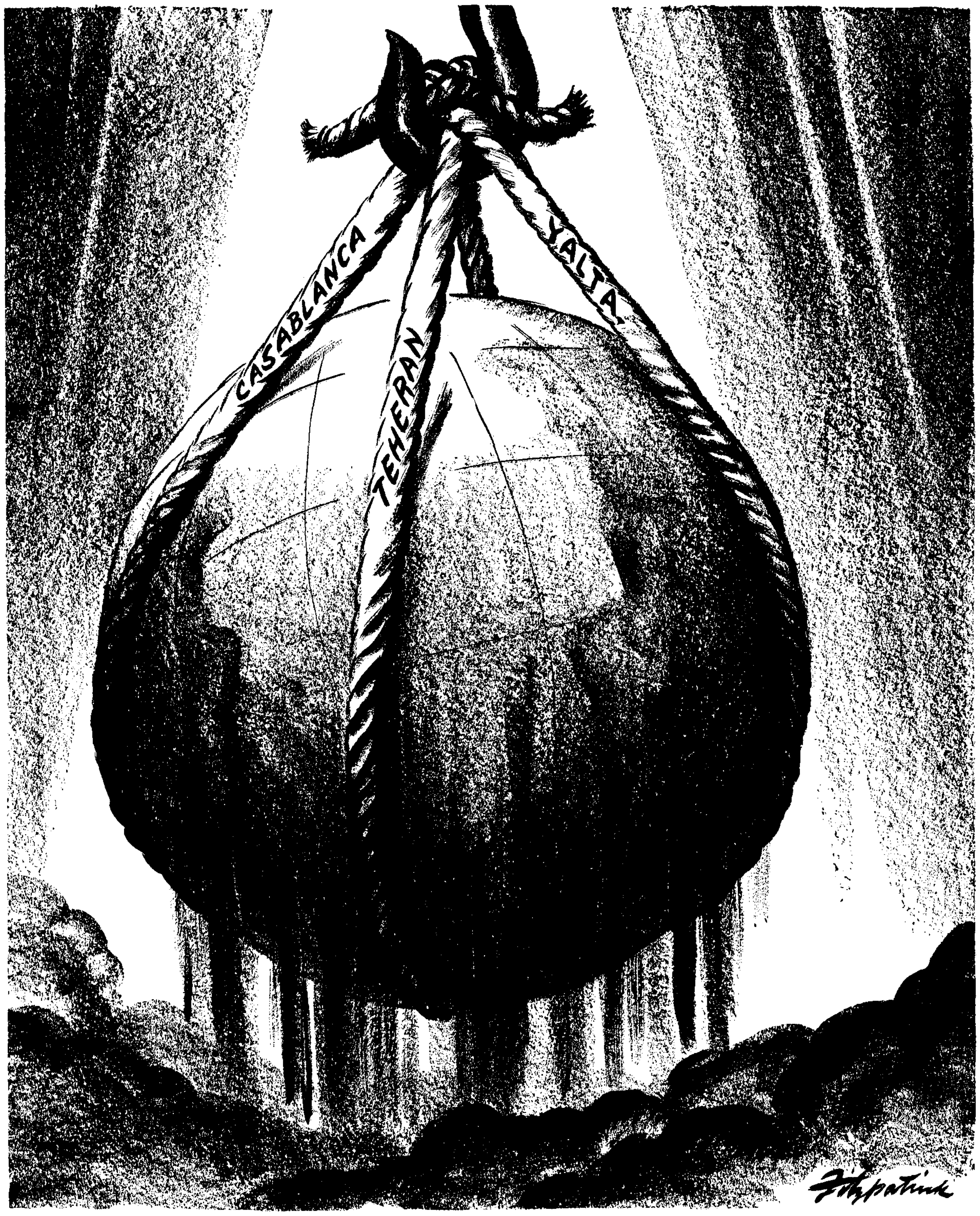


CASABLANCA-TEHERAN-YALTA

MESSRS. ROOSEVELT and Churchill conferred at Casablanca beginning January 14, 1943. They met with Chiang Kai-shek and Stalin separately, at Cairo and Teheran, beginning November 22, 1943. The Big Three—Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin—again consulted at Yalta, in the Crimea, February 4th to 11th of this year. Nor is this a complete list of these international get-togethers.

Each of the Big Three conferences has been followed by important war developments; and taken all together, we think, they augur well for the postwar era.

Casablanca presaged the whirlwind Allied campaign in Sicily, and the not-so-happy invasion of Italy. Teheran shaped the invasion of western Europe, and set the timetable for the huge and triumphant Russian offensives of 1944 and early 1945.

What Yalta foreshadowed militarily will probably unfold in the next few months. One thing we already know it did was to contribute nobly to the war of nerves against Japan by scheduling a full-dress United Nations conference for San Francisco on April 25th, the last day on which Russia and Japan can decide whether to terminate or renew their nonaggression treaty.

The San Francisco conference will doubtless supply detail for the pages necessarily left blank in the announcement from the Crimea. The American delegation to San Francisco includes members of Congress, Republicans and Democrats, and the wise and self-effacing former Secretary of State, Cordell Hull. With such a membership, our delegates should be able to keep the confidence of American opinion.

From the point of view of the postwar world, the Big Three conferences have underlined one extremely important fact, at least. It is that the heads of the three most powerful nations in the world today have been able to work along through this war up to now without disagreements imperiling the common cause, despite the profound differences in the social and economic systems they represent.

This is a great and promising achievement. It is to be hoped that it foreshadows vigorous American-British-Chinese-French-Russian co-operation and friendship for many years after this war. For the present, certainly, great difficulties have been overcome.

BACK TO PATENT FUNDAMENTALS

THE United States Supreme Court recently handed down a patent decision which we think deserves a round of applause. A patent is granted to an inventor or an owner of an invention to give him a monopoly on it for a long enough time to make some money out of it, as a reward for the ingenuity, research, expense, etc., that went into it. Our patent laws have been a strong stimulus to American inventive talent.

Of late years, the Department of Justice has been ornamented with a lot of theorists who want to break up the patent laws' frank granting of monopolies to inventors for limited periods of time. A share-the-patent philosophy, so-called, has been rampant in the Department of Justice.

In the case mentioned above, the Department of Justice wanted the Supreme Court to compel patent holders in the glass industry to license patented processes to all comers. Congress has long refused to pass any laws to that effect. The idea is a pretty one in the abstract; but the catch is that human nature just does not function so that the idea would work out in practice; meaning that if potential inventors could see no hope of generous rewards, they would remain mostly potential.

The Supreme Court recognized all this in the glass industry case, and rebuffed the Department of Justice. It held that a patentee is "not in the position of a quasi trustee for the public, or under any obligation to see that the public acquires the free right to use his invention. He has no obligation either to use it or grant its use to others."

Short of abusing his patent rights to the public injury, said the court, a patentee can tie just about any strings he desires to the use of his patent.

The decision makes sense to us. We think it will help to keep American ingenuity alive and eager, to the benefit of all of us. And now if the Supreme Court at its next opportunity will kick out another Department of Justice notion—that a "flash of inventive genius," and only a "flash of inventive genius," brings forth a true invention, and that the discoveries of a co-operative group of scientists cannot be the result of a flash of genius, and so cannot be patented—the court will perform another public service. That notion would take away the key reason for the big, productive research departments maintained by many of our largest industrial concerns. Without organized research, our industries would be just about sunk.

LEAVE THAT LETTUCE LAY, LADY

WE SUPPOSE many an American housewife feels that she has a God-given right, when she goes marketing, to pinch tomatoes or fruit, tear leaves off lettuce heads, and otherwise maim specimens of the produce she expects to buy.

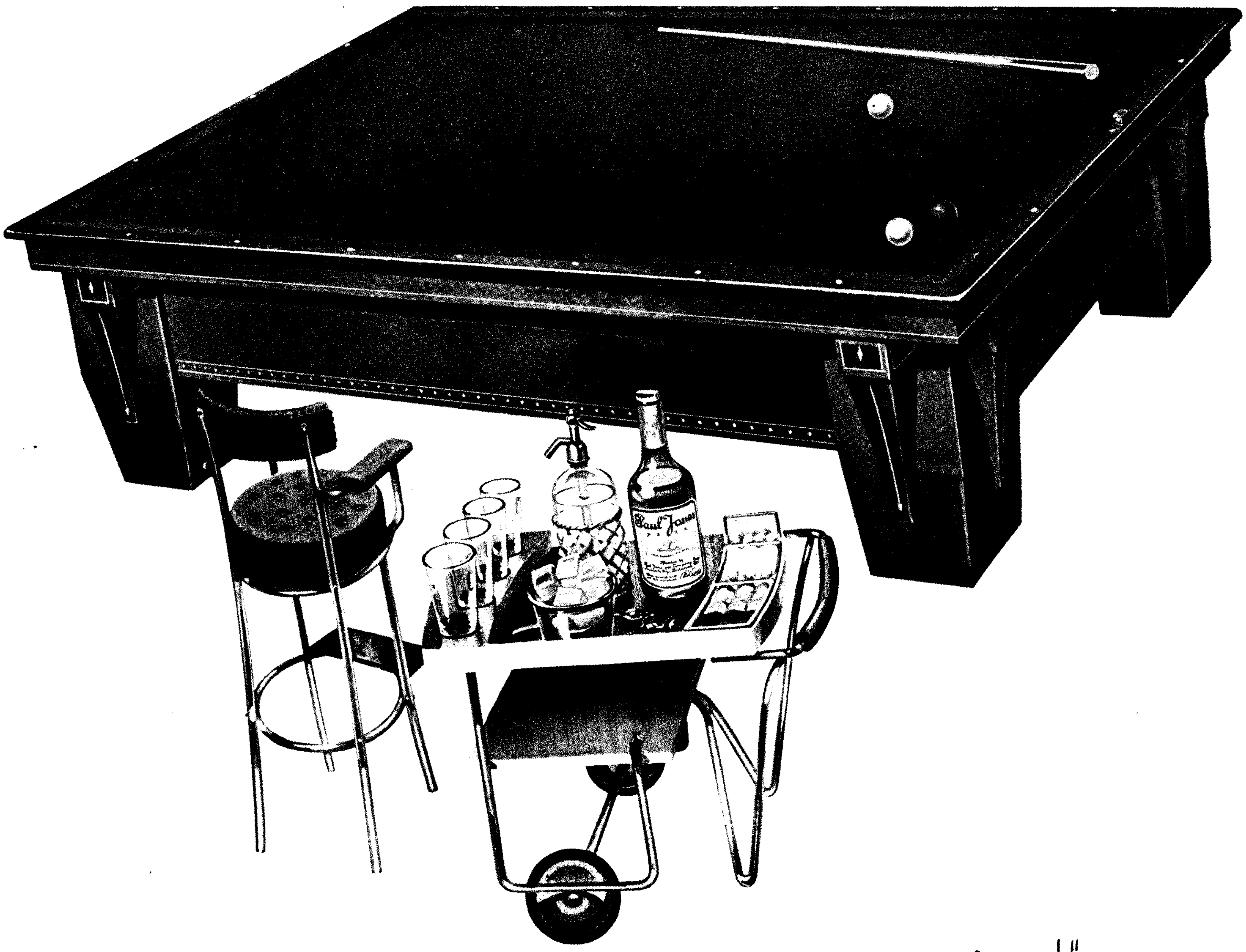
That may have been harmless in peacetime, especially when we were fighting farm gluts by plowing little pigs under. But those days have gone, and for a long time. We have to feed ourselves and a lot of our friends during the war, and probably for a long time afterward if we don't want chaos to engulf large parts of the world.

How much food is wasted through these marketing habits of American women was estimated recently by the head of a big Long Island, N. Y., wholesale produce company after a survey of 2,000 retail fruit and vegetable dealers.

It was calculated that American women at their marketing ruin a total of 8,590,000 pounds of fresh green vegetables a year. That would satisfy one week's green vegetable requirements of 4,295,000 children, or of the combined populations of Boston, Cleveland and Pittsburgh, adults and children alike.

Some of the items in the estimate: 6,500 pounds of lima beans destroyed per day by shelling, or 1,014 tons a year . . . 28,000 pounds of tomatoes ruined each day, or 4,368 tons a year . . . 28,000 pounds of peaches punched or pinched into uselessness every day.

Pretty sensational figures, we'd call them. American women are rolling up impressive records all along the home front, and in many capacities on the fighting fronts. Here is a chance for them to roll up still another excellent record, by just cutting out these wasteful marketing habits until and unless farm gluts overtake us once more.



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